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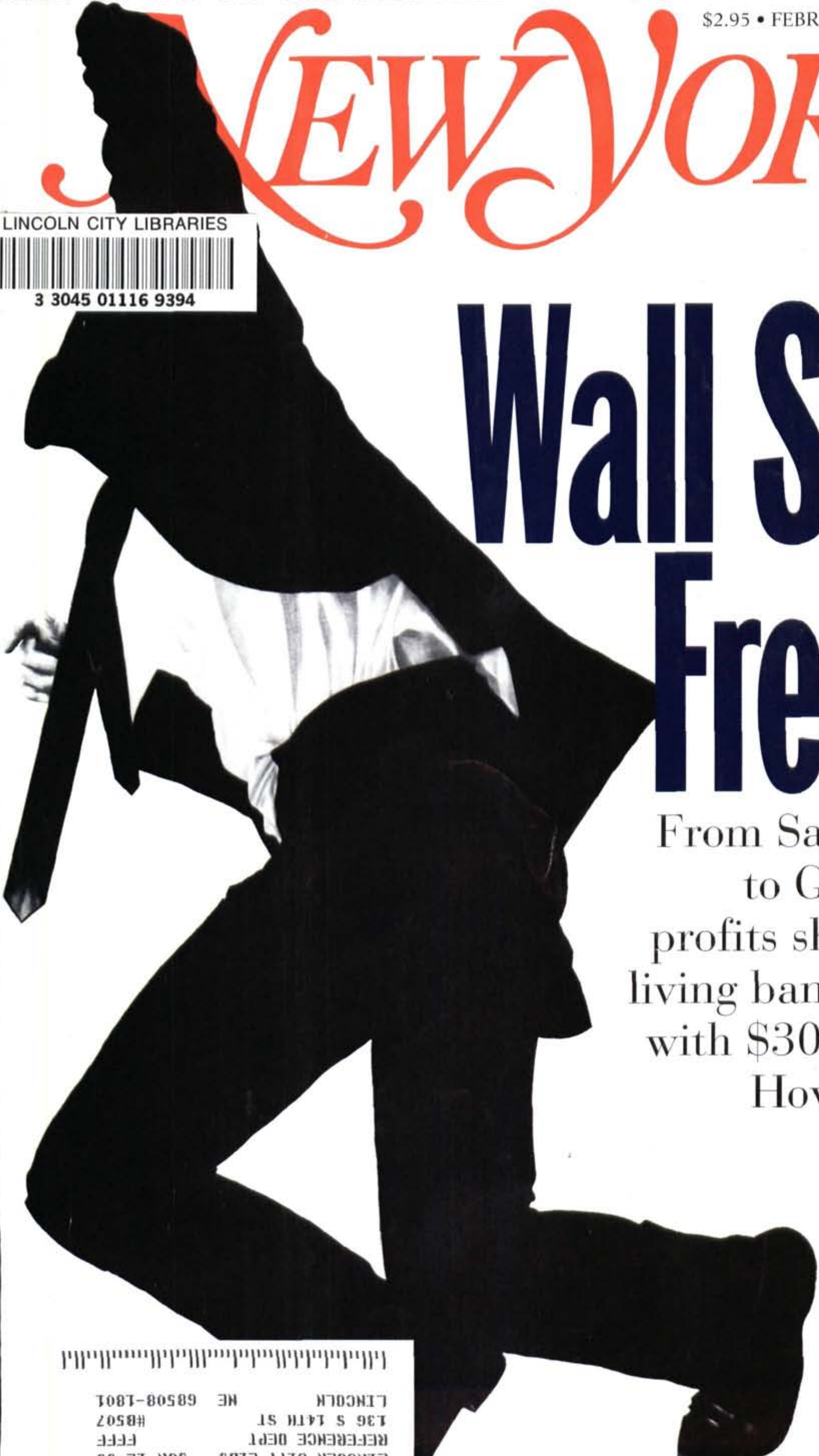

Wall Street Free Fall

From Salomon Brothers to Goldman, Sachs, profits shrivel and high-living bankers are socked with $300,000 pay cuts. How the fun ended

By Suzanna Andrews

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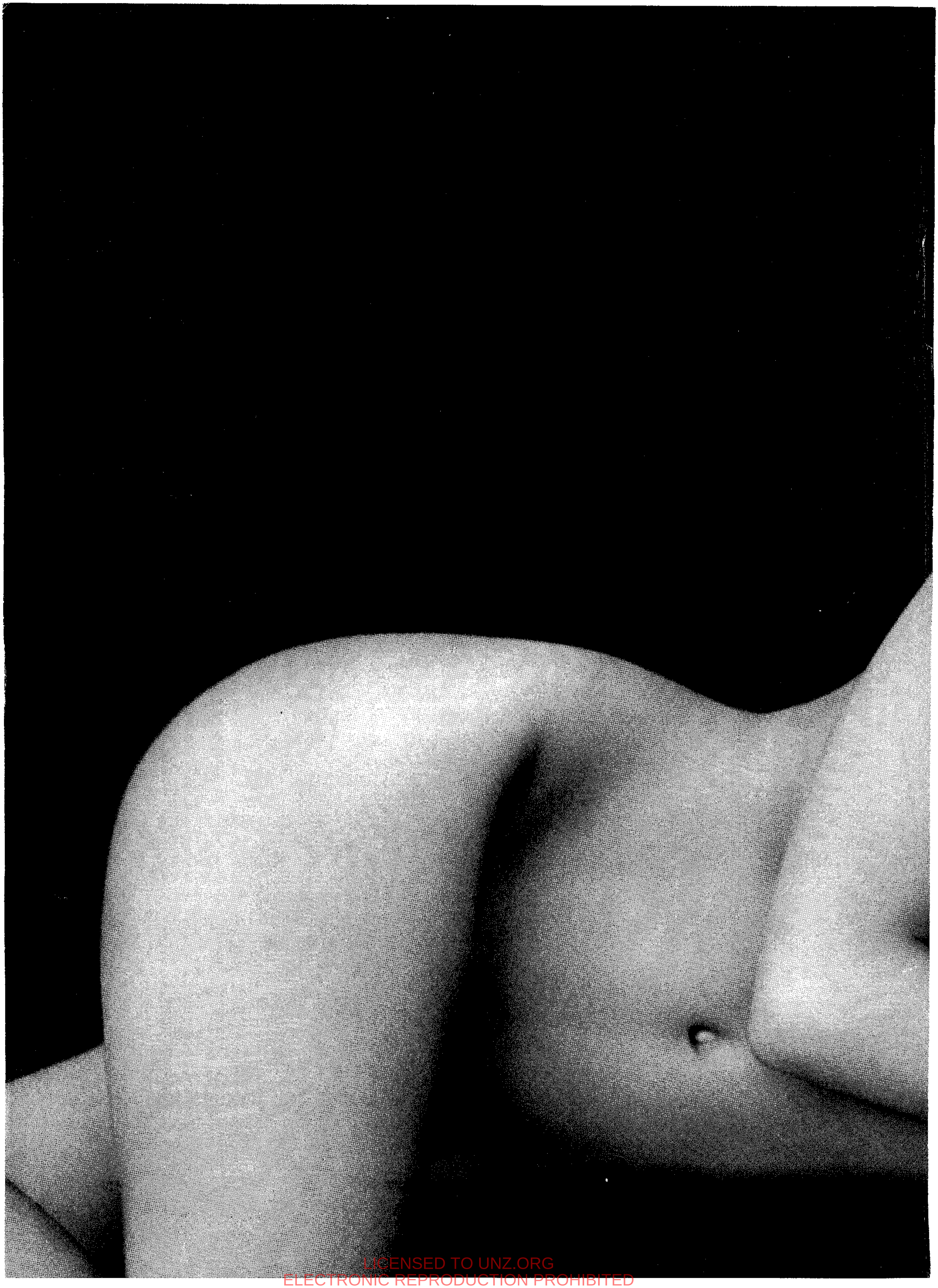

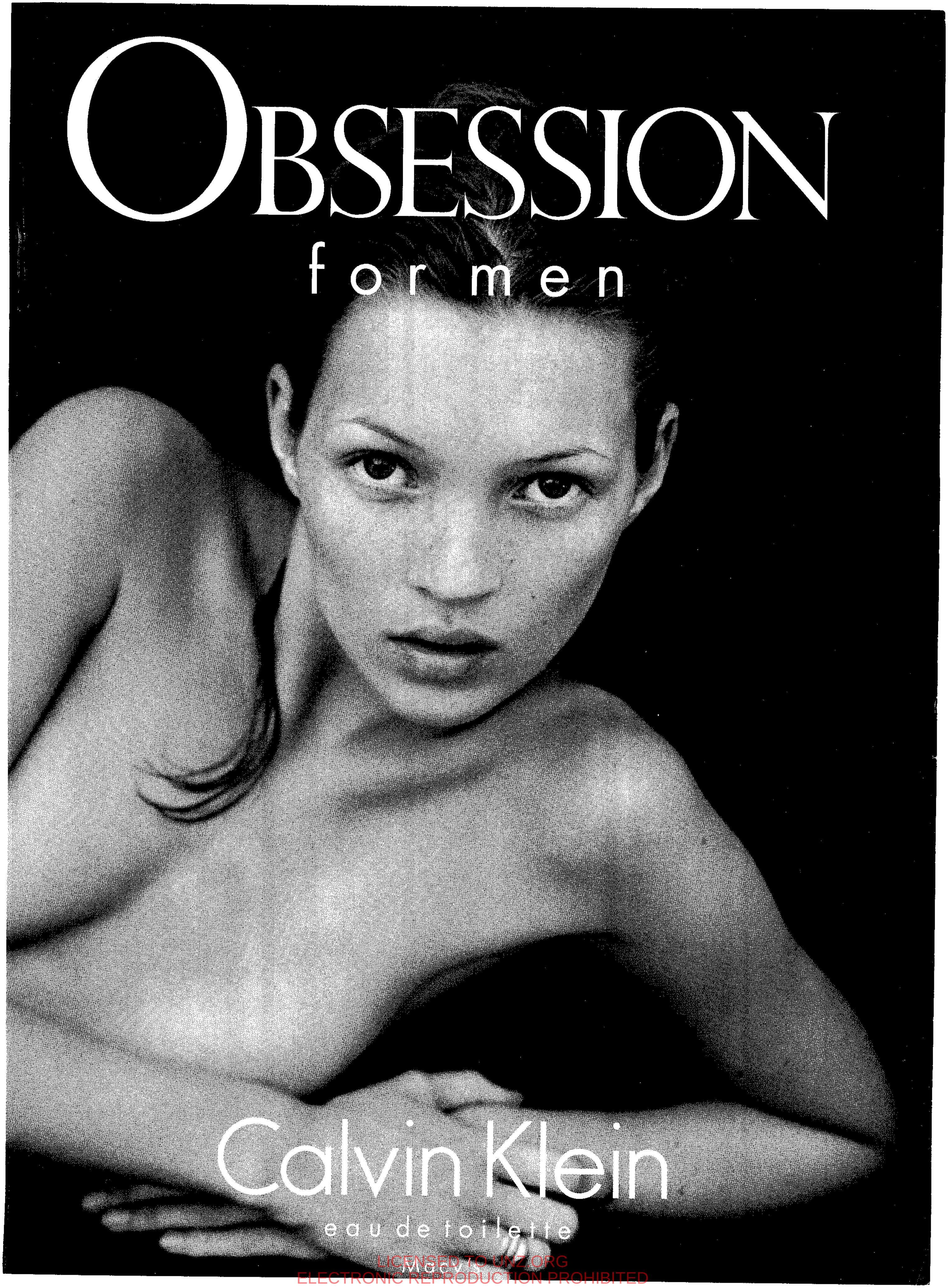
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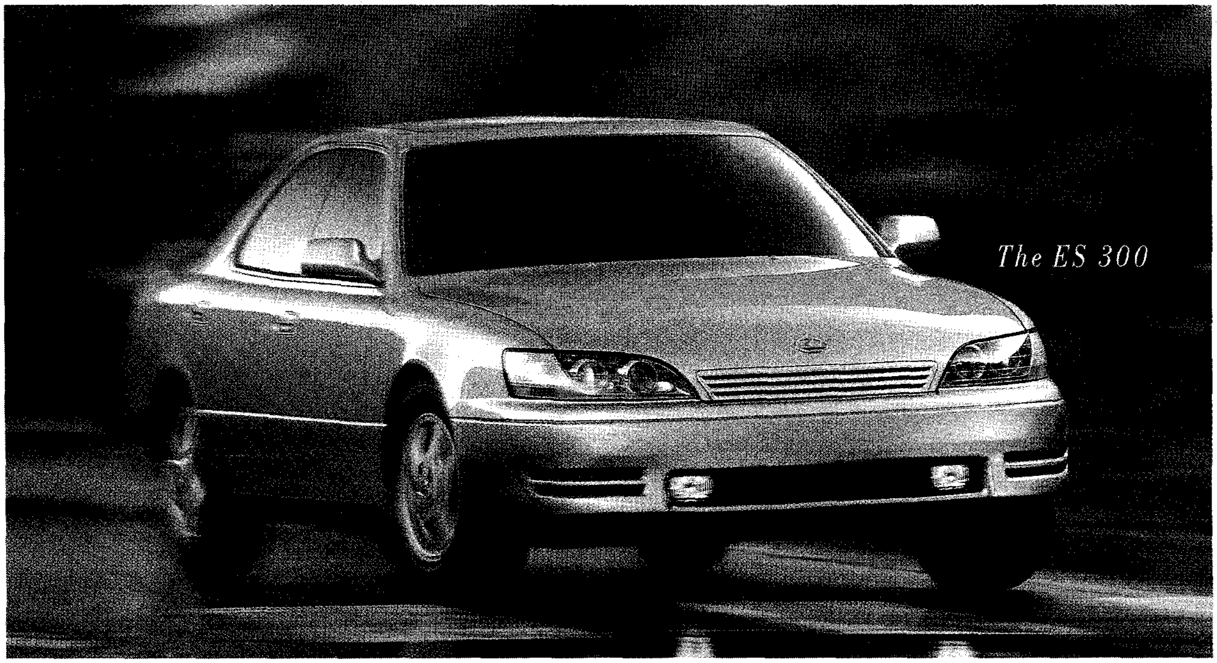

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Contents Feb. 13, 1995

"This would be the premier sports facility in the world. We'd have the Yanks, and we might get the Jets back. Put a retractable dome on it, and we could get the Super Bowl!"

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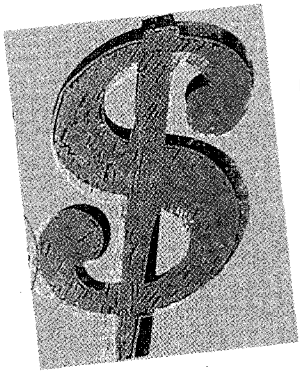

66 Down and Out on $350,000 a Year

By Suzanna Andrews

In the recent bond-market meltdown, more wealth evaporated than in the '87 Crash. And this time—because investment banks are trading for their own accounts more than ever before—it wasn't just other people's money. Now Wall Street is a changed place, and for young traders used to six-figure bonuses, the BMWs and Cartier watches are getting harder to come by. How do money maniacs strike back when the well runs dry? Well, by sending their briefcases home to Connecticut in limousines, for starters.

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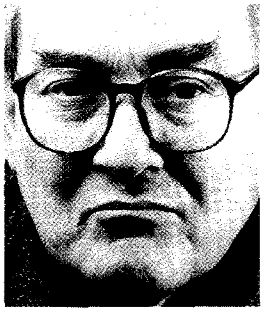
By Charles Kaiser



The New York *Post's* designated *Times* basher—Hilton Kramer—is a man of many contradictions. He is an art critic who has never studied art, a journalist who got his first job on the strength of an imaginary journalism degree, and a defender of high culture who is now best known for a strident column in a lowbrow tabloid.

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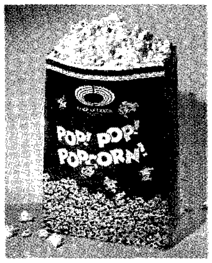
82 Damn Those Yankees

By Eric Pooley

Tough former prosecutor Rudy Giuliani is letting a man twice banned from baseball and once convicted of a felony push him around. Is George Steinbrenner *really* moving the Yankees to Jersey? Probably not. Do we *really* want to give him a $600 million "Yankee Village" in the Bronx, or a new, billion-dollar stadium on the West Side? Heck, no. A case for calling his bluff.

88 The 1995 Moviegoer's Survival Guide



David Bourgeois scopes out the best—and worst—places to catch a movie. (Guess which category the Angelika falls into.) Also, Liz Ferber's exclusive, scientific investigation into the artery-hardening popcorn on sale at a theater near you shows that a problem widely thought to have been corrected last year is as bad as ever.

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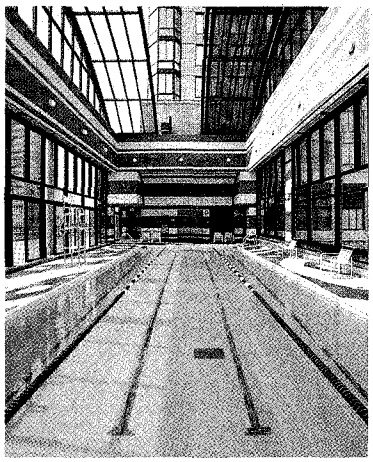
DOWNTOWN



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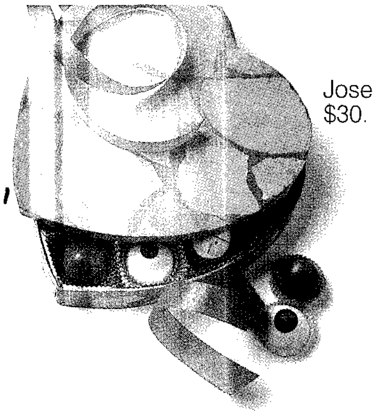
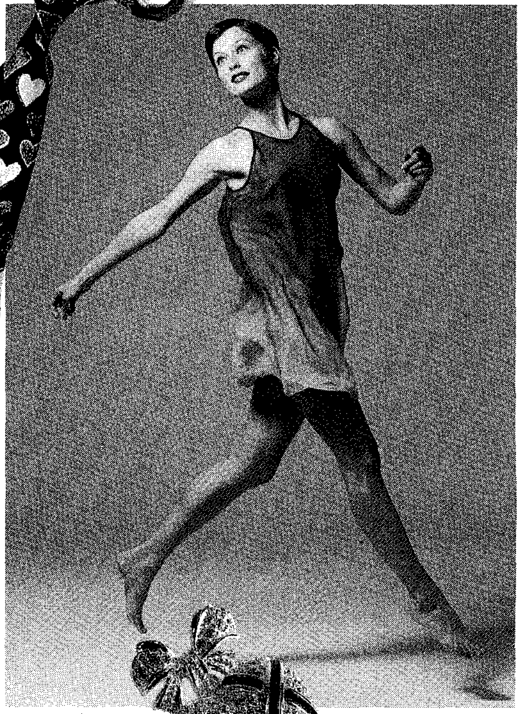
I melt in your arms,



Joseph Schmidt truffles,
$30. The Marketplace

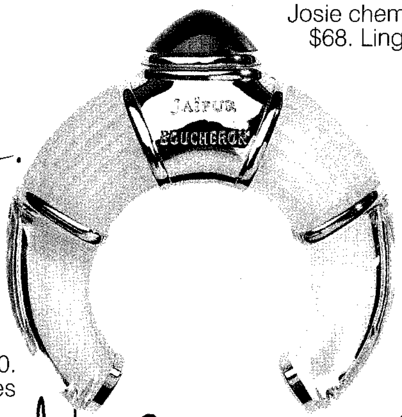
my lips caress your neck.

Save The Children, tie, $25.
The Men's Store

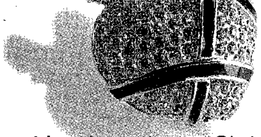


Josie chemise,
$68. Lingerie

I dream of what could be.

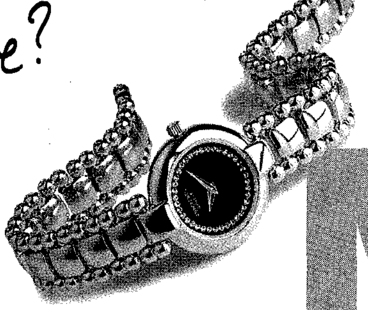


Jaipur perfume, .5-oz. $200.
Fragrances



Macy's exclusive Christian
Dior Austrian crystal pin, $75.
Accessories.

Is this the very essence of love?



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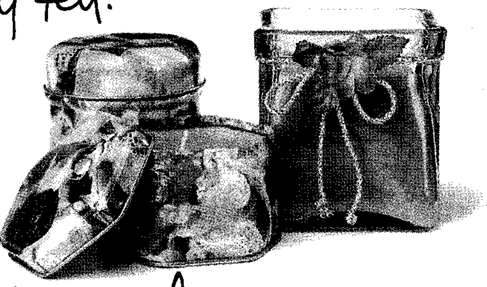

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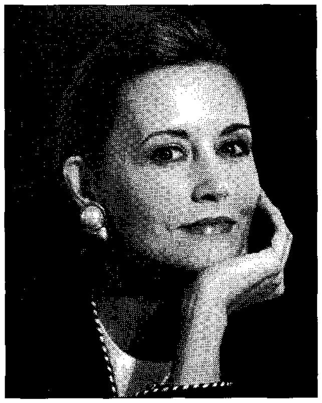

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LETTERS FEBRUARY 13, 1995

Get Smart

Readers not on the list demand a recount; one who is shares the credit; semper fidelis *at CBS.*

THE PRODUCER SCOTT RUDIN, ONE OF your "100 Smartest New Yorkers" [by Ariel Kaminer, Larissa MacFarquhar, and Liesl Schillinger, January 30], is often portrayed as a maniac. I have known and worked with Scott for many years, and he is actually an astonishingly bright and generous man, and a maniac.

In your roundup, mention was made of Mr. Rudin and myself playing a game called Stupid Jews. I assume this reference comes from an earlier profile of Scott; in that profile, I was not participating in the game. I have never played Stupid Jews; I don't even like Scrabble.

Paul Rudnick
MANHATTAN

I READ YOUR ARTICLE "THE 100 SMARTEST New Yorkers." Great article, but you inadvertently left out my name.

Pat Gallant
MANHATTAN

I READ THROUGH YOUR LIST OF THE 100 smartest people in New York, and I came to the conclusion that somebody's missing: Gary Stevens. Gary is a radio and TV producer, an entrepreneur, a writer, a musicologist, and an all-around brilliant guy.

Naura Hayden
MANHATTAN

CERTAINLY SOME EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE of noteworthy achievement were on your list of New York's smartest people. Thus, deserving or not, I am flattered to be included. The achievement attributed to me is ancient history. Still, my own recollection is that the so-called "Jewish Dentist Defense" (so dubbed by lawyer Martin Lipton) was not invented by me but rather was the product of a team of gifted people, particularly lawyer Joe Flom.

Gershon Kekst
MANHATTAN

ALLOW ME TO OFFER FOUR MORE NAMES for your list of smartest New Yorkers: William Denis Fugazy, chairman of the National Ethnic Coalition of Organizations; Lewis Rudin, chairman of the Association for a Better New York; Richard A. Grasso, chairman-elect of the New York Stock Exchange; Howard J. Rubenstein, president of Howard J. Rubenstein Associates.

Arthur R. Piccolo
MANHATTAN

YOUR LIST OF SMARTEST NEW YORKERS doesn't include many creative New York scientists. At Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons and New York State Psychiatric Institute, there is Eric Kandel, M.D., whose study of the snail has led to our understanding of the plastic nature of memory and learning; Nancy Wexler, Ph.D., who organized and led to Venezuela a team of scientists who in the course of ten years isolated the gene for Huntington's disease; Robert Spitzer, M.D., whose efforts to define the symptoms of specific psychiatric disorders and improve their assessment are now accepted and used worldwide.

Myrna M. Weissman, Ph.D.
College of Physicians &
Surgeons of Columbia University
MANHATTAN

Porn Free

NADINE STROSSEN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD Mayor Giuliani's plan for the adult-entertainment industry in New York City and its supporters goes beyond mere patronization ["Hot Type: Against Pornophobia," by Sarah Kershaw, January 16]. It presents itself as little more than resurrected radical chic and reveals an ignorance of the measurably negative impact of the industry on the affected city neighborhoods vis-à-vis crime and real-estate values.

The mayor's plan is largely a response to New York parents who have long sought relief from their own extraordinary efforts to shield their kids from unsolicited exposure to the "in-your-face" offerings of the industry. Strossen might also take a lesson from Norman Siegel, her colleague in the New York Civil Liberties Union, who, while remaining highly critical of the mayor's efforts, has at least joined in a constructive dialogue.

Kevin Davitt
Director of Public Information
Department of City Planning
City of New York
MANHATTAN

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SARAH KERSHAW'S PROFILE OF MY WIFE, Nadine Strossen, has the two of us at home watching those adult programs "that fill Manhattan's public-access channels." Like many other people, Kershaw mixes up public access with leased access. The latter is advertising-based and often raunchy. Such content is, however, not available in our (Paragon Cable) upper part of Manhattan, and therefore cannot possibly be watched. Public access, on the other hand, is nonprofit community television with an entirely different content. According to its clearinghouse, the Manhattan Neighborhood Network, of 860 regularly scheduled programs only 20 require parental-discretion advisories, and of those, only 10 are sexually oriented. Given this 0.01 probability, we must have missed them so far, along with most people. It's time to update those stereotypes about public-access television, and about advocates of free speech.

Eli Noam
MANHATTAN

Editor's note: The confusion over access channels on cable was the result of an editing error, which *New York* regrets.

Loyal Subjects

SELDOM HAVE WE READ MORE SCURRILOUS untruths than those printed about former CBS News vice-president Joe Peyronnin in the "Intelligencer" article "No Eulogies for This CBS Veep" [February 6]. Far from being the ruthless and unfeeling cost-cutter he was portrayed as (by a disgruntled former employee of CBS), Joe Peyronnin, more than just about any other executive at CBS, resisted cost-cutting and consistently went to bat for producers, editors, and correspondents who fell victim to it. Joe Peyronnin tried to place Maureen Schoos (the CBS News producer who committed suicide) on several other broadcasts after she was terminated by the CBS Evening News.

Unlike the former CBS News employee who remained anonymous in "Intelligencer," we are proud to have it known that this letter comes from us.

Mike Wallace
Don Hewitt
CBS News
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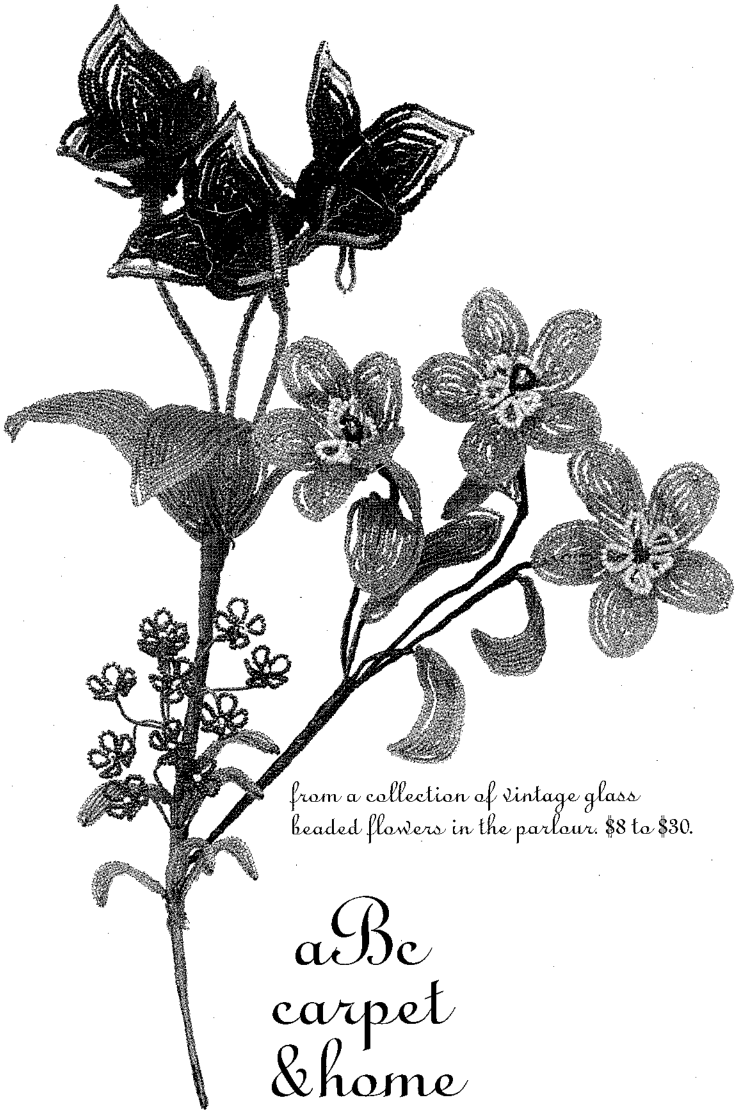

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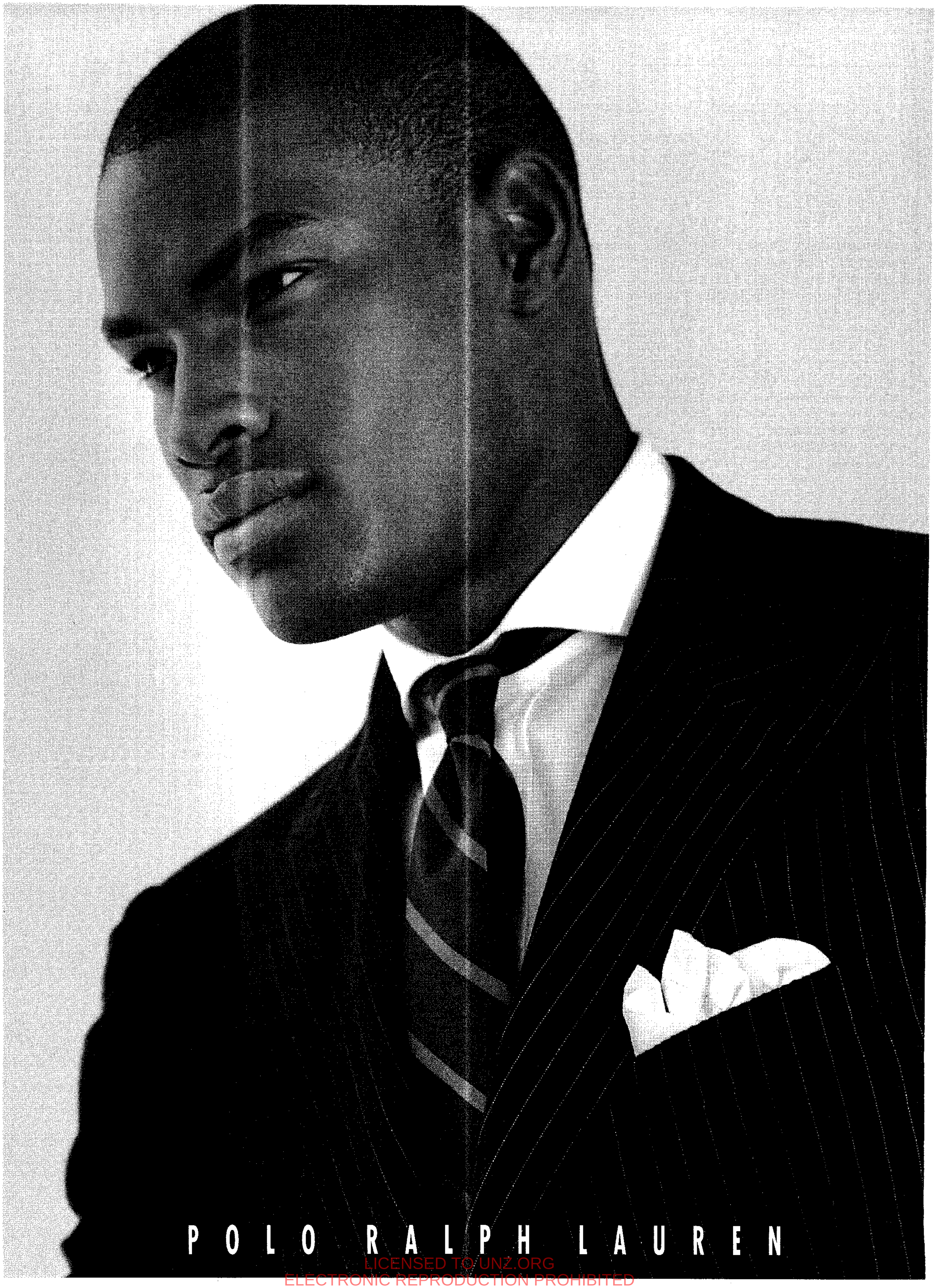
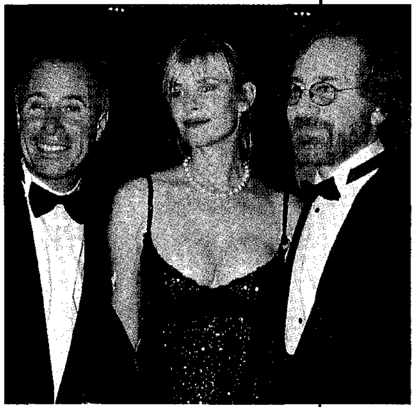

POLO RALPH LAUREN

BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

BILL STILL LOVED, AT LEAST IN 90210

Arnold Schwarzenegger is calling Newt Gingrich "our leader," but **Bill Clinton** still has Hollywood's support. So says **Lara Bergthold,** the new executive director of the Hollywood Women's Political Committee, which counts among its active members Barbra Streisand, Jane Fonda, Cybill Shepherd, and Glenn Close. "We're already working with the Democratic National Committee on the '96 election," says Bergthold. On April 8, the genders will mix at a Hollywood fund-raiser for the president. The soiree will be hosted by two thirds of the Dreamworks troika—**Steven Spielberg** and **David Geffen**—at Spielberg's Beverly Hills home. Another industry fund-raiser is tentatively scheduled for June, at the Santa Monica airport. Says Katie Buckland of the California Democratic Committee: "When Newt started talking about welfare children going to orphanages, it was like a wake-up call."

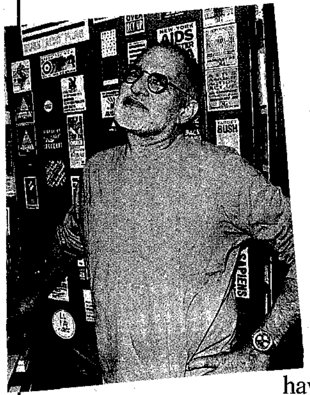


Dave, Kate, and Steve, Friends of Bill still

POLL-VAULTING THE MENENDEZ JURY

Certain residents of Los Angeles are in for a surprise soon when they answer their phones. A professional pollster will be on the line asking not which candidate they prefer but how they feel about confessed murderers Lyle and Erik Menendez. The reason? Defense attorneys in the case think they didn't have a chance to probe the hearts and minds of prospective jurors, and according to Erik's famous advocate **Leslie Abramson,** "this time we'll have a sampling from 800 random people." And while Abramson and her team prepare for the second Menendez trial, beginning June 12, the public will be delving into the Dove Books publication of taped conversations between Lyle and freelance British journalist Norma Novelli. Abramson says the tapes were done without Lyle's knowledge: "The publisher has been sent letters by us and the prosecution. These are illegal wiretaps." Dove president **Michael Viner,** however, claims that it's clear from listening to the tapes that Lyle understood what Novelli was doing. Says Viner: "There's a possibility that Leslie Abramson may be concerned about her own image."

Leslie Abramson, polltaker to the stars

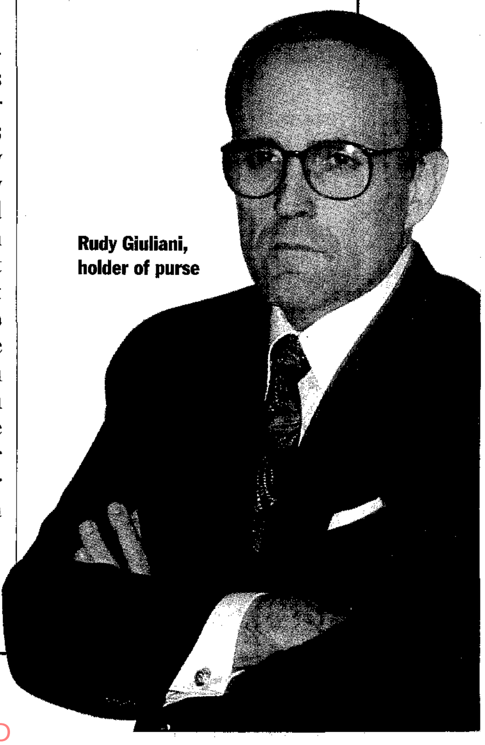


KRAMER VS. KRAMER'S PAST

Writer and activist **Larry Kramer** has found a way to agitate even the Gay Men's Health Crisis, the group he helped found. Kramer has been pushing for GMHC to embrace new but unapproved drugs called protease inhibitors, which Kramer says have done well in tests and produce far fewer side effects in AIDS sufferers than such drugs as AZT. But when GMHC's highly regarded *Treatment Issues* attempted to interview him on the subject, Kramer claims, the article was blocked by GMHC's head of treatment, education, and advocacy, David Barr. Longtime *TI* editor David Gold, who had conducted the interview, was threatened with sanctions and even termination by Barr. Kramer says Barr's reaction has more to do with personal antipathy than with any medical disagreement. "He's being allowed to use the organization to pursue a personal vendetta against me," says Kramer, who claims the animosity dates back to their early days together at ACT UP. "My approach has always been to get drugs into bodies as fast as possible. David and GMHC are blindly cautious." Kramer says that Gold, who declined to comment, has tendered his resignation in protest. But sources say Gold is still discussing with GMHC's board whether he will leave. "Larry's been a strong and strongly opinionated voice in the AIDS movement," says GMHC spokesman Daniel Wolfe, who wouldn't comment on Gold's status. "The interview with him will be appearing in an upcoming issue."

IT'S A MESSAGE TO YOU, RUDY

Rudy Giuliani may give his regards to Broadway, but he has little intention of handing over government cash. The city has told theater owners privately that there isn't enough money for all of them to be granted low-interest loans, even though there was a sufficient amount to increase the joint state-city loan commitment to Disney for its renovation of the New Amsterdam Theater on 42nd Street from $21 million to $29 million. "It looks like there will be just $2 million for us to split up," one theater owner says, referring to a promised block grant. "But that's not enough for a bucket of paint." In response, the big theater own-



Rudy Giuliani, holder of purse

Photographs: top, Michael Fergusson/Globe Photos; center left, Catherine McGann/Outline; center right, Barry King/Gamma-Liaison; bottom, Mark Peterson/Saba.

O.J. and A.C. share lunch money

ers—Jujamcyn, the Shuberts, and the Nederlanders—as well as Actors' Equity and the League of American Theaters and Producers, have submitted a written request for a meeting with Deputy Mayor John Dyson. In the letter, they point out that the city has twice failed to come up with matching money for projects under the so-called Broadway Initiative. The cut seems especially cruel given that the city also promised Disney Central Park—and the requisite security and maintenance expenditures—for its June premiere of *Pocahontas.*

WHAT THE DEFENSE GOT AND DIDN'T GET

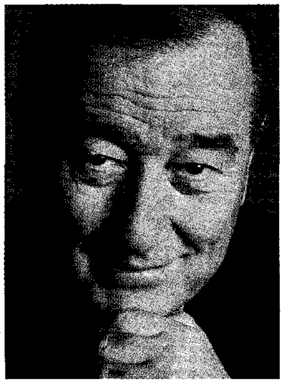
O. J. Simpson's dream team of lawyers missed a potential lead last week. Three months ago, they interviewed Rayce Newman, a confessed former Hollywood drug dealer and author of a book published last June called *The Hollywood Connection.* When he lived at rock star **Rick James'**s house in 1991, Newman claimed, he partied with a man who bragged about being "O.J. and Nicole's best friend—a guy named Ronny who had freckles." But it was only last week, after Newman saw ex-cop and ex–O.J. friend Ron Shipp testify about O.J.'s dreams, that he recognized the man. "I partied with him," insists Newman, who recalls getting into a fistfight with Shipp when he tried to bully his way into James's house. (James is currently serving time in Folsom State Prison for torturing a female friend.) Meanwhile, sources say the defense plans to claim that during the famous Bronco chase last June 17, O. J. Simpson was carrying only $165 in cash—not the previously reported $10,000. "Media reports were designed to make it look like they were escaping," says a defense source. "But they weren't." In **A. C. Cowlings's** pocket, however, were checks made out to Simpson totaling $8,750, which, the source says, he had endorsed over to his children and others. Cowlings, according to his lawyer, **Donald Re,** has not yet been subpoenaed by either side.

MORIARTY FINDS A NEW INJUSTICE

Michael Moriarty isn't a prosecutor, but he used to play one on television. So perhaps it shouldn't surprise anyone that when he suspects foul play, he sets off zealously on his own investigation. Moriarty, who plays jazz piano when not acting, recently went into one of the city's largest record retailers to buy a copy of his jazz quintet's CD. But instead of *The Michael Moriarty Jazz Quintet—Live at Fat Tuesday's,* the receipt read *Benny Goodman Great Originals.* Strange, Moriarty thought, especially since the quintet doesn't play any Goodman songs. Had he uncovered a scam to deprive his group of its royalties? Moriarty went to a second outlet, and again a CD of his registered as a Goodman. He went to a third store, where he found that the labels and codes on some of his CDs had been corrected while some were still registering as Goodman's. Finally, Moriarty confronted his label, DRG Records, which is responsible for the codes. "They told me it was a mistake, but only a few days before, they had also told me my records weren't selling," says Moriarty, who has contacted his lawyer. "If the investigation comes up a dud, okay, then it warns others about what could be a nice little scam." The quixotic Moriarty says he has also embarked on a new campaign against government censorship of the media. "I am back in the thick of it," he concludes. "I'm a warrior."

THE KIDS ARE FAR RIGHT

Young Republican leaders are having no problems handling the liberal media elite. At a shoot with photographer **Joseph Pulchino** for a forthcoming profile in *The New York Times Magazine,* editorial director **Adam Moss** suggested that a group of conservative stars gather on the floor under an American flag, à la The Who's famous *The Kids Are Alright* portrait. First to protest was **Adam Bellow,** son of writer Saul and newly installed editorial director of the conservative Free Press book imprint at Simon & Schuster. "It was a neat idea, but they didn't necessarily think about who was involved," Bellow says. "Plus, it was all about casting. They had a black, a Jew, a gay, a woman. We had nothing to do with each other. And we're not a rock group." The others—Bellow's author **David Brock,** who wrote *The Real Anita Hill;* Rush Limbaugh phone screener **James Golden;** former Dan Quayle speechwriter **Lisa Schiffren;** and former Clarence Thomas law clerk **Laura Ingram**—were willing to soldier on. But when the flag was draped over them and touched the floor, the group fell into disarray. "[Moss] tried to talk them into it but couldn't," says a source. "We felt silly," says Bellow. "It just wasn't appropriate."



Sirio Maccioni wants to stay put

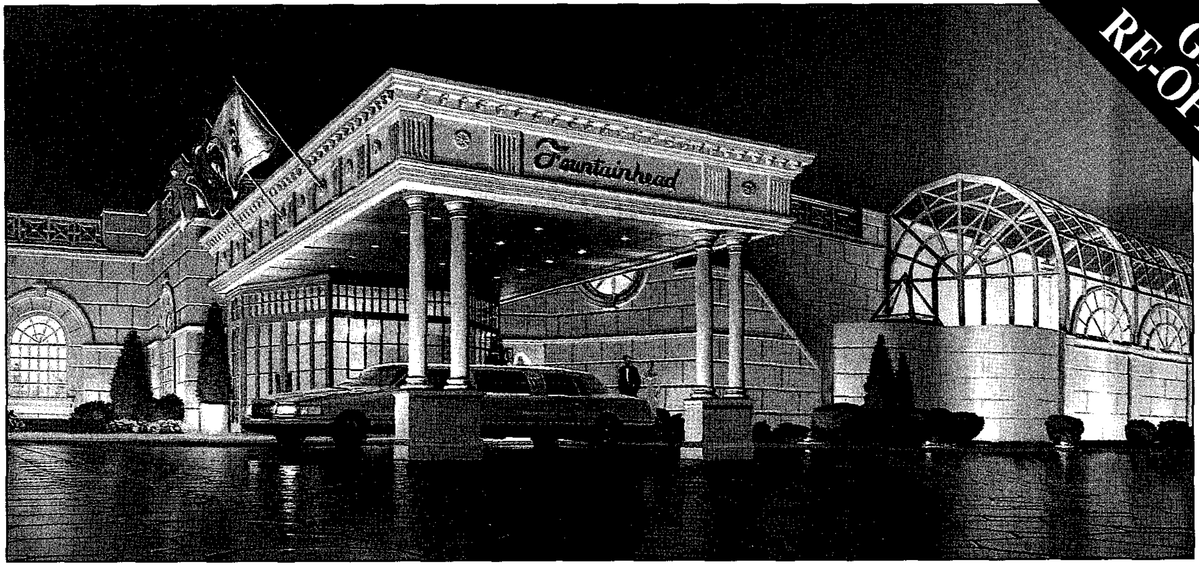
SIRIO'S HEADACHE; STEIN'S HEADACHE

MOVABLE FEAST: Despite initial assurances that the venerable **Sirio Maccioni** and his world-famous Le Cirque would be unaffected by the financial tumult at the Mayfair Regent, sources say that he has been forced to consider the possibility of moving and may have to close the restaurant for several months if it comes to that. The Mayfair currently faces charges of defaulting on its $72 million mortgage. "His desire is to stay," Maccioni's son Marco says. "But we are still talking, meeting with [the pension fund that holds the hotel's mortgage] and all potential buyers. Everyone wants us to stay. We want to stay."

HELLO, NELLO: **Nello Balan** is about to go to war with bar owner **Howard Stein.** In May, Balan, who owns Nello's, at Madison Avenue and 62nd Street, will open a nightclub right across the street from Stein's Au Bar on 58th Street. His partners will be **Giuseppe Cipriani** and actor **Mickey Rourke.** Later this year, when Stein opens a new disco in Greenwich Village, Nello and friends will be nearby again, at Downtown, a club they plan to open at West Broadway and Broome Street.

Photographs: top, Richard Hartog/*The Outlook*/Sipa Press; center, Fran Collin/Gamma-Liaison; bottom, John Barrett/Globe Photos.

POLO SPORT
RALPH LAUREN
POLO SPORT
MADISON AVENUE AT 72ND STREET



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GOTHAM

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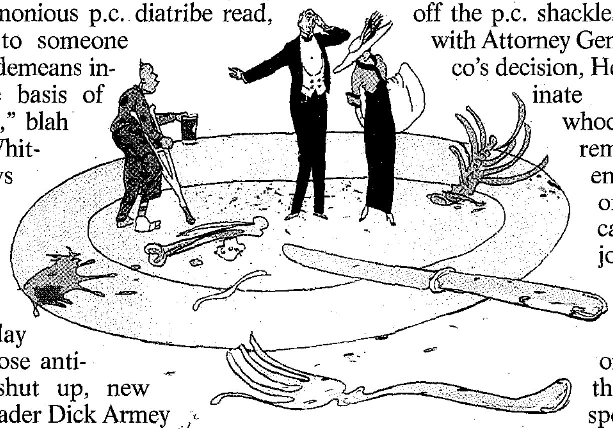
THE FRONT PAGE

Correcting Correctness

“The p.c. bubble has burst,” hot young righty literary agent Lynn Chu declared last week, gloating over her sale of Newt Gingrich to Rupert Murdoch for $4.5 million up front (later reduced to $1 to make it seem less like an outright bribe and more like a time-release one). “The country is a lot more conservative than it was a few years ago.”

Why, it seems like only a few *weeks* ago that the country was still under the tyrannical reign of left-wing political correctness, indeed only the week before last that the New Jersey Feminazis were baring their claws against Governor Christie Whitman, foaming about her naming a highway rest stop after the best-selling conservative author Howard Stern. “It is inappropriate,” their sanctimonious p.c. diatribe read, “to pay tribute to someone who berates and demeans individuals on the basis of their gender, race,” blah blah blah. But Whitman, who knows which way the wind blows, blew back: “I’ve done it, and that’s that.”



The same day Whitman told those anti-sex shrews to shut up, new House majority leader Dick Armey told reporters in Washington, “I don’t need to listen to Barney Fag,” then quickly corrected himself—“Barney *Frank,*” the openly gay congressman from Massachusetts. It was just “trouble with alliteration,” Armey explained. (His tongue must be particularly slippery: Try saying *Frank* as *fag.*) And—except for that lonely p.c. citadel, the New York *Times*—that was that.

The bubble has burst. Political discourse is no longer controlled by bleeding-heart knee-jerks; now the soapbox belongs to the red-blooded neo-knee-jerks. Early last week, the Smithsonian Institution drastically scaled back its 10,000-square-foot exhibit commemorating the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki after veterans and other right-thinking folks complained that multicultural enforcers had insisted on including descriptions of Japanese people being vaporized. “They were not looking for analysis, and frankly,” I. Michael Heyman, secretary of the Smithsonian, said without a slip, “we did not give enough thought to the intense feelings such analysis would evoke.” And so the Smithsonian will display only the fuselage of the *Enola Gay,* perhaps a video interview with her crew, maybe a couple of pictures of cool explosions.

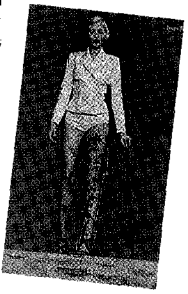
George Pataki’s crew had certainly shaken off the p.c. shackles by midweek, first with Attorney General Dennis C. Vacco’s decision, Hey, why *not* discriminate against fags—whoops, typo—*gays*? In removing “sexual orientation” from a list of categories specifically protected from job discrimination in his department, Vacco didn’t “add or delete language” or in fact change anything at all, his spokesman claimed. “He’s not concerned with people’s sexual preferences.” Except, those with functioning memories will recall, when a lesbian is competing with him for a job.

Similarly, when Mary Glass, Pataki’s acting commissioner of social services, told the *Daily News* that homeless shelters have “made the problem worse” and should be shut down, she was not suggesting she was actually going to shut them down, her spokesman insisted the next day. “Flat-out wrong,” he fumed to New York *Newsday.* “She never even implied it.” The spokesman did not address what Glass might have been implying when, asked where the homeless should go, she shrugged and said, “Everyone has friends or relatives.”

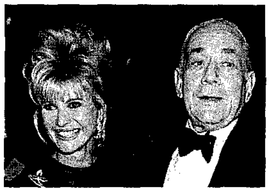
OFF THE RECORD **“We had the mildest winter in anyone’s memory, so you’d think we’d be saving lots of money on snow removal. We came in to [Thursday’s] budget discussion looking for savings from snowfall, and instead we found we need an additional $29.6 million for sanitation overtime,” a City Council member told *New York.***

LOST ITS SPARKY **“There was a huge black hole where [Jeffrey] Katzenberg was. He was loud and obnoxious, but he was fun. [Last year’s *Lion King* party] had animals. It was amazing.”—A journalist who attended Disney’s somewhat dreary two-hour *Pocahontas* press conference on Central Park’s Great Lawn last week**

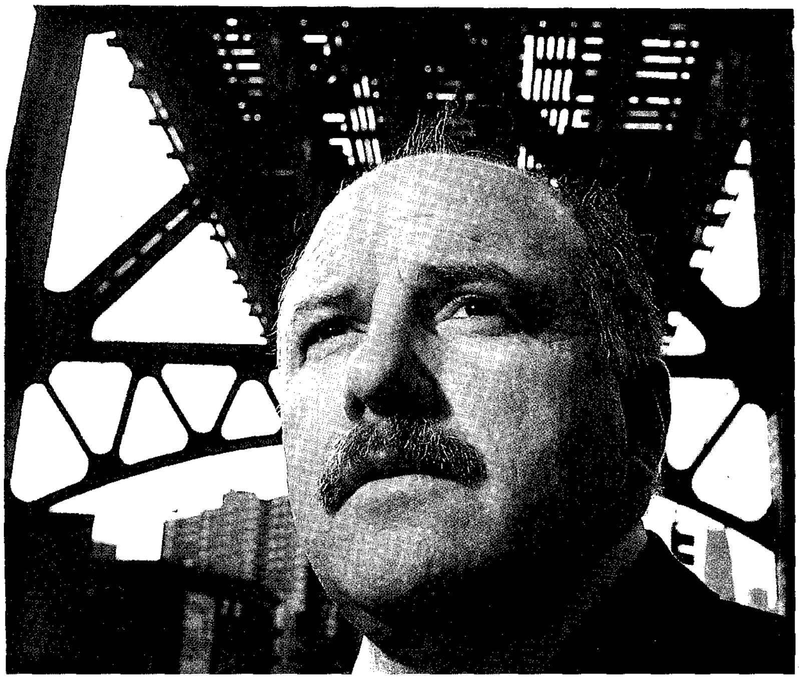
FASHION VICTIMIZATION **“The model may never be black, she probably will never be a man, but within a millisecond, she may trip or have another accident and join the 49 million Americans with disabilities.”—George Kroloff, spokesman for the National Organization on Disability, commenting on the karma implications of Helmut Newton’s *Vogue* fashion spread of the perfectly abled Nadja Auermann (see page 20) in a wheelchair, leg braces, and a high-fashion prosthesis**



OVERHEARD **“Can’t we speed this up? I have to pick up Ivana by 6 P.M.”—Kenneth Jay Lane, in federal bankruptcy court last week, after winning back his jewelry-merchandising license from the bankrupt Ciro, Inc.**



Photographs: top, Evan Agostini/Gamma-Liaison; bottom, David Allen/LGI. Illustration by Istvan Banyai.



Photograph by Rex Miller.

City

THE THICK WHITE LINE

LOOK AT IT ONE WAY, AND BOB CANTWELL is a very lucky man. If an NYPD internal investigation is to be believed, the 44-year-old former narcotics detective took enough cocaine to kill himself and has apparently suffered no ill effects. Look at it Bob Cantwell's way, and he was wrongfully kicked off the force, because of either extreme ineptitude or deliberate malice.

"I don't know what happened and how it happened, but something happened," the thirteen-year veteran says, sitting in his lawyer's office in lower Manhattan. He shakes his head. "The facts in this case are just so bizarre. There's something rotten in the department that nobody wants to know."

On December 4, 1993, Cantwell, assigned to the narcotics squad in Washington Heights, was given a drug test after his supervisor accused him of trying to steal cocaine while processing evidence seized in a drug raid. (Cantwell claims he was re-bagging a leaky package in the evidence room, a routine procedure for a narcotics officer.) But when his three urine samples were tested, they came back with wildly divergent results. Vial No. 1 tested at 494,051 nanograms per milliliter of benzoylecgonine (BE), a chemical produced when the body breaks down cocaine. The second vial—taken a few hours later—tested at 167,751. And the third sample, taken a few minutes after the second: 659,650.

These numbers are all astoundingly high. As a comparison, one medical study reported that a man with a ten-year drug habit who admitted smoking an ounce of cocaine the day before his drug test tested at only 34,000. At Cantwell's administrative hearing, Petrie M. Rainey, a Yale University expert in laboratory medicine, testified that anyone with Cantwell's alleged levels should "be comatose or dead."

Stranger than the incredible results is how wildly they fluctuated. Even the Police Department's own expert declared that the huge swings in Cantwell's BE levels could indicate fraud. "Either one of the analyses was inaccurate," William Closson, head of the lab that did Cantwell's tests for the NYPD, testified, or "they came from separate individuals or something was added to one of the specimens. Those are the only variables that I can imagine." Rainey agreed: "I really think there is nothing that makes them make sense other than a presumption that at least one of the samples was artificially enhanced or that one of the laboratories made an egregious error."

Testimony at Cantwell's hearing seemed to rule out laboratory error, leaving tampering as the only other explanation. Nevertheless, the Police Department's deputy commissioner for trials, Rae Downes-Koshetz, discounted the testimony and found Cantwell guilty.

Cantwell's attorney, James W. Devor, then wrote to Police Commissioner William Bratton, who has the final say in these cases. Devor detailed the experts' testimony regarding tampering and accused the department of being more concerned about bad publicity than finding the truth. If Bratton found Cantwell guilty, Devor wrote, he could be covering up wrongdoing at either or both of two elite squads—NYPD's Health Services Division and the Internal Affairs Bureau—and "publicly sending a message that a cornerstone of the 'blue wall of silence' is this Police Commissioner himself."

Commissioner Bratton never replied to Devor's letter. He signed the decision authorizing Cantwell's firing without comment last summer. And the commissioner is still keeping silent. Through a spokesman, he refused to comment, saying only, "The findings were conclusive that this guy had cocaine in his system, and we dismissed him because of that."

ROBERT NEUWIRTH

Business

A REUTERIAN SLIP

LAST TUESDAY AT 2:26 P.M., THE currency-exchange markets abruptly discombobulated when a Reuters news flash hit the big screens:

CLINTON STICKS FINGER
IN MEXICAN DIKE

"Things came to a halt for a minute or so," says a Bear Stearns trader on Wall Street. "It seemed like a construction site in the trading room. . . . One comment I heard was whether Clinton's sexual preference had changed."

A trader at the Chicago Mercantile Exchange noted a similar reaction to Reuters's way of breaking Clinton's bailout of the Mexican peso. "Everything stopped; everyone was pointing at the board and laughing. It was amusing but not terribly professional. When I talked to the Reuters people, they said it was one of their most requested stories. . . . No one will ever convince me it was an innocent mistake."

None of this apparently reached Reuters's New York office. "I can't really say there was any reaction," says bureau chief Bill Sposato. "There definitely was no revised item run."

COLLEEN QUINN

Health

IT'S *ER* MEETS *LASSIE*

SIMBA, JUNKYARD THIN, STRAINS AT HER leash, barking wildly.

"Last time she was here, she got Krazy Glue in her eyes and they were swollen shut," says Hope Prudenti, trying to restrain her 8-month-old shepherd mix. "I don't know what's wrong with her now. She won't eat."

It's 9 P.M. on a weekday, and the second-floor emergency room of the Animal Medical Center on 62nd Street just west of the FDR Drive—the only 24-hour veterinary service in the city—is full of patients peering out of boxes and sitting on the laps of their owners. Except for Simba, the room's occupants are silent, heavy with the gloom of illness and the aftermath of calamities. "She fell five stories," says Santos Garcia, peering into the box at his doleful 2-year-old gray-and-white cat. "I was in the audience at the *Richard Bey* show and my wife beeped me. She was cleaning and opened a window, and Destiny fell out."

The A.M.C. is considered the most sophisticated facility of its kind in the country—"It's the Mayo Clinic of veterinary hospitals," says Dr. Kim Selting, an intern there—treating 60,000 patients a year and offering nearly every medical specialty available to humans: neurology, oncology, cardiology, gastroenterology, even dentistry. But it is the emergency room—which treats 50 animals a day, 18,000 annually—that gets all the press. BA-A-A-D APPLE, blared *USA Today* about Apple, a 9-month-old border collie that was rushed to the A.M.C. last January after swallowing an eight-inch knife with a four-inch handle along with a devil's-food cake (he was saved). And the tabloids made much of Leo, an Abyssinian cat who fell 46 stories from a Manhattan high-rise last July and, after a stay in the intensive-care unit, walked home on his own four legs.

"Last night, we had a dog that was shot," says surgical aide Antonia Jameson. Rumors fly that this was a "guard dog" that had been fired on by police, but it could have just been a rival drug dealer or someone who doesn't like dogs. The only thing that's clear is that "it was a big bullet wound," Jameson says. The dog's owners decided that since he was a "work dog" and had lost his function, he should be destroyed.

The A.M.C. is funded largely by donations. When pet owners can't or won't pay their bills, the center gets stuck with the tab—and sometimes the animal. "Some people just leave their pets here rather than pay," says vet technician Jody Schumacher with disgust. Spokeswoman McGrath is quick to add, "But we don't do animal placement. We're a hospital." A.M.C. employees are known to be soft touches, however. "It's almost a requirement for working here that you adopt a pet," McGrath admits, sighing; she owns two abandoned cats. Technician Christina DeMarco took home a puppy she found in the Bronx that had been submerged in hot tar up to its nose. "We scrubbed him off with dishwashing liquid and peanut butter and then shaved him," Schumacher says. "He's okay now. His name is Tar."

NANCY JO SALES

International

VOODOO POLITICS

LYING IN HIS BED IN MEMORIAL SLOAN-Kettering Cancer Center on East 68th Street in December, Pedro Collor de Mello was told that his brother Fernando, the flamboyant ex-president of Brazil, had just been acquitted of corruption charges by the Brazilian Supreme Court. Two days later, Pedro lost his speech, and five days after that, he died of an extremely rare form of brain cancer. Coincidence? Many people in New York's Brazilian community don't think so.

"It has become a common bar joke in Brazil," says one of Pedro's best friends. "You don't want to fuck with this guy Fernando."

"The common people of Brazil believe that Fernando [de Mello] has an aura—he has *divindade,* or protection from evil spirits," says Fernando de Lima, a manager at New York's Plaza Hotel. "Anyone who goes against Fernando—bad things happen to them."

Pedro's first mistake, apparently, was telling the Brazilian newsweekly *Veja* in 1992 that his brother had pocketed millions of dollars in kickbacks and was a regular cocaine user. (Some say Pedro came forth with the allegations after Fernando tried to seduce his wife.) The fallout was spectacular: Fernando was impeached; their mother, Leda Collor de Mello, declared Pedro insane and fired him from the family business (Pedro had psychiatric tests and brain scans to prove his sanity); Pedro and his family fled to Miami; and then Dona Leda had a stroke and fell into a coma from which she has yet to recover.

ART

Portrait Privatization

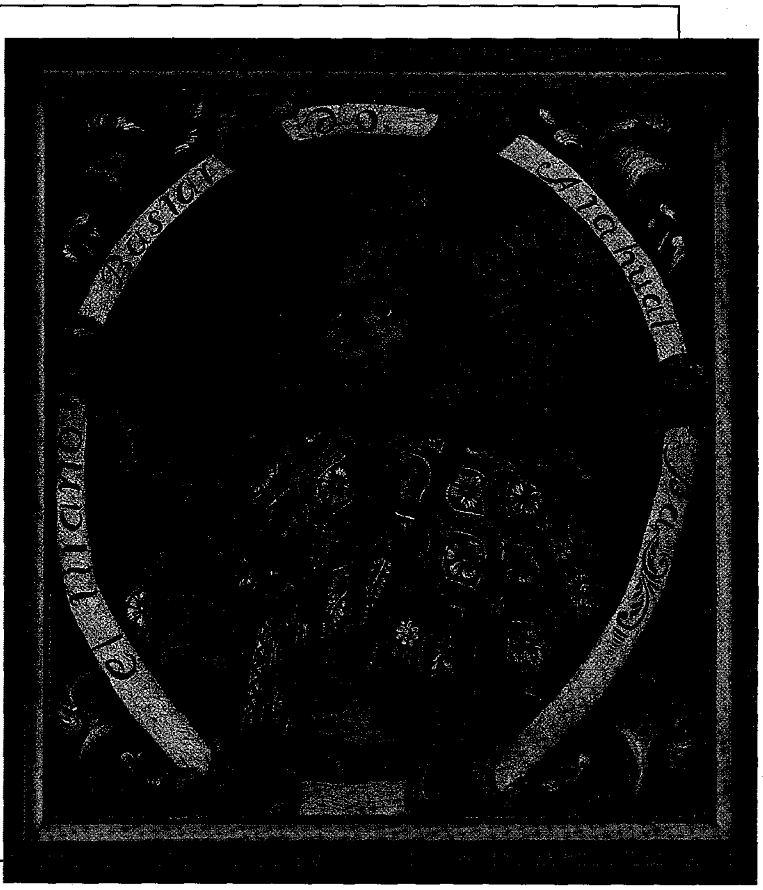
The New-York Historical Society, though currently holding a fire sale to wipe out its $2 million–plus operating deficit, has proved itself to be surprisingly astute about financial matters.

Late last month, Bill Ambler sat in the auction room of Sotheby's, growing increasingly upset as bidding on a set of fourteen paintings of Inca kings rose well above the estimate of $60,000–$80,000; they finally went for $343,500, to an anonymous New York collector. Ambler was distraught because his great-great-grandfather Frederic de Peyster had donated them to the society back in 1873, specifically so that, according to a letter De Peyster wrote, "they may stimulate the spirit of research."

"Now," Ambler says bitterly, "they will be decorating some plutocrat's dining room."

Ambler, a Ph.D. candidate in art history, acknowledges that his ancestor's letter is "not a *legal* document. But he *was* president of the society at the time, so I doubt he thought one was necessary." Ambler is also miffed that when he tried to find a more appropriate, more *public* home for the paintings, he discovered that the Brooklyn Museum had previously approached the Historical Society to arrange a separate sale—at its estimated price—but was rebuffed. (At press time, the Brooklyn Museum had until last Sunday to preempt the sale, if it could come up with the purchase price minus a 3 percent museum discount; the Met recently acquired Lo Sheggia's *Triumph of Fame* in a similar manner.) "The Brooklyn Museum was interested at a time when the works had already been consigned to Sotheby's," says a Historical Society spokesman. "We had to make some difficult decisions."

RUTH G. DAVIS



Photographs: top, Andrew Lichtenstein/J.B. Pictures; bottom, courtesy of Sotheby's.

Then, as if to tempt fate further, in 1993 Pedro published *Writing It Up: The Story of an Impostor,* a biography in which he claimed that Fernando and his wife, Rosane,participated in black-magic rituals in the basement of their Brasília mansion and that their personal witch, a *candomblé* priestess named Cecilia de Arapiraca, led Fernando, Rosane, and her mother, Rosita,in *macumba* ceremonies among the severed heads of birds and animals. He also accused them of using voodoo dolls to cast spells on their enemies. "Fernando, all dressed in white, spun around the basement in a possessed state of ecstasy," Pedro wrote.

Just as his impeachment trial began, Fernando's luck changed: Ulysses Guimarães, a major opponent, was killed in a helicopter crash, and his body was never recovered. Ibsen Pinheiro—the Brazilian Newt Gingrich who led the impeachment movement—was expelled from Congress in a financial-impropriety scandal. After turning on Collor and denouncing him to the media, Elma Farias—wife of Collor's closest adviser and fellow indictee Paulo César Farias—died of a heart attack.

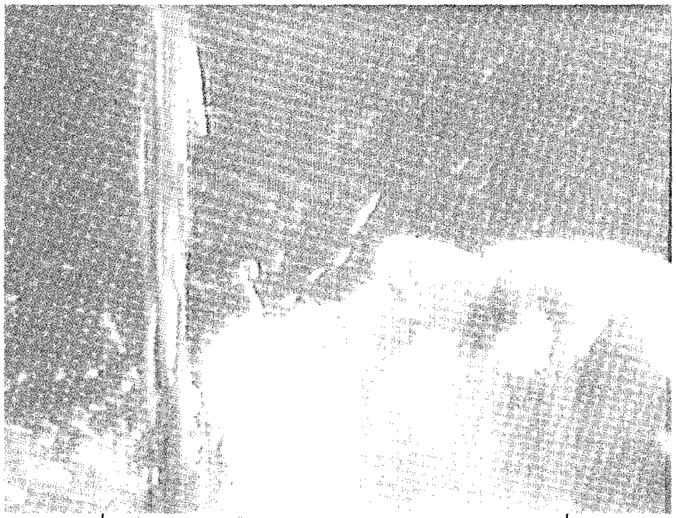
And then Pedro—only 43, healthy as a bull, with a clean brain scan just two years before, was diagnosed with brain cancer. "Pedro's tumor was discovered 32 days before he died," says De Lima. "He had headaches in Brazil, so he went to a clinic in São Paulo, and they found four tumors."

"The whole witchcraft thing is so silly," says Carlos Wattimo, president of Brazil Update Weekly, an American distributor of Brazilian television programs. "Brazil is the largest Catholic country in the world—but it's also the largest country that believes in *macumba*. To believe Pedro's death had anything to do with *macumba* is like believing green men were responsible for New York's blackout. It's coincidence and fate."

Other Brazilians are not so sure. At the Brazilian Mission to the United Nations, one diplomat who asked, understandably, to remain nameless says, "Everybody in Brazil talks about this. Even during his presidency, people said he did some voodoo work. And now, almost all of his foes have died or disappeared from politics.

"I don't believe in witchcraft, but I believe Fernando practiced it."

As for rumors that *umbanda* candles burn outside of Fernando's window, the diplomat shrugs it off. "Everybody does this in Brazil." he says. "Sometimes I do it too—just in case." LANCE GOULD



CRUCIFIXION'S COOL

CLOSE-UP ON the claws of two roosters being taped with metal spurs. Two men bump the birds' heads together, then toss the animals into a caged ring.

"When I make my work," Andres Serrano says, "I don't think about the reaction of the audience."

A black man sits in a neo-Gothic wooden bishop's chair. CUT TO a man being strapped into an electric chair, in grainy black-and-white. CUT TO a skeletal man in a loincloth. PAN ACROSS his scarred body. His ankles are strapped by a woman in a white wedding dress. He is hoisted upside down. The blood rushes to his anguished face as he hangs in a crucifixion pose.

"It was not my intent," Serrano says, "to make a video that MTV would like."

"It's a really good-looking video," says MTV program director Kurt Steffeck, who along with eleven other members of the network's acquisitions group screened Serrano's debut music video, *Crush My Soul,* a couple of weeks ago, but—and there had to be a *but*—"we felt musically there wasn't a home for it at the current time."

This despite the fact that Serrano, the NEA-funded artist-photographer best known for his depiction of a crucifix suspended in urine, has an obsession with bodily fluids that closely mirrors that of the music channel's own art brutes, Beavis and Butt-head—who themselves might have enjoyed the grinding wall of noise produced by Godflesh, the British industrial-metal band that recorded *Crush.*

Serrano, who at this point must be accustomed to rejection, was "not surprised, really. . . . I've heard they don't like straps. They don't like to see people hanging. I'm sure Prince or Madonna could get away with a lot more, but not Godflesh."

If the relatively unknown Godflesh sells as many records as Prince or Madonna, Serrano's video might get another chance to be rejected by MTV. "We'll wait for the marketplace to create a bigger demand for it" before judging whatever "content issues" the video might raise, says Steffeck. Meanwhile, Earache/Columbia Records, Godflesh's label, plans to distribute the clip to regional video shows and hopes the Box, the cable jukebox channel that often shows videos MTV finds objectionable, will put Serrano's art into rotation.

JANE WEAVER

culture

GETTING THE GOODIES

TYPICAL STAR-STUDDED BENEFIT AT THE Plaza: the Hearsts, De La Rentas, and Rohatyns. But the crowd is fidgety, awaiting the most important arrivals of the evening. Finally, they appear, and within moments the walking tuxedos and ball gowns are all over them—the gray shopping bags being handed out near the ballroom's exit. Smiles erupt as the guests rifle through the sheets of white tissue paper, uncovering CDs, a leather diary, and—yes—a $100 Tourneau gift certificate. "Perfect," one bejeweled guest coos. "It's my nanny's birthday."

Goody bags, once a mere token, have evolved into a not-so-subtle marketing promotion that the dancing-for-dollars set expect, covet, and occasionally misappropriate. These days, guests often measure an event's success not by the money raised for charity, but by whether the freebies measure up.

"I've seen supposedly civilized folks hide one goody bag underneath their evening coat in order to get another," says one benefit veteran. "Once my goody bag was stolen from beneath my table while I danced."

The annual Carousel of Hope Gala is widely acknowleged as the crème de la goody bag event. Thirteen hundred

Photographs: bottom, Marina Garnier (2).

SHOT

Spatial Ed

"If I had an extra room, she'd have her own class," says Aida Montero, principal of P.S. 124 in Park Slope, Brooklyn. Instead, Mary Barr takes groups of ten or a dozen second-graders into the hallway for 45-minute reading tutorials.

guests—Dustin Hoffman, Tom Arnold, and Clint Eastwood—recently paid at least $1,000 each to attend the Beverly Hills fund-raiser, and toted home bulging sacks containing 41 different products ranging from a Marvel comic book to a sweater designed by Ivana Trump. (Total retail value $855.32.) There was no snatching of extras: Guests had to exchange special tickets for the well-guarded bags.

Multiple bagging, however, is a rapidly growing etiquette breach. At a celebrity auction for the National Actors Theater on October 28 at the Pierre Hotel, a Kennedy clan member and her unidentified male companion left the Pierre with no fewer than four goody bags, according to observers. And who can blame them? Inside was a veritable supermarket: Trident gum, Listerine mouthwash, a silver-plated frame, disposable Schick razors, Lubriderm lotion, and Halls cough drops. (Total retail value $30.)

The media elite have also been known to succumb. At an AIDS charity function hosted by Donna Karan, seemingly cameraless paparazzi David Allen snared two low-end bags—baseball cap, water bottle, magazines—with the schnorrer's mantra, "Can I have one for my editor?" And one columnist was spotted walking out of the fiftieth anniversary of Patsy's clutching four jars of the Italian restaurant's famous marinara sauce. ($8.95 each.)

Rather than combat goody filching with heightened security, Kimberly Charles, of Champagne Taittinger, a substantial corporate donor, looks the other way. "We've grown accustomed to the guests taking more than one bag. We don't endorse it, but we always have extra champagne on hand."

While corporations expect donated products to foster brand loyalty, the policy may hurt sales more than help. Donated cosmetics, a goody staple, occasionally revisit department-store shelves as returned merchandise. Roman Alonso, Barneys director of public relations, explained, "There is no way of knowing the difference, and we tend to honor all return requests."

And plenty of the stuff simply winds up in the garbage. Ken Frydman, a political consultant, remembers one particularly unmemorable bag. "I went to Gracie Mansion for a party promoting New York City as a film location, and all they gave out was a plastic New York City key ring and a copy of the *Hollywood Reporter.*" (Estimated value $3.95.)

"It wasn't even *Variety,*" moaned Frydman.

Publicist David Kratz would have preferred a key ring to the cotton boxer shorts he received at an opening-night party for BAM's Next Wave Festival. "The shorts were seam-splittingly too tight. I'm not the biggest guy in the world, so I imagine everyone had a tough time getting into them."

David Wallis

Books

SOULJAHED OUT

"I THINK IT REVEALS AN UNPREDICTABLE Souljah, a more complicated Souljah," Steve Wasserman, editorial director of Times Books, was saying last week of the memoir *No Disrespect.*

But the Souljah who arrived at St. Peter's Sanctuary for the panel discussion "Coming Together in Harmony: Black Men and Black Women," was actually a fairly uncomplicated Souljah.

"Let me say again that this is merely to generate discussion," was Souljah's defense of the 90-minute forum that revolved unresolvedly around the questions *What is a man?* and *What is a woman?* "We're trying to do a little business here," was her explanation for the phalanx of white photographers that surrounded the black panelists and temporarily obstructed the audience's view.

And while the soul singer Nona Hendryx mused on polygamous marriages and actor Dondre Whitfield denounced prejudice against light-skinned black men, Sister Souljah, who became a 1992 Clinton-as-moderate campaign prop after she seemingly suggested that black people go out and kill a bunch of white people, stressed personal responsibility and two-parent households. The only indication of underlying complicatedness was that she occasionally referred to herself in the third person.

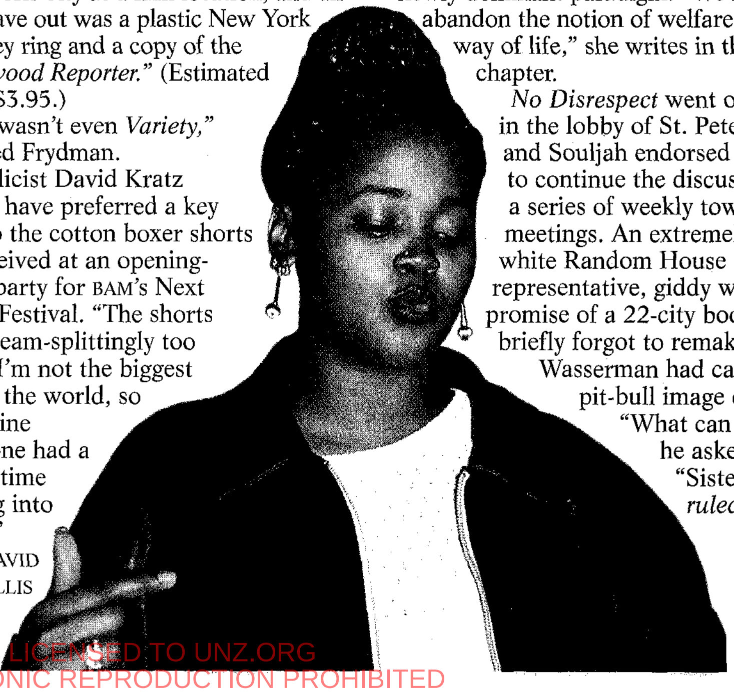
In her book, as in the discussion, Souljah's a hip-hop Helen Gurley Brown, offering sisterly confessions and unexceptionable dating tips to mouseburgers in the 'hood.

"Always meet a man in a public place," she advises. "Beware of gangsters and macho men of all kinds."

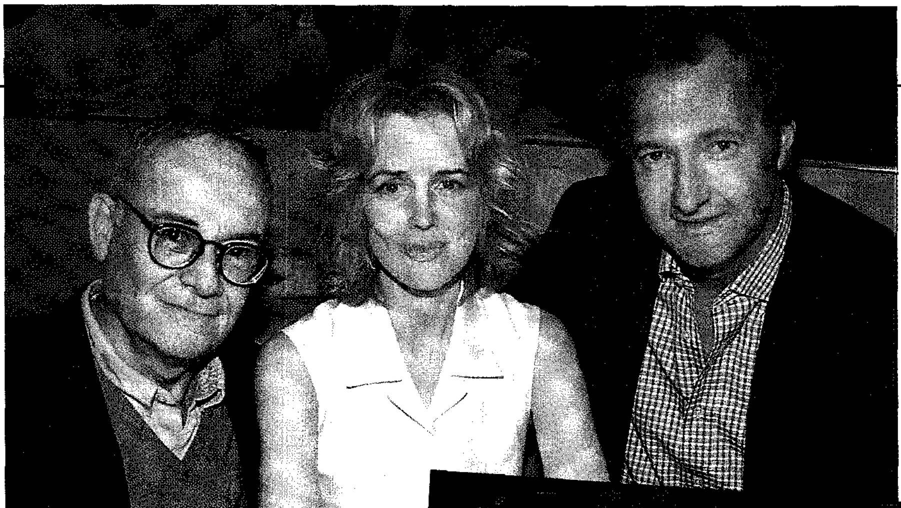
There is even a nod toward the newly dominant paradigm. "We must abandon the notion of welfare as a way of life," she writes in the final chapter.

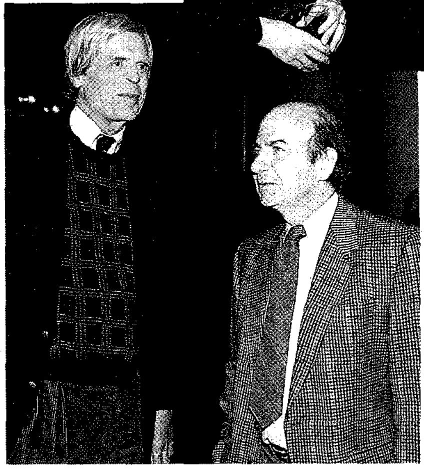
No Disrespect went on sale in the lobby of St. Peter's, and Souljah endorsed an idea to continue the discussion in a series of weekly town meetings. An extremely white Random House representative, giddy with the promise of a 22-city book tour, briefly forgot to remake what Wasserman had called the pit-bull image of rap. "What can I say?" he asked. "Sister *ruled.*"

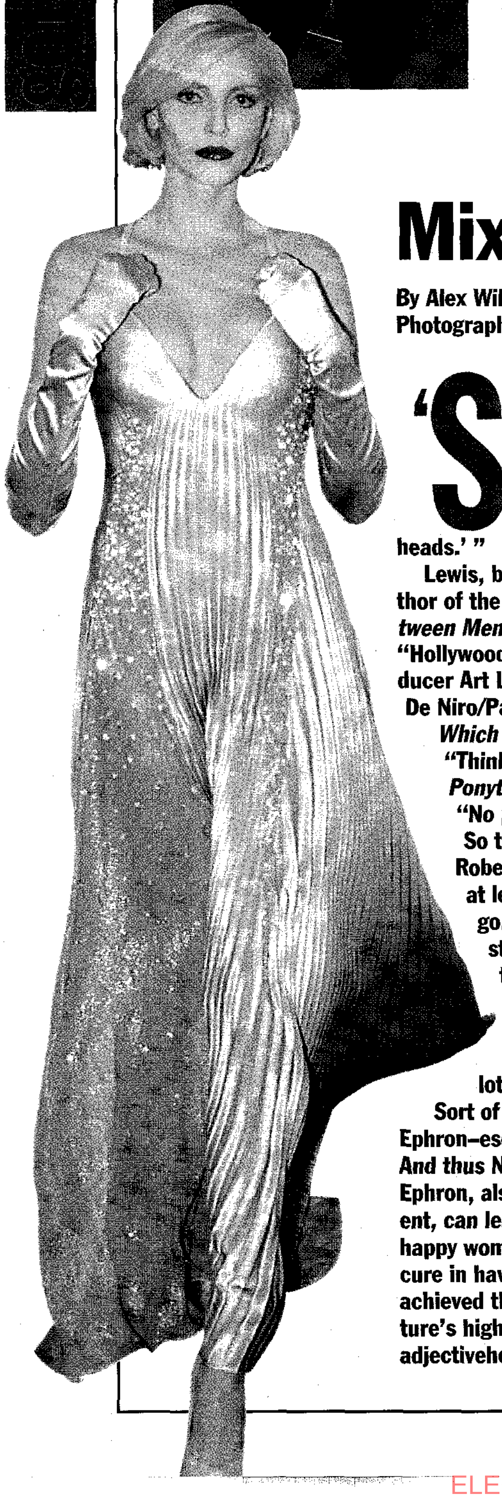
Linda Hall



Photographs: top, Stephen Ferry/Gamma-Liaison; bottom, Roxanne Motamedi.







Mixed Nuits

By Alex Williams
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

'Someone asked me if the casting couch *still* exists," *said* Fiona Lewis, a burst of blondeness standing amid *the cherry blossoms at* "44." "I said, 'Not between actresses and directors, but between producers and studio heads.' "

Lewis, being celebrated last week as the author of the barometer-spinning new book *Between Men*, should know. An actress turned "Hollywood fiancée," she's soon to marry producer Art Linson (*The Untouchables*, and the De Niro/Pacino *Heat*).

Which one is Linson?

"Think *movie producer*."

Ponytail. Armani suit. Stubble. Tan.

"No ponytail."

So then Linson's the one standing with Robert De Niro, the one De Niro will talk to, at least long enough to murmur, "We gotta go." Calvin Trillin and George Plimpton stand together, looking like a tweedy, extremely clubbable Mutt and Jeff.

Says Lewis's editor, Morgan Entrekin: "I don't publish a lot of fiction like this. But it sounded like a lot of my friends' talk. Sort of Nora Ephron–esque." *And thus Nora* Ephron, also present, can leave a happy woman, secure in having achieved the culture's highest honor: adjectivehood.

Clockwise from upper left: At the CFDA awards, Grace Mirabella gets a last-minute touch-up; at "44," Buck Henry identifies the reason for the party—the new book by Fiona Lewis—seated alongside Randy Quaid, who talks about the old Bogdanovich days; Robert De Niro makes quick work of the evening, stopping with producer Art Linson and photographer Roxanne Lowit; Nora Ephron, left, chats with literary agent Lynn Nesbit; George Plimpton, left, and Calvin Trillin mingle. Meanwhile, at Bowery Bar the previous Friday, gossip columnist Richard Johnson gets a *birthday squeeze from wife Nadine; a self-*propelled Nadja Auermann at the CFDA ceremony.

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CITYSIDE ROBERT I. FRIEDMAN

Snitch Trouble

The FBI's case against Qubilah Shabazz has only two major problems: The bureau's informant can't be trusted, and neither can the bureau.

Gospel music blared from loudspeakers inside the Riverside Church in Harlem last Tuesday as a remarkable gathering began to take form. In the basement of the cathedral where Martin Luther King Jr. had preached, Coretta Scott King sat next to Betty Shabazz, widow of Malcolm X. Joining them was a local African-American all-star lineup: the actress Ruby Dee, David Dinkins, Percy Sutton, New York NAACP president Hazel Dukes. It was, Dee said, "an extended family, closing ranks."

The family member they had come to close ranks around, Shabazz's daughter Qubilah, is awaiting trial on charges that she solicited an FBI informant to assassinate Louis Farrakhan. But no one in the cavernous church basement believed she had done such a thing. Rather, they believed, Qubilah, a poor, lost 34-year-old woman, had been emotionally manipulated and then entrapped by a high-school friend as part of the FBI's continuing campaign against black leaders.

Betty Shabazz is comforted by Coretta Scott King at the Riverside Church in Harlem last Tuesday.

"Her experience has a regrettable but familiar ring to families of well-known African-American leaders throughout the twentieth century," Coretta Scott King told the crowd of 200. "Black leaders and their families from Marcus Garvey on down to this case have been subjected to campaigns of slander, harassment, and intimidation designed to discredit them.

"We are here today," she declared, "to say, this will not work."

That the black community would flock to defend the daughter of Malcolm X is not surprising; what is surprising, however, is how many people in the law-enforcement community agree with Mrs. King's assessment that this will not work. The FBI's investigation was so questionable, they say, and their informant so shady—far more so than has been previously reported, *New York* has learned—that the case against Qubilah Shabazz probably never should have been brought.

"My gut reaction is that this is a naïve girl who got sucked into a conspiracy," says John S. Pritchard III, acting chief of New York City's Transit Police. "Probably not enough investigative work went into this," says Pritchard, who is black, and who as a senior FBI official from 1976 to 1984 managed undercover cases. "If the government jumped every time they had a tidbit, something that you could indict somebody for, thousands of people would be indicted." The FBI "should be worried about whether it will look like J. Edgar Hoover, who played very dirty with Martin Luther King," adds Philip Heymann, a deputy attorney general in the early days of the Clinton administration who's now a professor at Harvard Law School. Heymann says Qubilah Shabazz should not be prosecuted on the basis of a case made solely by a "loose-cannon informant" who, to escape jail time, handed her over to the Feds.

"Criminal informants are remarkably manipulative and skillfully devious," says Stephen S. Trott, a federal appeals judge for the Ninth Circuit. Trott, who headed the Criminal Division of the Justice Department under Reagan, warns that government snitches frequently lie and fabricate evidence, and will "double-cross anyone with whom they come into contact, including—and especially—the prosecutor."

Yet even by the inexact standards the FBI applies when recruiting snitches, Michael Fitzpatrick, the informant in the Shabazz case, is especially slippery. His drug abuse and early terrorist activities have already been catalogued in the press; however, he has also lived a life of deception and fraud, slithering his way out of one mess after another.

The 34-year-old Fitzpatrick, whose mother is Jewish, joined the ultra-right-wing Jewish Defense League in 1976, and immediately made his reputation by bombing a Chelsea bookstore that sold Communist literature. Arrested by the Feds, he quickly turned informant and infiltrated a JDL front called SOIL (Save Our Israel Land). Wearing a hidden wire, Fitzpatrick made a case against Victor Vancier, now a public-access-cable-TV talk-show host, who was convicted of plotting to bomb the Egyptian Tourist Office in Manhattan, and later admitted to blowing up eleven other Egyptian diplomatic targets up and down the East Coast.

When one of his former FBI handlers was asked whether Fitzpatrick, who received more than $10,000 for his services, was a credible informant, he replied: "The evidence was used and the judge and jury believed it. Mike was credible back then. Is he credible now? I don't know."

Evidence obtained by *New York* suggests that he is not. Fitzpatrick, who en-

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.

tered the federal witness-protection program in 1978, has been constantly in and out of trouble, moving from one dead-end job to another, frequently skipping out on bills. In 1982, using his wife's automobile, he ran up 161 parking violations with fines totaling $8,486.03. That same year, he bought a home in Schoharie County in upstate New York—which promptly burned to the ground, the cash-strapped Fitzpatrick receiving a settlement from the insurance company. "It was never investigated," says a source familiar with the settlement. "Very often in cases like this, the insurance companies just settle."

In 1985, he worked for Metro-North, where, according to his W-2 form, he earned just $1,796.15. That same year, he stiffed New York Telephone for an unpaid bill of $256.95, plus interest. He allegedly supported himself by selling drugs, and used cocaine habitually himself. "He freebased and snorted cocaine before it was fashionable," says Ron Kuby, one of Qubilah Shabazz's attorneys.

SUMMERS, MICHAEL KEVIN
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SUMMERS, MICHAEL KEVIN
93-35897 [redacted] NONE
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During this period, he also infiltrated New York meetings of the left-wing Committee in Solidarity With the People of El Salvador, according to one well-informed source. The FBI sent informants like Fitzpatrick to infiltrate CISPES meetings and political rallies, rummage through trash, and obtain membership lists.

Fitzpatrick then moved to Minneapolis under the name Michael Summers. While there, he joined an anarchist group called the Back Room and tried to persuade members to bomb police stations; the group tossed him out. Just before Thanksgiving 1993, he was arrested for cocaine possession, a crime for which he would have faced up to five years in prison if convicted. Instead, Fitzpatrick turned informant yet again.

Last fall, Shabazz moved to Minneapolis with her 10-year-old son at Fitzpatrick's urging. On welfare and estranged from her family, Shabazz saw Fitzpatrick as her salvation, telling friends in New York she was going to marry him. Once she was in Minneapolis, though, her troubles deepened. Her son was temporarily removed from her home by county welfare workers. Throughout this period, the FBI contends, Shabazz and Fitzpatrick discussed killing Farrakhan in retaliation for his rumored involvement in the assassination of her father in 1965. But according to one source who has seen transcripts of the eight audiotapes and one videotape made by Fitzpatrick, Shabazz appears to be anything but a cold, calculating killer. In the transcripts, which run some 300 pages, she repeatedly worries that her mother will be assassinated for publicly implicating Farrakhan in Malcolm X's death. Fitzpatrick is more than sympathetic. He volunteers at one point that he knows a hit man in Chicago they can pay to do the job, adding, "I hate [Farrakhan], too. He's bad for *my* race."

"SHE WAS ENTRAPPED BY AS VICIOUS AND evil a snake as ever has lived on this earth," Shabazz's attorney William Kunstler says, with his typical flamboyance. "It goes without saying that J. Edgar Hoover is still alive and well in the FBI."

When Shabazz goes on trial in May, Kunstler clearly intends to put the FBI on trial as well.

Throughout the late sixties and early seventies, the FBI under Hoover operated a top-secret counterintelligence program to ruin black-nationalist leaders, as well as Martin Luther King Jr. and the civil-rights movement, often by pitting black groups against one another. Some 360 operations against black-nationalist groups were launched by the FBI under the rubric COINTELPRO; these included the spreading of rumors to the media about Black Muslim leader Elijah Muhammad's sexual conduct. As Hoover himself wrote to FBI bureau chiefs in a memo discussing the black-nationalist facet of COINTELPRO, one of his "long range goals" was to "prevent the rise of a 'messiah' who could unify and electrify the militant black nationalist movement. Malcolm X might have been such a 'messiah'; he is the martyr of this movement today." Ironically, it was later reported that the FBI likely had information about the plot to assassinate Malcolm X but failed to intervene.

Although scholars and law-enforcement officials agree that COINTELPRO was buried with the race-baiting Hoover, many told *New York* that its legacy still haunts the bureau (so much so that in April 1991, 230 black agents met in Washington to discuss filing a class-action suit against the FBI, alleging job discrimination). David Garrow, Pulitzer Prize–winning biographer of Martin Luther King Jr., says that the case might never have been brought against Shabazz if a black Justice Department official had been involved in a supervisory position. Instead, the case was made by white FBI agents and U.S. Attorneys, and "what are the odds that [they] knew who Malcolm X was beyond a baseball-cap level?" asks Garrow. David Lillehaug, the assistant U.S. Attorney who brought the case, grew up in South Dakota and has spent most of his working life in Minnesota. Syl Jones, a columnist for the Minneapolis *Star Tribune,* says Lillehaug is known as a "decent man." Nevertheless, he wrote in his column, "A big-time federal prosecutor in any major city would have been suspicious that this was a set-up. But U.S. Attorney David Lillehaug don't know black history from Parcheesi. So Minneapolis is the perfect place to bring this kind of naïve indictment. Anywhere else, the prosecutors would have smelled a rat."

It can be argued, however, that it was exactly because of its racist past that the FBI had to take action in the Shabazz case. Once Fitzpatrick told the bureau about the alleged assassination plan, not going forward with the investigation would have been "catastrophic," says Edward S. G. Dennis Jr., an assistant attorney general for the Criminal Division during the Bush administration and the highest-ranking black official in Justice Department history. Dennis says that if Farrakhan had been killed, "[Black] Muslims would say, 'It's Malcolm X all over again. The bureau couldn't keep him from being assassinated even though they knew about it.' The worst possible thing for them to do is not to act on the informant's information."

Others, though, say the government had an option short of full-bore prosecution. If the government believed that Shabazz's threat against Farrakhan lacked credibility, and that Fitzpatrick had egged her on, "maybe they should go in and talk to her," says Heymann, who adds that it's possible that the case wouldn't have been brought if there had been more careful oversight by Justice in Washington. Immediately after the arrest, Justice Department officials told the New York *Times* that they were "caught off guard" by the prosecution. The next day, a Justice spokesman acknowledged that the department had been informed at the deputy level of the Criminal Division—"which is a fine level to go to," says Heymann. "[But] the attorney general and the deputy attorney general seem to me to be scrambling to desert a sinking ship on this case." ■

Photograph by Saba.

ON MADISON AVENUE

ALEX WILLIAMS

East Meets Midwest

Can Andy Berlin revive his career post-Volkswagen? Can Pat Fallon make it in New York? With each other's help, just maybe.

Pat Fallon, left, and Andy Berlin.

"YOU KNOW THE Minnesota joke about New York?" asks the massive Andy Berlin, his hair shorn close to the scalp. "A guy walks up to a cabbie and says, 'Do you know the way to the Empire State Building, or should I just go fuck myself?' "

Berlin allows a tight smile. Then it's gone.

Lately, Minnesota has been something more than a punch line to Berlin. It's been only sixteen months since his big profile in *The New Yorker,* and already the former president of DDB Needham New York is threatening to become the ad star of yesterday—this in a business of the perpetual today. At 45, Berlin is almost fatally referred to in the press as the "eighties wunderkind," and certainly he is no longer the shaggy maverick from the West, the San Francisco genius with the Carlos Castaneda soul and his generation's particular Gatsby complex.

Three years ago, Berlin stormed New York. Fifteen frenetic months later, he was charged with creating a spin-off DDB Needham shop, essentially to revive the flagging $90 million Volkswagen account. Berlin Cameron Doyle lost VW in December. It also lost 80 percent of its revenues.

Which is why Pat Fallon, co-founder of Minneapolis's Fallon McElligott agency, has just emerged from a fourteenth-floor elevator at Berlin's lower–Fifth Avenue office.

"We didn't see this as a rescue mission," Fallon says flatly, seating himself in a conference room and pouring a diet Coke.

"And we wouldn't have been interested in sympathy sex," Berlin adds, squeezing his six-foot-three-inch, 247-pound frame behind a round maple table.

Friends for ten years, the two are finalizing a partnership, the birth of Fallon McElligott Berlin, and the unlikely birth of a New York office for a very Minnesota shop. It's a move that will allow Berlin a chance at career salvation and Fallon McElligott the long-awaited chance to step onto the big stage—with Berlin directing the show.

"Let me say this," says the silver-haired Fallon. "We wouldn't have been interested in this if they still *had* Volkswagen. The agency was too dependent on one piece of business, and that's not healthy."

"As events proved . . .", Berlin exhales.

But why New York? And why now?

"We were not lying awake thinking, *How can we crack the New York market?*" says Fallon. "Some bad things that happened to Andy—beyond his control—led to this as a possibility. We don't think it's going to be easy, even with Andy, and we wouldn't be doing it without him." Fallon, 49, is short and wiry; he's a cogent accounts guy with a broad, north-plains accent who fourteen years ago co-founded Fallon McElligott. During the eighties, the agency developed a reputation as a regional "hot shop," similar to Portland, Oregon's Wieden & Kennedy (Nike) and Los Angeles's Chiat/Day (Eveready batteries, Apple Computer). The agency struck first with the "perception/reality" trade ads for *Rolling Stone* and soon was attracting blue-chip clients—clients that Fallon himself said he could not have imagined having in his "wildest dreams." The agency now bills $240 million annually, turning out campaigns for Nikon, Timex, and *Time.* It created the witty, deceptively sexy television spots for Lee jeans (as women attempt to squeeze into ill-fitting jeans, their impatient male companions wander) and the tropical television dreamscapes for Coca-Cola (you know, the swimming elephant).

Berlin peers up: "Did you hear the news? Chiat/Day is merging with TBWA." This *is* news: Brilliant eighties iconoclasts merge with brilliant eighties branders. The Energizer bunny meets Absolut, as two more potent shops nestle under the immense Omnicom blanket.

"There's been a trend toward consolidation," says Berlin. "A disappearance of the midsize agency. The whole industry is being dominated by the big agency and the fiery start-ups."

Berlin, a founder of what was once Goodby, Berlin & Silverstein in San Francisco, flourished with both.

"In the eighties, a whole lot of advertisers were able to grow just by being there. Everyone was buoyed by the rising economy," Berlin says, his voice rising an octave. "In the nineties, the pressure just to maintain share has become just *incredible.* The shakeout's over, but the expectations remain at that very high level."

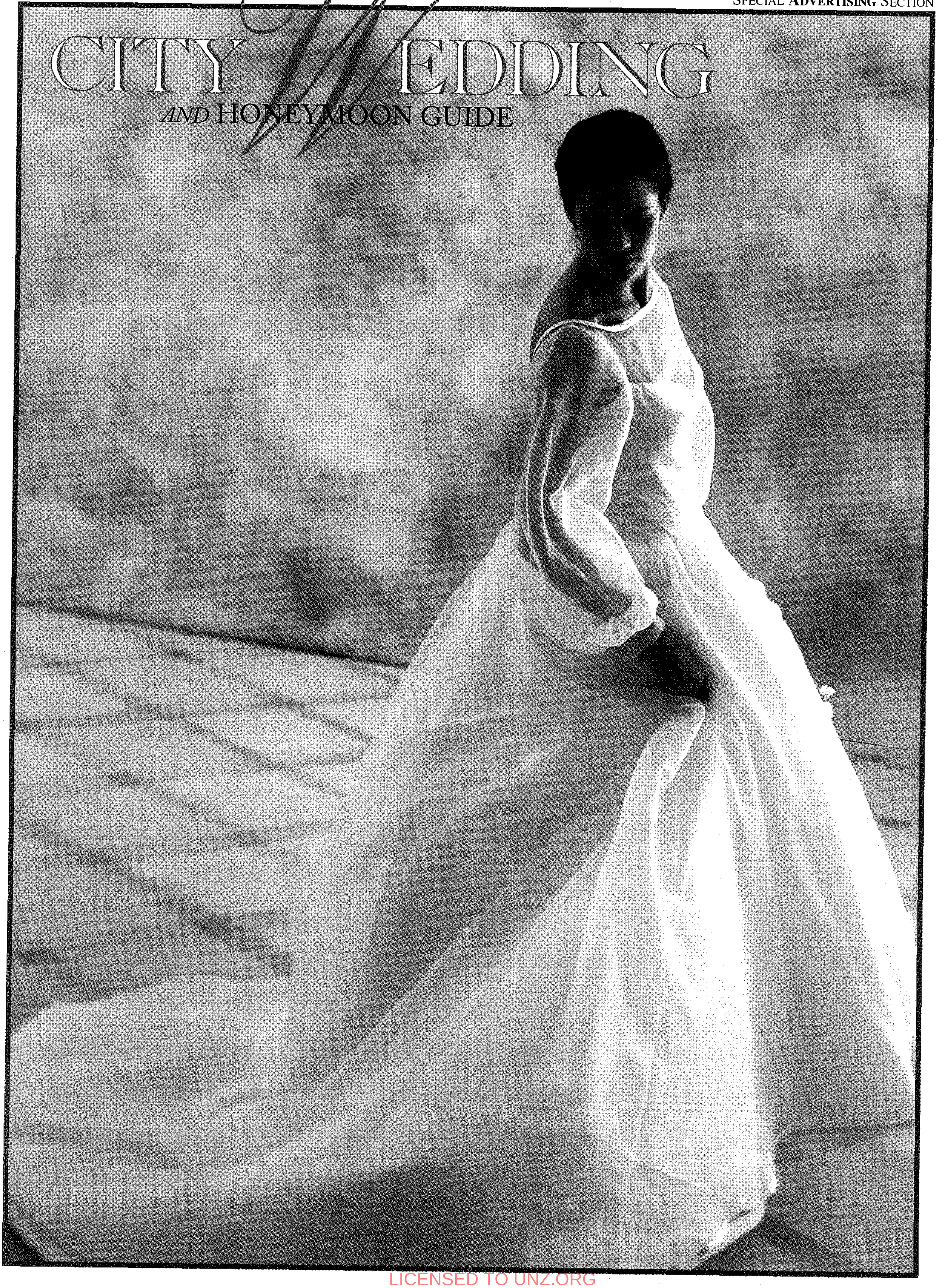
Berlin's venture with Ewen Cameron and John Doyle was in the "fiery start-up" spirit. And somehow, Volkswagen seemed an apt focus.

The Wolfsburg manufacturer had once sold more than 500,000 Beetles and buses in a year, but that was back in 1970. The Berlins of the world were the target audience. Berlin himself had dropped out of Duke University and journeyed to San Francisco. He wanted to write.

(Continued on page 63)

Photograph by Frank Veronsky.

CITY WEDDING
AND HONEYMOON GUIDE



it must be love...

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Best of all, our special attention is complimentary. And as our gift to you, for up to 6 months after your wedding, we offer 10% off gifts you registered for but didn't receive†. And be sure to purchase your copy of "Martha Stewart Living Weddings" when you visit Macy's Bridal Registry. It's our exclusive premier edition, and it's only $5. To make an appointment with one of our bridal consultants, just call **212-494-4349.**

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BRIDAL REGISTRY
MACY*S

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CITY WEDDING & HONEYMOON GUIDE

BY SUSAN BRESLOW

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BEVERLY HOOD ALLEN
MARKETING DIRECTOR

SCOTT GUTTERMAN
EDITOR

RICHARD MANTEL
DESIGN DIRECTOR

ANGELA GAUDIOSO
RESEARCH

SCOTT HUNT
INKWELL, INC.
DESIGN PRODUCTION

COVER: Dress by Priscilla of Boston, photograph by Susie Cushner.

A wedding day is often the culmination of months of planning and years of dreams. It not only unites a man and woman; it brings together family and friends, past and future. Traditions and style ease this rite of passage, assuring a day truly worth a major celebration.

If there's one thing that characterizes weddings of the '90s, it's the custom touch. Choices that are meaningful to the engaged couple—from the paper the invitations are printed on to the cut and color of bridesmaids' dresses to the selection of particular flowers to decorate reception space—mirror personal tastes and set each wedding apart from others. Also, because many city weddings are paid for by the bride and groom rather than parents, adult couples want to do things their own way and in their own style.

Time, organization, and resources aren't the only essentials in producing an affair to remember. "Many people spend a great deal of money on the individual components of their wedding without having a clear idea of the final result," says Nancy Davis, associate editor of *Modern Bride* magazine and author of *Bridal Style* (Levin Associates, $60), a coffee-table book percolating with wedding-planning ideas.

"To avoid that," Davis counsels, "first think through the entire event from start to finish, perhaps even shaping a theme around certain elements. Refer to as many source books and magazines as you can to borrow visuals that appeal to you. At the same time, work up a realistic budget and stick to it. Once you've organized your ideas and know what you have to spend, the results will be well-planned and wonderful."

Themed weddings are especially popular because they help to unify all the elements—from the invitations to the musical selections to the cake—that make a wedding memorable. Two early decisions—the location and the wedding dress—often inspire a theme.

Whether you decide on a romantic garden wedding or a stylized Art Deco event, a formal affair in black and white or simply a trip to the local chapel, there's a world of experts and services dedicated to helping you translate bridal fantasies into reality.

This page: Bridesmaids, photographed by Maureen Edwards DeFries of Laurie Klein Gallery, from the book Bridal Style *(Levin Associates).*

SWEET INSPIRATION

Brides- and grooms-to-be have no shortage of people and places to turn to for ideas. Paint the Town Red (212-677-3173) is a free location- and vendor-referral service that can help a couple find a site. It also guides them to caterers, decorators, florists, bands, interfaith officiants, photographers, travel agents, and other experts who know how to pull off a wedding without a hitch.

WeddingFone (212-399-WEDD) is a free, 24-hour information line set up to help couples find a wedding and honeymoon site, caterer, music, photographer, florist, calligrapher, limousine company, and more. To determine their needs, they are initially asked a series of questions, a wedding profile is created, and the couple is assigned a voice mail box number at no charge. The next day they can phone in and hear up to six pre-recorded messages from service providers in a category they've requested. The voice mail box also holds and gives them access to sample wedding music, news of upcoming bridal shows, registry information, and other topics that may be of interest to them.

Attending a National Bridal Fair (800-257-8544) is like visiting a mall that's entirely devoted to selling wedding wares. These events, which take place throughout the year in a number of locations, also include a bridal fashion show. The advantage of seeing so many exhibits under one roof is that it shows people what things can cost—and there's also the chance to win a honeymoon as a door prize. The next local show is scheduled for February 18-19 at the Meadowlands Convention Center in New Jersey. Admission is $5, and hours are from 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

LOVE IN BLOOM

June remains the favorite month for weddings, yet throughout late spring, summer, and early fall couples can celebrate their city wedding in balmy weather and under sunny skies. Flowers add beauty and grace to these occasions. "Starting in spring, the most gorgeous flowers—tulips, lilacs, roses, irises, peonies—are available," says floral designer Diana Gould (212-355-5180). "If you go with the flowers of the season and mix in less expensive blooms, you can keep costs down." Gould estimates the cost for flowers at a 150-person wedding to range from $2,000-$4,500.

Gould arranges everything from bridal bouquets to boutonnieres for male guests. Right now, "Ivory, cream, blush, and white roses in a Victorian abbondanza style is the most popular bouquet."

To set the right mood for the wedding, Gould may fashion break-away centerpieces, tuck small roses inside napkins, or toss rose petals "as if the breeze blew them in." To send off the couple in style, she composes environmentally correct baskets of potpourri to throw instead of rice.

Flowers from Diana Gould add natural beauty to a wedding.

SARAH MERIANS PHOTOGRAPHY

INVITATION TO ROMANCE

While strict traditionalists still believe the only proper wedding stationery is ecru stock under an engraved message, more modern about-to-be-marrieds want more innovative invitations. Alpine Creative Group (212-213-8280) specializes in custom, one-of-a-kind wedding invitations and other printed material. These days they're producing many invitations on handmade papers that interweave pressed flowers. Some couples are choosing a simple invitation and then adding imported ribbons to give it a special look. Alpine can create a mock-up designed to a couple's specifications to show them what an idea looks like on paper. The firm also produces custom matchbooks, place cards, even wine labels bearing the name of the bride and groom.

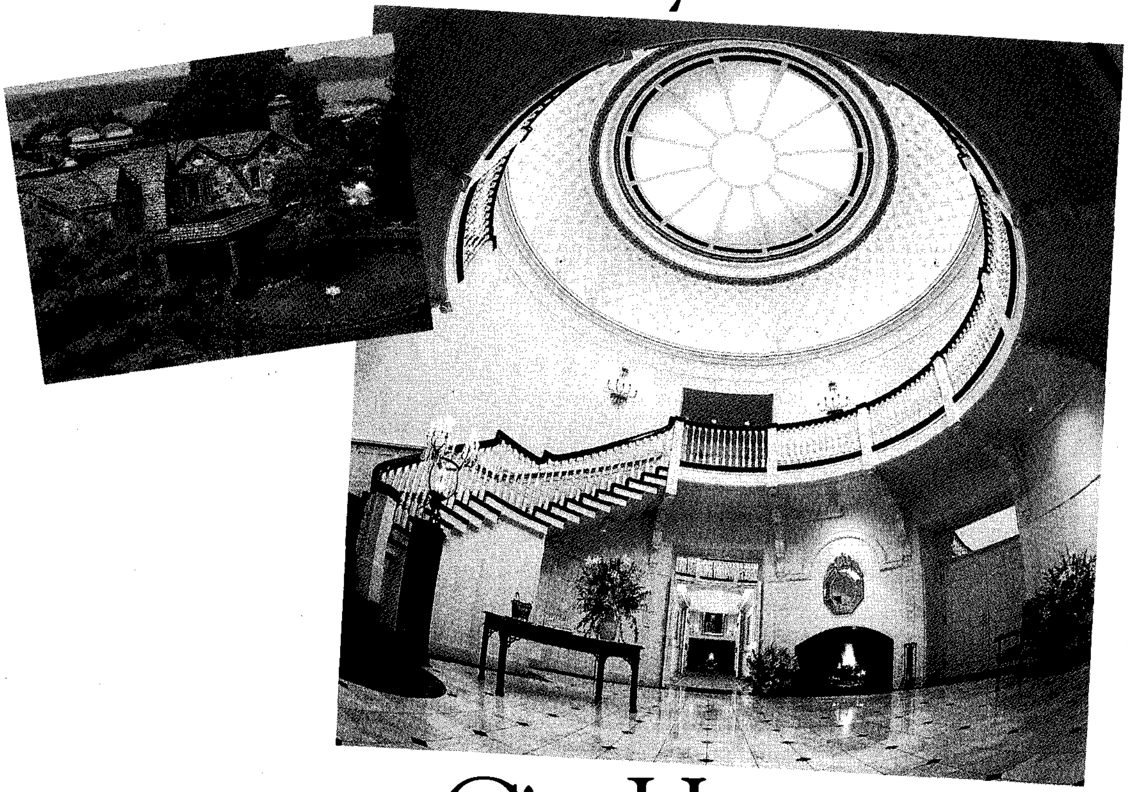
A WHOLE NEW LOOK

While many brides plan to have their hair and makeup professionally done for their wedding, others want a complete makeover before the special day. Women who've dreamed of having long, thick hair cascading from under a bridal headpiece can visit S.H.E., the Studio of Hair Enhancement (212-686-9797 or 800-5000-SHE) to have the fullness and length of their own tresses extended. The procedure ($1,600-$4,500) takes approximately six to eight weeks—and can last up to two years. The studio also provides hair styling advice and salon services to their hair enhancement clients.

To achieve the most dramatic pre-wedding metamorphosis, there's always cosmetic surgery. Dr. Mark A. Erlich of the New York Plastic Surgery Center (212-861-4100) uses computer imaging that enables clients to preview results and even try different looks before undergoing a procedure. Typically the operations he is asked to perform in anticipation of a wedding are nose surgery ($4,500), a chin implant ($2,500), or liposuction to remove a double chin ($1,500).

"The prospect of a wedding picture has given many of my

Country House:



Abigail Kirsch at Tappan Hill delights the eye with sweeping river views and the grandeur of a private mansion, in a romantic country setting just 45 minutes from Manhattan. Starring the impeccable Abigail Kirsch food and service.

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Abigail Kirsch at The Pratt Mansions captures the essence of city elegance in a Beaux-Arts landmark noted for its architectural detail. The ultimate city location for special occasions, distinguished further by the Kirsch food and flair.

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WEDDING HEADACHES
(AND HOW TO AVOID THEM)

HEADACHE: It's All So Overwhelming
SOLUTION: Hire a wedding planner or consultant. There's nothing like turning the handling of the events minute details over to the real pros. They'll do more than just organize; they'll bring a Rolodex of sources and a hatful of creativity. Just make sure to ask for references first—and call them.

HEADACHE: The Expense
SOLUTION: Plan a wedding that you can afford. Before putting down any deposit, get a written breakdown of all costs. Keep in mind that most prices can be negotiated. If something is more than you had hoped to spend, say so. Many vendors are happy to come up with a less expensive alternative that will please you without busting your budget.

HEADACHE: You Can't Find a...
SOLUTION: If you trust one vendor's judgment and need to find an expert in another area (flowers, video, invitations, etc.), ask him or her for a reference. Count on them to lead you to others in allied areas with whom they've collaborated and whose work they admire.

HEADACHE: The Dress
SOLUTION: Start looking immediately. Plan to devote more than one day to the search. To get the best service, make an appointment to try on different styles, and bring tearsheets from magazines as a starting point. Once you're in the store, throw away all preconceived notions and only buy what you feel beautiful wearing.

HEADACHE: Stress
SOLUTION: Accept it as an unavoidable part of the trip to the altar. Pamper yourself with personal services, from cleansing facials to paraffin manicures to deep-muscle massages. They'll help relieve anxiety, improve spirits and appearance, and put you in the ring frame of mind to take the big step. Finally, keep a sense of humor about the circus surrounding you.

patients the impetus to have the cosmetic surgery that they've always wanted," says Dr. Jeffrey Fischman of Constructive Surgery (212-472-3300), where free consultations are available. "We help people look their best using all the latest procedures. Brides most commonly want to improve their cheeks or skin with fat injections or peels, while mothers often come in for face or eye procedures." It's advisable to schedule any procedure at least two months before a wedding...and to check with your intended before changing any endearing imperfections.

Of course, the right photographer makes everyone look better. Husband-and-wife team Joel Greenberg and Wendy Stewart (212-285-0979) prefer a natural approach. "There's enough love and warmth at a wedding that you don't have to fake poses," says Stewart. "We look for the beautiful smiles and the great expressions."

STRIKE UP THE BAND

"Music is the most important factor at a wedding. After all, guests can eat anyplace—but it's the singing and the dancing and the fun that make for good cheer and a great time," says the legendary Lester Lanin (212-265-5208), who has entertained at approximately 20,000 weddings throughout the world for more than thirty years.

Lanin directs his own band and has a number of different musical configurations, from a single piano player up to a full orchestra. He prides himself on adapting to suit the requirements of each occasion. "And we love requests and audience participation," he says. Lanin advises couples to "find out about the orchestra they want to engage; get references and consider the experience of the orchestra leader. My attitude is that, hopefully, there's only one wedding for the couple; let's do it right."

The Ken Gross Orchestras (800-688-4480), which has more than 60 full-time, professionally trained musicians, provides the custom touch. Bandleader/trumpeter Ken Gross spends time personally with each client and offers unique musical services: Before one recent wedding the bride had designated a popular song for the first dance. The groom, an amateur guitarist, had taken a song of his own, then had Gross write out the arrangements and rehearse the band. Come the first dance, a look of surprise came over the bride's face as she heard it—and then her eyes filled with tears of joy. Among the more conventional songs Gross counts as his most requested are "It Had to Be You" and "Just the Way You Look Tonight."

Alpine Creative Group features a range of invitation styles.

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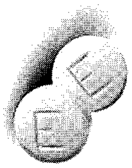

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DRESSING THE PART

The beauty of a bride, the majesty of New York.
Hand-colored photograph by Laurie Klein.

Since the dress is often the first major purchase for a wedding, it can set the theme for the entire event. To help guide the bride, The Wedding Dress at Saks (611 Fifth Avenue, at 49th Street, 212-753-4000) has organized its bridalwear into fantasy, modern, garden, renaissance, and traditional categories. The Saks salon features creations by fifteen top designers, including Arnold Scaasi, Carolina Herrera, Priscilla of Boston, Marisa, and more. Dress prices range from $1,200-$8,000.

The latest spring silhouettes and colors from designers including Tahari, Jessica McClintock, and Donald Deal are at Lord & Taylor (424 Fifth Avenue, at 39th Street, 212-391-3344), in the third-floor Special Occasion department. Fashions for bridal attendants, mother of the bride, and wedding guests (from $250 to $1,500) can also be selected by the store's Red Rose personal shopping advisers (212-391-2519).

Women who'd love to wear an extravagant bridal gown but can't afford to buy a new one may find their dream dress at Michael's Consignment (1041 Madison Avenue, between 79th and 80th streets, 212-737-7273), which carries couture and designer clothing, as well as bridal wear, for women sizes 2-12. Many of the wedding gowns here—from Vera Wang, Oscar de la Renta, Christian Dior, Christos, the Diamond Collection, and others—originally cost between $600 and $5,000 but can now be purchased here for $250-$1,500.

To clean and preserve a bridal gown, special care is needed. Before treating a dress, Madame Paulette Dry Cleaners (1255 Second Avenue between 65th and 66th streets, 212-988-2080) inspects it for stains, rips, loose beads or trimming, missing buttons, and other signs of wear and tear. Then the damage is

ROBERT GATTULLO

Accessories from Diane Wagner complete the bridal look.

fixed. After cleaning, a gown is restored to its original condition and carefully tucked into an acid-free box. Depending on the condition of the dress, prices for services range from $150-$500.

FRIENDS OF THE BRIDE

The bridesmaids' rebellion against donning frumpy dresses in garish colors and flammable fabrics has finally started to change what designers are making and women buying. Leading the industry with dresses that are both sophisticated and adaptable, Nicole Miller makes wedding attire that is eminently wearable after the big day. This month, the designer launches her first collection of bridesmaid and special occasion dresses, priced from $245 to $405, at boutiques nationwide (800-365-4721).

The Bridal Party (243 East 82nd Street, between Second and Third avenues, 212-861-2318) is exclusively dedicated to making the world a lovelier place for bridesmaids. Here loyal ladies-in-waiting are treated with as much concern for their appearance as the bride herself. The Bridal Party fits attendants sizes 2-24, and volume discounts are available based on the number of women in the party.

BARE ESSENTIALS

Nearly as important as the bride's silhouette is what she wears underneath. The right choice of lingerie can make her feel comfortable and

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Zeller Tuxedos features formal styles for men—and women.

sexy. The wrong undergarments can disturb the lines of the most expensive gown. And the availability of the Wonderbra has done more to lift brides' spirits than a guaranteed sunny honeymoon.

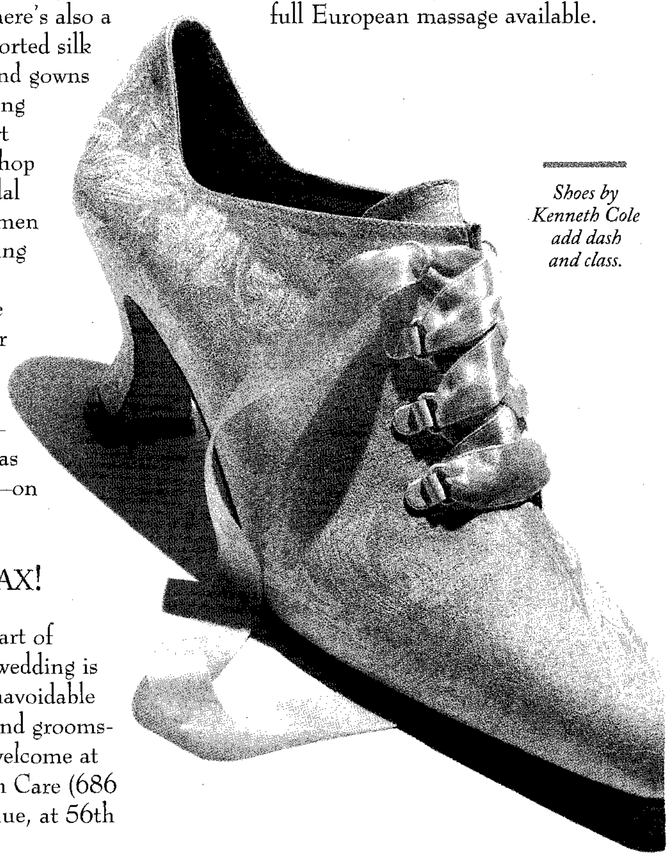
Lingerie on Lex (831 Lexington Avenue, at 63rd Street, 212-755-3312) provides brides-to-be with the support they need and the sensuous feel they want. Corsets and bras, panties, garter belts, and cotton, silk, or stretch-lace g-strings and thongs are available. There's also a selection of imported silk dressing robes and gowns as well as revealing teddies and short chemises. The shop maintains a bridal registry, and women anticipating spring and summer honeymoons are advised by owner Randie Shabto to put filmy, sexy sleepwear—in white as well as hot, hot colors—on their list.

RELAX!

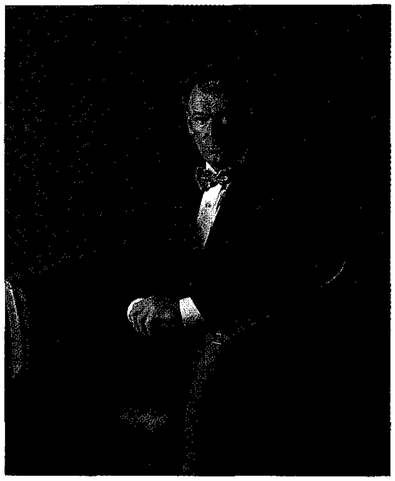
An important part of preparing for a wedding is managing its unavoidable stress. Brides- and grooms-to-be are both welcome at Lia Schorr Skin Care (686 Lexington Avenue, at 56th Street, 212-486-9670 or 800-782-7212), which is open seven days a week and offers special packages for both sexes. The bridal package includes a body massage, French manicure, and facial ($85). The groom's includes a deep-cleansing facial, reflexology and foot massage, and a buffing manicure ($85).

At Faina's European Skin Care Center (157 West 57th Street, 212-245-6557), the professional treatment specialists are European-trained. Owner Faina Shafir recommends that brides-to-be care for their skin by having a monthly facial for two months prior to the wedding. They can also combine a European facial with deep-pore cleansing ($54), manicure and pedicure ($37), and full make-up ($50).

Anushka Day Spa (241 East 60th Street, between Second and Third avenues, 212-355-6404) offers unique and exotic indulgences for the bride and groom. Clients can choose from body wraps ($80 regularly, but $65 as a wedding special) of volcanic ash, seaweed, or mud from the Dead Sea. There's also a specially priced ($89) body smoother deluxe, body polish, and full European massage available.



Shoes by Kenneth Cole add dash and class.



Lexington Formalwear provides a wide range of distinguished attire.

FOR THE GROOM

"When buying a tuxedo, the bride should always come along," says Susan Schreiber, owner of Lexington Formalwear (12 East 46th Street, second floor, corner of Madison Avenue, 212-867-4420). She also advises clients, "Select formal wear as you would a fine new suit, basing the decision on the style, price, and quality." At Lexington Formalwear, grooms-to-be can try on a range of black-tie fashion. They'll end up with an outfit compatible with the bride's, and it'll be the same garment they selected, not a sample. Lexington Formalwear also carries white silk and woolen dinner jackets for sale, as well as Alexander Julian and Nicole Miller accessories.

Zeller Tuxedos (800-9BOWTIE), which features an extensive selection of formal wear from American and European designers, has 25 locations in the tri-state area and six on busy Manhattan corners. Their collection includes fashions by Valentino, Giorgio Armani, Ralph Lauren, Hickey-Freeman, and Oscar de la Renta. For summer grooms Zeller recommends three-button tuxedos, ruffled shirts, and French cuffs. In a garden, nothing looks quite as chic on a man as a white dinner jacket and black pants. In addition to men's attire, Zeller now offers women's formal wear (suits and dresses) both for sale and for rent. The shop also features an array of gifts for groomsmen.

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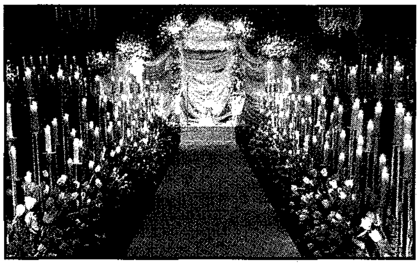

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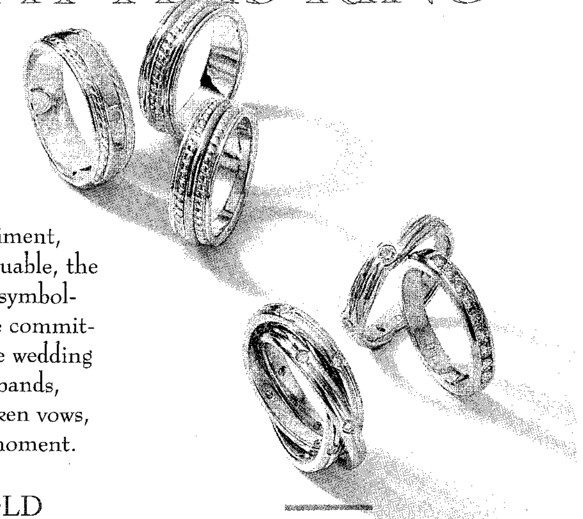
WITH THIS RING

Romantic, full of sentiment, and often highly valuable, the gift of an engagement ring symbolizes everlasting love and the commitment to marry. Later, at the wedding ceremony, the exchange of bands, along with the couple's spoken vows, is the event's most sacred moment.



Bands for the bride and groom from Wedding Ring Originals

BANDS OF GOLD

For every couple that slips on plain gold wedding rings at their ceremony there's another that dons a unique set of bands. Sophisticated couples, who sometimes opt for unmatched wedding bands, are united in the belief that rings should be personally meaningful as well as aesthetically pleasing.

"Although it's traditional to wear the engagement ring with the wedding band, wearing the engagement ring on the right hand after marriage and the wedding band on the left allows the bride to wear two different styles without fear of their clashing," says Mel Krumholtz, who creates custom wedding bands at Wedding Ring Originals (691 Lexington Avenue, at 57th Street, 212-751-3940; catalog available.)

Because of advances in technology and the art of goldsmithing, creative forces within the jewelry industry have been able to achieve a seemingly endless variety of ways to customize a ring. These include choices of width, depth, color, material, surface finish, gemstones, and design motifs. "The comfort factor is important, too," adds Krumholtz. "We often start with a ring design from among our 600 store samples and then make the physical configuration to the exact specifications of the customer."

Master goldsmith Henry Dunay, whose work is sold in Saks Fifth Avenue, weaves 18k gold into luxuriously textured wedding bands, some incorporating diamonds. Dunay's formula for judging a ring's quality is simple: "Hold it up and turn it in any direction. If the ring has movement and if it retains its beauty from every angle, the design is whole."

Precious platinum brings a distinctive white luster to diamond bridal settings. "It's one of the few nearly pure metals that artisans work with; all the others are alloyed," says Krumholtz. "As a result, there's no adulteration of color with platinum. Also, new fusing technologies allow us to create rings with inlaid areas of metal design; you can't detect where one piece begins and the other ends."

THE RIGHT ACCESSORIES

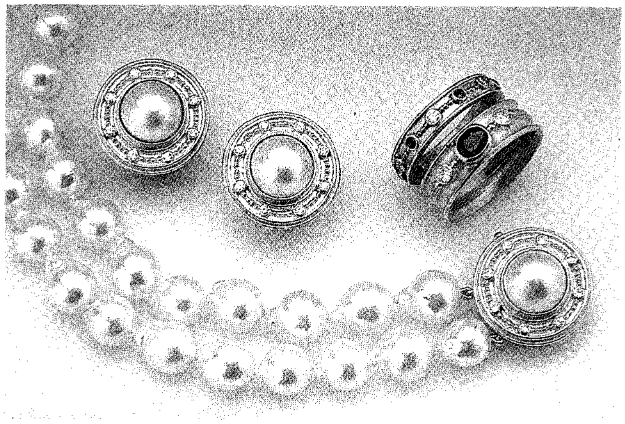
Bands aren't the only pieces of jewelry being worn by fully outfitted brides and grooms. For instance, nothing complements a white wedding gown better than a traditional pearl necklace. For brides who wear an elaborate headpiece, diamond stud or pearl button earrings work well. Drop earrings suit women who choose a simple headpiece and wear upswept hair.

It's traditional for the bride to present her groom with a wedding-day gift, and a watch is the classic choice. Today, many brides are also receiving watches to commemorate the day.

Similar to wedding rings, watches can also be customized. According to Anthony D'Ambrosio, executive vice-president of Tourneau (three Manhattan locations, 800-348-3332), "Many of the products we sell can be either upgraded at the time of purchase or after one has owned the watch for a while. For instance, a customer can add a diamond dial, bezel, or a gold bracelet to a watch that formerly had a strap."

Some couples choose a basic style, then upgrade on major anniversaries. D' Ambrosio cautions, "Upgrades should only be done with authorized dealers using authorized parts. Otherwise, you lose the guarantee of quality, may void the manufacturer's warranty, and in some cases may even do damage to the original watch." Rolex, Ebel, and Audemars Piguet are a few of the manufacturers who offer this kind of flexibility.

In addition to custom upgrades, all timepieces at Tourneau can also be personalized with an engraving. One favorite is the wedding date to mark the time the couple becomes one.



BARBARA HEINRICH STUDIO

A pearly ensemble from Works Gallery

A RING BUYER'S GUIDE

Ask the following questions before you make this major purchase:

- What's your budget? (Last year, the average amount spent to buy a diamond engagement ring was $2,100.)
- Will the bride prefer to wear her engagement ring and wedding band stacked together, or a have a separately styled ring on each hand?
- Do the bride and groom want identical or compatibly styled wedding bands?
- Do you want to buy a designer ring, an antique one, or have bands created to your specifications?
- Do you like a look that combines precious metals?
- What feels most comfortable on the hand?
- Will the style please you both for years to come?

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Your wedding is an occasion you'll remember forever. That's why you want to choose the ideal place. Manhattan East Suite Hotels offer a selection of delightful New York settings that will make your wedding picture-perfect. Whether you're planning a formal banquet, cocktail reception or wedding brunch, we can accommodate groups of almost any size—from 10 to 300. Our professional staff will help with it all, from food and flowers to entertainment—at prices you'll find surprisingly reasonable.

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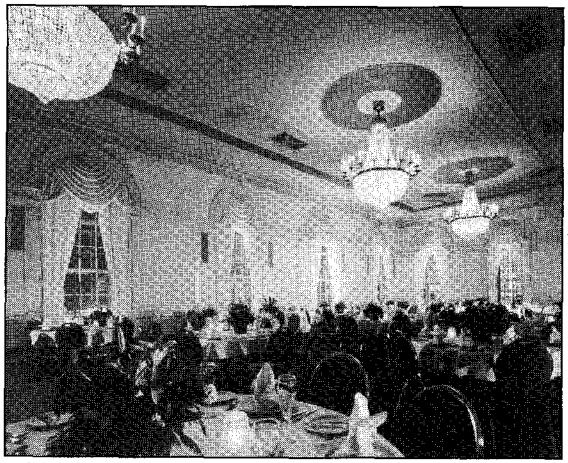
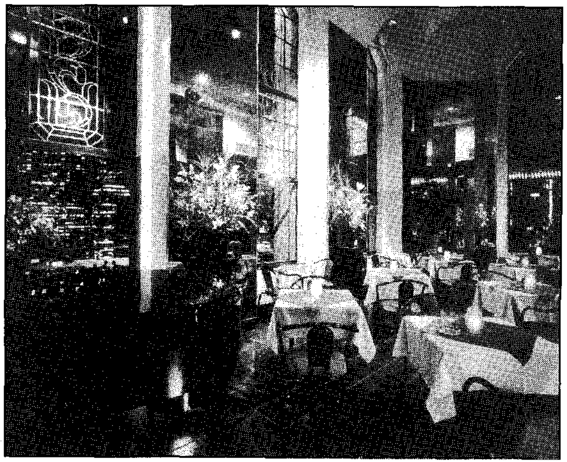


The Southgate Tower's elegant ballroom, 31st St. & 7th Ave. Call Donna Stabile at (212) 563-1800



Top of the Tower at the Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th St. & 1st Ave. Call Matthew O'Sullivan at (212) 355-7300

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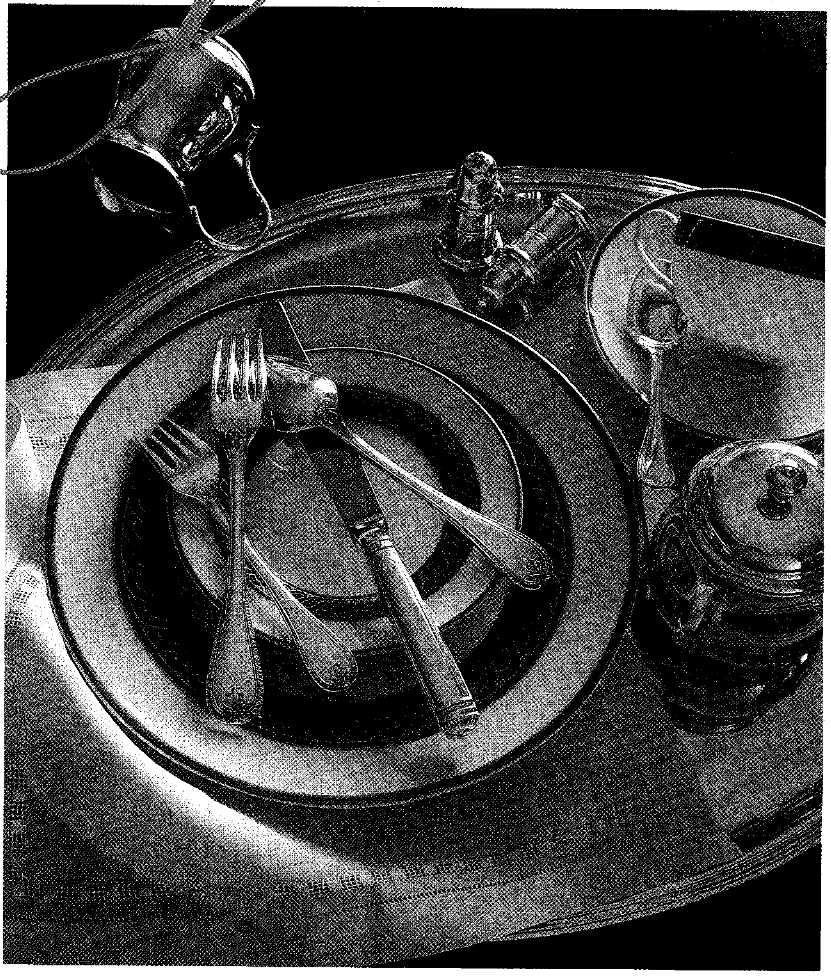
GIFT GUIDE



At Bloomingdale's, sterling silver "Malmaison" flatware and gold-banded "Torsade Bleue" china, both from Christofle, are available through the Bridal Registry.

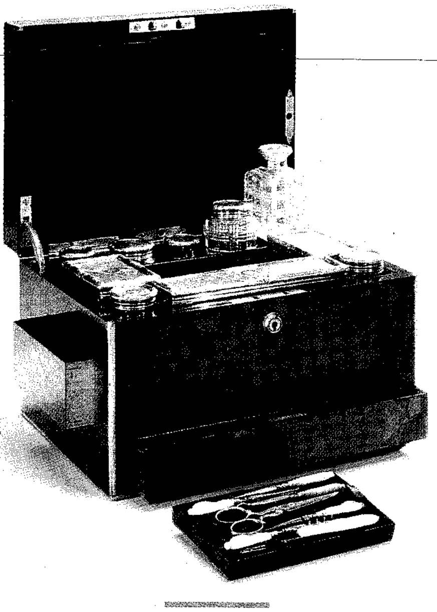
A flurry of gift-buying and giving surrounds every wedding. There are shower surprises to be gathered; personal items to be presented by the bride and groom to members of their wedding party at the rehearsal dinner; tokens to thank others who've helped with the plans; keepsakes for parents; sentimental favors for guests to take away; and precious items for bride and groom to give each other. And, of course, there are the gifts friends and family select to help the couple start their new life together. All are symbols of happy times, and the best ones both delight and endure.

Couples who practice the art of good living may well appreciate an antique gift. From February 8-12 at Wendy's New York Armory Antiques Show (67th Street and Park Avenue, 914-677-5040), a hundred international dealers will unfurl their treasures. Dazzling tabletop items, such as antique Steuben crystal designs and Royal Copenhagen Flora Danica plates rimmed in 18k gold, will be on display. Gift-givers can also find at the show French-made carrying cases from the 18th and 19th centuries, designed to hold everything from perfumes to decanters and aperitif glasses. Any one would make an inspired honeymoon bon voyage.

Alice Kwartler (123 East 57th Street, between Park and Lexington avenues, 212-752-3590) has a collection of antique sterling-silver objects guaranteed to enchant a fortunate bride and her attendants. Kwartler's array of feminine, turn-of-the-century pieces includes jewelry, sterling silver and enamel perfume bottles, makeup brushes, compacts, and comb and mirror sets. A bride celebrating her day with a Victorian theme may enjoy carrying a five-inch posy-holder that captures a delicate spray of flowers. Kwartler also carries close to a thousand picture frames. Prices in her shop range from $100 for a small dresser jar to $2,000 for a set of candlesticks, a large sterling silver dressing table mirror, or a full vanity set.

DEPARTMENT STORE REGISTRIES

New York's grand department stores have long offered unparalleled selections and useful bridal registries.



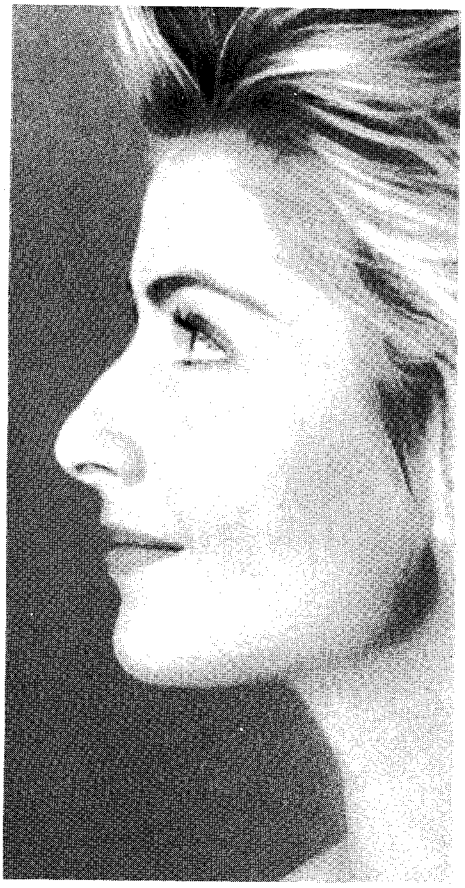
Burl walnut traveling box from Sallea Antiques

Today, in addition to providing the soon-to-be-wed with a treasure trove of gifts to choose, major stores act as resource centers for many wedding needs. As if that weren't enough, inducements to register range from receiving an armload of literature to the chance to win an exotic, all-expense-paid honeymoon trip.

Everyone who's about to be married and signs up with Bloomingdale's Bridal Registry (800-888-2WED) in 1995 is entitled to receive the *Agenda Special Events Resource Directory*, a guide to hotels, restaurants, caterers, and others helpful to planning a city wedding; a copy of *Elegant Bride* magazine; a 16-page registry booklet with creative suggestions and information on the best way to compile a wish list; and *Bloomingdale's Home Planner*, a comprehensive, hard-cover source book that takes a reader through every aspect of planning a new home. There's even a bonus gift from Estée Lauder.

Each of Bloomingdale's fifteen stores is staffed with professional bridal consultants who manage its computerized registry. This year the store will select four couples to win a six-day, seven-night honeymoon vacation package at the Four Seasons resort in Nevis in the West Indies. All of Bloomingdale's registered couples are also automatically

Before.



Unretouched photograph taken two weeks after surgery.

Happily Ever After.

Once upon a time there was a young lady who had a small problem.

She didn't like her nose. She felt that it kept her from looking and feeling her best. And that bothered her. For years. And years. Until one day she decided to do something about it. So she called New York Plastic Surgery Center for a free consultation.

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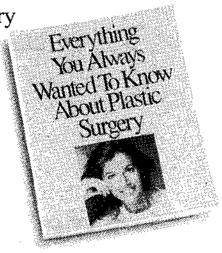

The plastic surgery procedure she had waited years for took less than an hour. She was home in her own bed the same night. And the result will last a lifetime. Just another story with a happy ending. Except, for this young lady it was really more like a happy beginning.

The New York Plastic Surgery Center
800 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10021
212.861.4100

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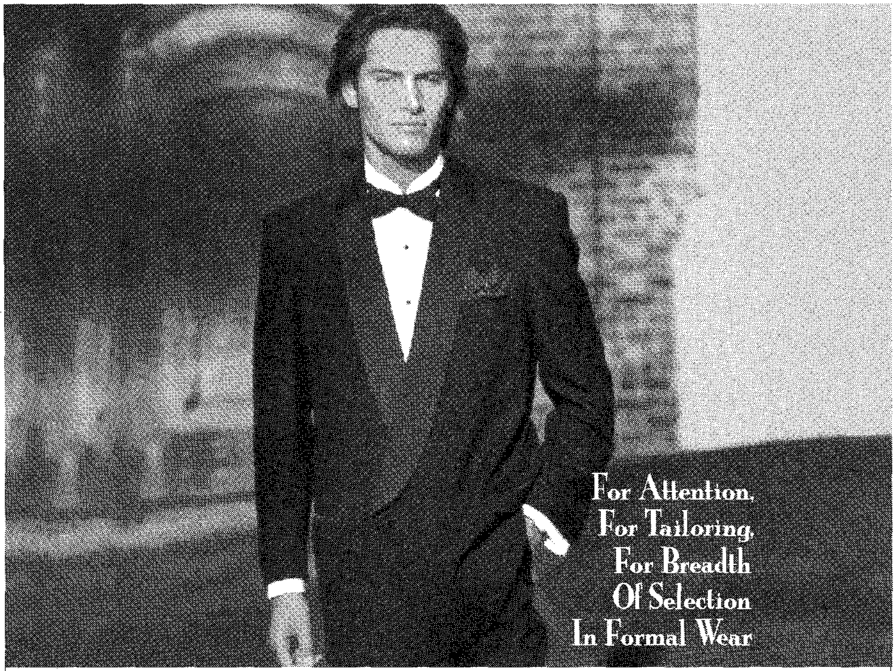

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204 Broadway (cor. Fulton St.) 212-571-0417, **Bronx:** 2127 Williamsbridge Rd. 718-828-1202
Bklyn: 947 Kings H'way. 718-627-7400, 8201 5th Ave. 718-238-7628, Kings Plaza Mall 718-253-6453
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Famille Vert deep-scalloped dish from Good & Hutchinson Associates

entered in a drawing to be selected as a Couple of the Month. Winners receive approximately $1,000 in home gifts. This month's lucky couple, for example, will take home a service of Bernadaud dinnerware for eight. In March, a set of Nambé decorative serving pieces will be awarded. Bloomingdale's hosts bridal events on March 5 in White Plains and on March 12 in Short Hills, NJ.

Macy's Bridal Registry links more than 100 stores nationwide by computer, making it easy for friends and family in distant places to shop for the registered couple. The toll-free number for ordering gifts is 800-459-2743.

Following the initial appointment, a copy of the registry is sent to the bride's home. Items can be subsequently added or edited, and the list stays on file for two years to accommodate procrastinators. After the wedding, registered couples receive a bridal completion coupon, which entitles them to a ten percent discount on any items remaining on the list. Through Macy's Club Plan, they can take up to eighteen months to pay for a single purchase of more than $300, with no finance charges.

Every bride and groom who registers at Macy's is eligible to win a Couple of the Year prize package, which includes merchandise and a trip. Winners will be drawn this spring at Macy's Couple of the Year events (Roosevelt Field on March 7; Stamford on March 21; Herald Square on April 20; and Paramus on April 27). Macy's presents local caterers, bakers, and musicians as well as trousseau experts and representatives of tableware, houseware, and other industries at these events.

CITY GIFT SOURCES

Many non-department store establishments have now gotten into the bridal registry act. One of the most popular is ABC Carpet & Home (888 Broadway, at 19th Street, 212-473-3000). "There are very few other places where people can go to register for an Oriental rug or a French cherry sleigh bed or even an entire home theater system," says Paulette Cole of ABC. The store operates a bridal registry and has a team of personal shoppers to help guide customers through its treasures. In a new department, The Table, ABC displays more than 70 china patterns, over 60 flatware patterns, and an entire line of crystal. Many are exclusive to the store, and all are edited to reflect ABC's eclectic and imaginative point of view.

Broadway Panhandler (520 Broadway, at Spring Street, 212-966-3434) carries an extensive selection of cookware and bakeware. On its bridal registry are items from Calphalon, All-Clad, Le Creuset, Kitchen-Aid, Bourgeat, and others. The store also sells glassware, china, cutlery, coffee makers, table linens, and kitchen appliances.

Two vases and a bowl from the Marco Zanini Collection for Steuben

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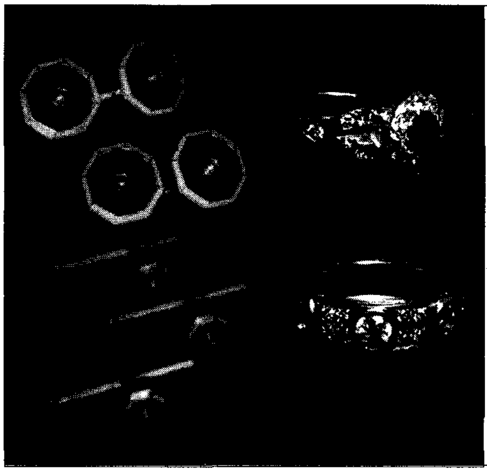

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DESTINATIONS

A great honeymoon helps couples start their new life in style. Photo by Maureen Edwards DeFries.

The first sweet opportunity to savor in private the pleasures of married life, a honeymoon provides a couple with much-needed time to relax and reconnect after months of pre-wedding stress.

Where's the best place to go? It all depends on what the two of you like to do together. Some couples find it easy to make a decision by imagining their honeymoon as the ultimate date. Others figure it out with the help of a travel agent: Their services are free, and their expertise can save travelers time and money. One tip: book as far in advance as possible. The best places always fill up fast.

THE CARIBBEAN

Sparkling blue waters, endless beaches, secluded coves just big enough for two, and a warm and sunny climate lure honeymooners to the Caribbean. Comprising a range of enticing islands, the region is dotted with modest hideaways and grand resorts. It's also the world's number-one cruise destination. Which part should you visit? First, consider the unique flavor and appeal of each island.

PUERTO RICO

A little more than a three-hour flight from New York, Puerto Rico invites travelers to enjoy its golden beaches, natural beauty, sizzling night life, and historic charm. The country offers honeymooners a wealth of sophisticated as well as secluded spots to discover. Forest reserves include 25,000-acre El Yunque tropical rain forest and Rio Camuy Cave Park, where one of the world's largest underground rivers runs through the caves. Las Cabezas de San Juan Nature Reserve, 45 minutes from San Juan, encompasses forest land, mangrove stands, lagoons, coral reefs, beaches, and cliffs.

Most visitors, though, travel to Puerto Rico for its 272-mile-long coastline, where water sports range from snorkeling to wind-sailing to deep-sea fishing to sharing an embrace in the warm, shallow waters off shore. The island has thirteen 18-hole championship golf courses, hundreds of tennis courts, and horseback riding on the beach and into the Luquillo Mountains. For information, call the Puerto Rico Tourism Company, 800-223-6530.

El Conquistador Resort & Country Club (800-468-5228), 31 miles east of San Juan, is the newest winner of the prestigious AAA Four Diamond award. Honeymooners can choose to stay in any of five locations in this majestic, 500-acre setting where the Caribbean and Atlantic meet. Accommodations include La Vista in the Grand Hotel, which is closest to the golf course, tennis courts, and main pool; Las Olas Village, which is built into the side of a cliff; and La Marina Village, perfect for boaters. Golfers enjoy breathtaking views from El Conquistador's 18-hole championship course. Tennis can be played by day or night. Although the resort also features a fully equipped fitness center and health spa, lolling in a string hammock under the shade of a palm tree may be all the exercise a couple desires.

At 2,750 acres, Palmas del Mar (800-725-6270) is the largest resort and residential community on the island. The open-air lobby immediately establishes a feeling of relaxation among guests. Lodging options include hotel rooms, junior

The beaches of Barbados are perfect for a post-wedding chill out.

suites, and deluxe villa suites with views of the ocean, fairways, or tropical blooms. Some include a private balcony and pool area. The only resort on the island with diving operations on the property, Palmas del Mar is the starting point for underwater adventures. Visitors may ride horseback along the beach or through lush landscapes. The Gary Player-designed 18-hole championship golf course is rated number-one on the island; in addition, the hotel features the largest tennis facility in the Caribbean.

UNITED STATES VIRGIN ISLANDS

The most developed and modern of the U.S. Virgin Islands, the hilly island of St. Thomas has still managed to maintain much of its natural beauty and charm. While many visitors head for untrammeled sister island St. John to scuba dive, they return to St. Thomas for above-ground pleasures like shopping and dining. The streets of Charlotte Amalie are lined with perfumers, jewelers, leather-goods merchants, and other sellers of luxury goods. St. Thomas also attracts sailors, and a flotilla of yachts is usually docked just off the eastern coast. For more information, call 800-USVI-INFO.

The luxurious Stouffer's Grand Beach Resort (800-HOTELS-1) in St. Thomas has its own private beach on the eastern shore, and watersport activities—sailing, scuba and snorkeling, fishing, boardsailing—abound. Most are free to guests. There are also two swimming pools and tennis courts. Nestled in the tropical hillside, all rooms feature private balconies. Deluxe ones face the beach, and guests can enjoy leisurely breakfasts overlooking the Caribbean.

JAMAICA

The rhythm of reggae, miles of white sandy beaches, magical Blue Mountains, and secluded waterfalls cascading from Ocho Rios to Port Antonio draw honeymooners to Jamaica. Among the island's other treasures are more than 100 rivers that allow visitors to explore by

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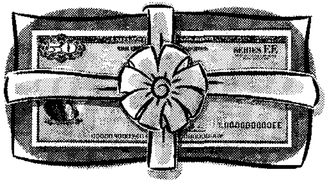

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canoe, paddling past tropical scenery to the accompaniment of rushing waters and exotic bird songs. For more information, call the Jamaica Tourist Board at 800-233-4582.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

It's quiet, peaceful, and overwhelmingly romantic here. The main attraction of the Cayman Islands is the magical underwater kingdom of coral reefs that ring the islands like a necklace. Popular with both snorkelers and scuba divers, the waters around Grand Cayman harbor exotic and colorful fish and vegetation. Divers can float through sunken ships and prowl the ocean depths armed with an underwater camera. Clear waters allow visibility up to 150 feet. For more information, call 800-346-3313.

HONEYMOON CRUISES

There's much to recommend a cruise. Honeymooners can visit several destinations without having to spend precious time packing and unpacking or making complicated travel connections. Cruising is also a good way to stick to a budget. Necessities are pre-paid in an all-inclusive price. At ports of call there's always time to shop and dine. Best of all, though, taking a cruise is romantic: Imagine strolling the deck under the moonlight, just the two of you, miles away from day-to-day cares.

Leaving from the West Side Passenger Terminal in Manhattan, Celebrity Cruises (800-CELEBRITY) offers seven- , ten- , and eleven-night cruises to the Caribbean year-round, as well as seven-night cruises to Bermuda in the summer months. The Horizon, Zenith, and Meridian offer five-star European-trained service, spacious cabins, and ample room for privacy on-board. Restaurants feature plenty of tables for two, piano entertainment nightly, and celebrated cuisine. Amenities include fitness centers and nightclubs; activities range from wine tastings to art auctions.

Regency Cruises (800-388-5500) carries passengers on affordable yet exotic adventures, and special packages are available for honeymooners. Activities include underwater tours, dance lessons, lectures on a variety of subjects, shows, and much more. Warm-weather destinations range from Mexico's Cozumel and Playa del Carmen to ports such as Hilo and Kona in Hawaii, Montego Bay in Jamaica, and various spots in South America and the Cayman Islands. Cabins are spacious, and the atmosphere on board is always casual yet refined.

MIKE MESGLESKI

Scuba diving in the Cayman Islands

EUROPE

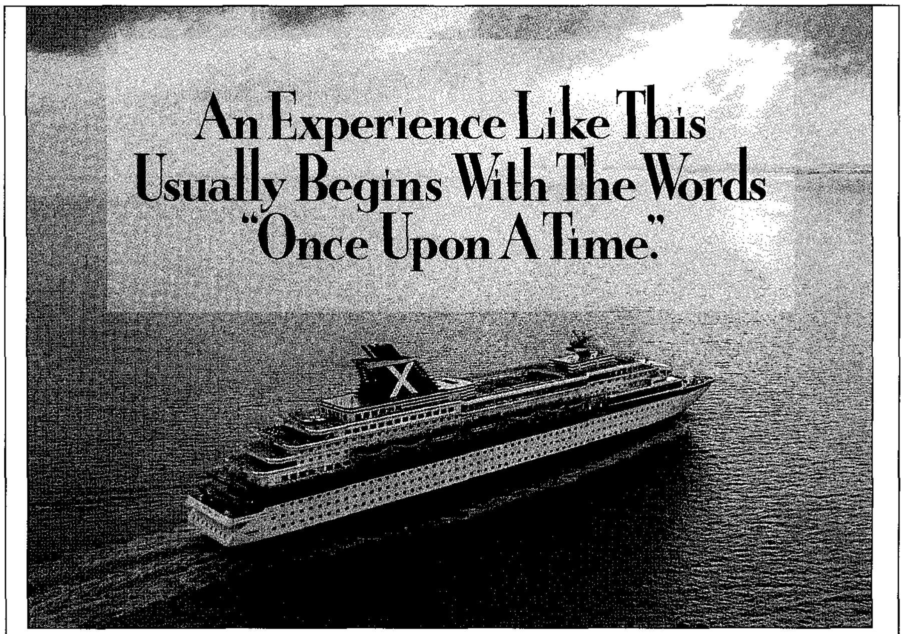
Urban couples appreciate the culture and sophistication of a European honeymoon. The Cotswolds, England's ridge of rounded hills less than a hundred miles outside London, is one scenic area that attracts honeymooners. Its landscapes brim with flowers, and charming, centuries-old manor houses are especially welcoming to lovers. From Winchester to Salisbury to Stonehenge and beyond, traveling the Cotswolds is a trip back in time. Call the British Tourist Authority at 800-462-2748 for information on traveling within England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland.

The quintessential honeymoon destination, France is the land of epicurean food, vintage wine, and l'amour. As in New York, walking the city is the best way to see Paris. Stop at a café and plan the rest of your life together...or just sit and savor the moment.

The French countryside and the Riviera have always been romantic refuges, too. Tiny villages appear along the landscape's ribbon of winding roads. Provence is spiced with the scents of sea salt, lavender, and thyme. For information on touring the country, call the French Government Tourist Office, 212-838-7800.

According to wedding planner Marcy Blum, Italy is a top spot for honeymooning couples right now. Although the countryside is exquisite, two of the most popular cities to visit are Florence and Venice. Jewel of the Renaissance, Florence is home to churches and palaces overflowing with artistic masterpieces by Giotto, Donatello, da Vinci, and Michelangelo. And the film *A Room With a View* has given lots of people a window onto the city's heady charm.

Venice, with its scores of canals and bridges, is luminously beautiful. Its colors, once vibrant in the southern light, are now subdued. From Piazza San Marco to the Grand Canal, the atmosphere is as magical and mysterious as two people falling in love. For further information, call the Italian Government Tourist Office at 212-245-4961.



If your life these days is anything but a fairy tale, perhaps it's time you took a 7, 10, or 11-night Celebrity cruise to the Caribbean or Bermuda. After all, the gourmet food of chef Michel Roux, our five-star, European-trained staff, and the December 1995 arrival of our new ship, the Century, will make for quite a storybook experience. So call your travel agent. Or call 1-800-CELEBRITY for brochure 455c. And get ready to enjoy a cruise you'll remember "happily ever after."

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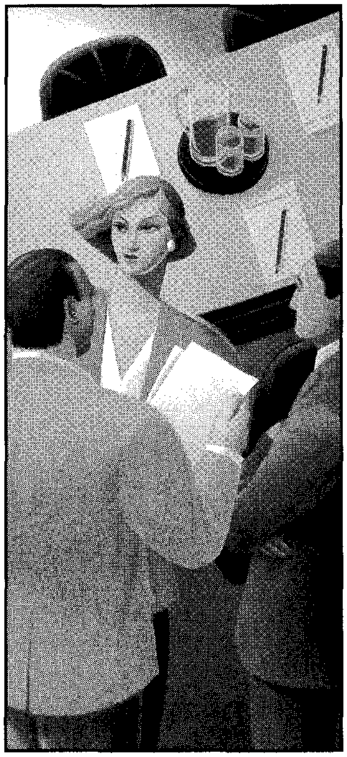

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DIRECTORY

Hotels

THE ALGONQUIN HOTEL

59 West 44th Street
212-840-6800

An official New York City landmark, the Algonquin, with the help of its beloved Round Table, was the Apple's leading and historic literary mecca. As it enters its 94th year, this clubby, welcoming hostelry has expanded its second floor Galleries, the hotel's main banquet area, to accommodate from 120 (sit-down) to 225 (cocktails). Its entire lobby floor (Lobby, Rose Room, Oak Room, Blue Bar) may now be closed off for gala events of up to 400. Per-person prices start at $95. Rooms: 163. Hotel Room Rates: $195-$350. Facilities: Helen Hayes Room, Foyer, the Library. Contact: Cory Kahaney.

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL

First Avenue at 49th Street
212-355-7300

One of nine of Manhattan East Suite's chain of city hotel properties, the Beekman Tower has a dramatic setting in its 26th-floor Top of the Tower. This party space in the sky—with a glass-enclosed terrace and stunning black-and-white Deco surroundings—offers views looking downtown to the Empire State Building, and other points west and over to the East River. The Beekman's Zephyr Grill can host a reception for 150. Sit-down (to 136) dinner selections might include Chef Robert Rokosz's grilled rack of lamb or seared salmon filet. Weddings are from $45-$120 per person and include a complimentary bridal suite. Rooms: 171. Hotel Room Rates: $215-$320. Facilities: Five function rooms, Beekman Ballroom (135 sit-down), Hepburn Room (70-100). Contact: Matthew O'Sullivan.

CROWNE PLAZA MANHATTAN HOTEL

1605 Broadway (between 48th and 49th streets)
212-977-4000

The 46-story, international flagship hotel of Holiday Inn Worldwide is a striking addition to the historic theater district and midtown skyline with its marble archway and burgundy-glass facade. More than 30,000 square feet of flexible function space can accommodate from seven to 700 guests. The fourth-floor Broadway Ballroom (150-575) is the premier party space here; it has sixteen-foot ceilings and can be divided into four smaller function rooms. Wedding packages range from $120-$155 per person, inclusive of food, beverage, tax, and service charge. Rooms: 770. Hotel Room Rates: $189-$229. Facilities: Samplings Bar, Broadway Grill, the Balcony Cafe, Lobby Bar. Contact: Stuart K. Smith, 212-315-6122.

A huge Sunburst motif dominates the lobby of the Crown Plaza Manhattan Hotel.

THE GARDEN CITY HOTEL

45 Seventh Street
Garden City, New York
516-747-3000

Long Island's only four-star, four-diamond hotel, 40 minutes from midtown, has refurbished its glass-enclosed Terrace in the past year; the space can be used for a ceremony, cocktail reception, or dinner-dance. The main ballroom area also includes the Grand Ballroom and Rotunda, which can host a cocktail party for as many as 800-1,000 people. Two smaller ballrooms can accommodate a sit-down dinner-dance for 180 guests. The hotel has also made available its Club G contemporary dance club for more unique functions. Weddings start at $130 per person, and customized packages include overnight penthouse accommodations for the bridal couple. Rooms: 275. Hotel Room Rates: $160-$900. Facilities: the Polo Grill (150), the Polo Lounge. Contact: Joseph Borbély.

THE LOWELL
28 East 63rd Street
212-838-1400

This intimate and luxurious hotel's premier wedding space is its Pembroke Room for up to 40 (sit-down) or 75 (reception-style). English chintz festoons and jabots give the room an aristocratic feeling; a marble-topped bar guards its entranceway, and crystal sconces, topiary plants, needlepoint carpeting, and Chinese porcelains carry out this opulent salon's motif for bridal tea parties and sit-down functions. The newly redecorated Lowell Suites featuring Nancy Corzine furniture are available for private sit-down luncheons or dinners for up to eighteen people. The romantic getaway package includes suite accommodations, champagne, roses, continental breakfast, and terry robes ($495 per night). Rooms: 65. Hotel Room Rates: $295-$1,500. Facilities: Post House restaurant (212-935-2888). Contact: Deborah Broder.

HOTEL MACKLOWE
145 West 44th Street
212-768-4400

Marked by a two-story etched glass Art Deco cityscape facade, the Macklowe has completely restored its adjoining Hudson Theatre. With the Beaux Arts charm of a turn-of-the-century Broadway theater, it features a six-story-high stage, an orchestra floor for dining and dancing, and a theatrical lighting system to lend a dramatic look to an event. It seats up to 975, has a dining capacity of 300, and features a Tiffany glass-domed lounge for cocktails and receptions. The 52nd floor Presidential Suite is also available for receptions (50-100). Per-person-costs start at $150. Rooms: 629. Hotel Room Rates: $210-$3,500. Facilities: The Macklowe Eighth Floor Loft (capacity 250-500), Club Dining floor banquet rooms (10-250) can be divided; Restaurant Charlotte. Contact: Rob Arango, 212-789-7560.

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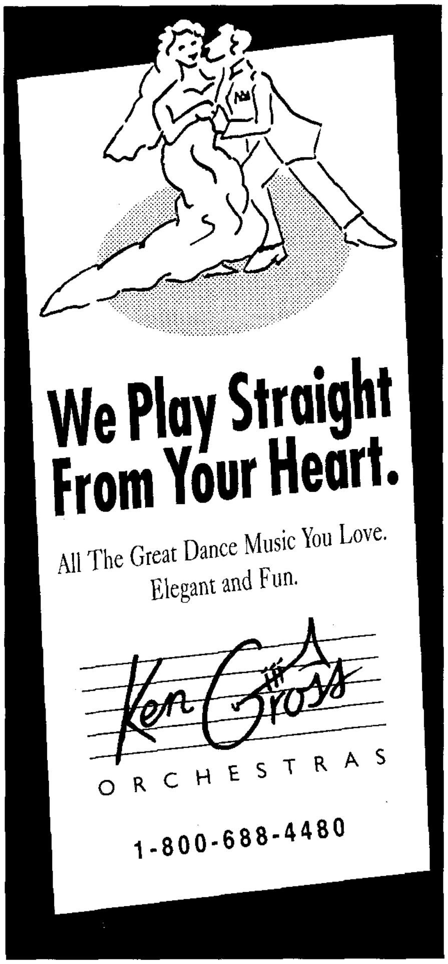
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NEW YORK

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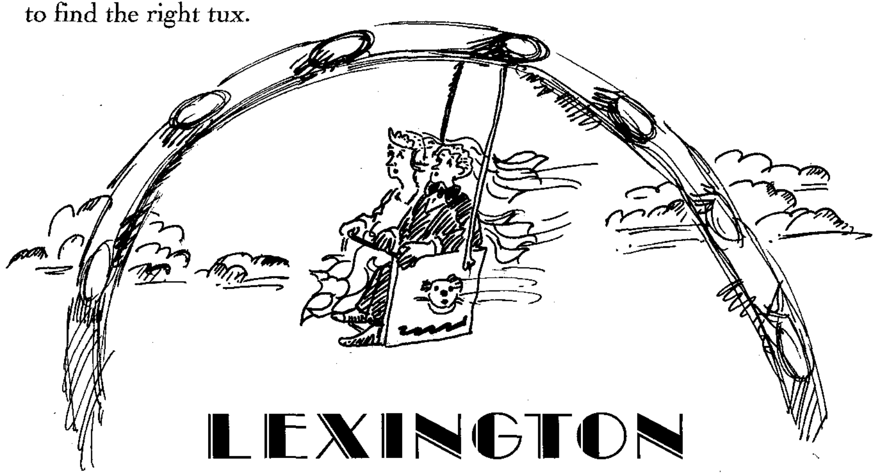

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serene, clubby ambiance of the second floor. Finished in neo-classical Italian decor, the Mark's entire floor is devoted to elegant function space streaming with natural light, and it may be divided into six rooms (180-350). The Greenhouse Room can be used as a pre-function room for cocktails. The Drawing Room and the Madison Suite are suited for mid-size gatherings. An all-inclusive per-person cost of $155 includes a complimentary bridal suite. Rooms: 180. Hotel Room Rates: $285-$2,200. Facilities: the Mark Suite, Mark's Restaurant, the Mark Bar. Contact: Kevin Quinn.

LE PARKER MERIDIEN
118 West 57th Street
212-245-5000

Referred to as "the soul of France in the heart of Manhattan," this European-style enclave has 8,000 square feet of reception space and five function rooms, which can accommodate social gatherings of up to 500 guests. The newly renovated and refurbished Penthouse (150-350) on the 42nd floor will inspire a toast as guests gaze north toward Central Park from its outdoor terrace. Crystal chandeliers and wall sconces are complemented by indirect lighting and teal- and rose-tone carpeting. Average evening wedding costs range from $130-$160 per person and includes hors d'oeuvres, a champagne toast, a four-course dinner, open bar, and a wedding cake. Rooms: 700. Hotel Room Rates: $225-$1,800. Facilities: Le Restaurant (75 sit-down), Bar Montparnasse, Club La Raquette. Contact: Barbara Thibault, 212-708-7452.

THE PENINSULA
700 Fifth Avenue at 55th Street
212-247-2200

The grand sweeping marble staircase which leads to the Peninsula's restaurants, mezzanine, and reception area, coupled with the allure of the Art Nouveau furnishings, sets the romantic tone of the Belle Epoque spirit of this Beaux Arts landmark. Six banquet rooms totalling 3,500 square feet, the largest being La Grande Salle, can accommodate from 10 to 250 guests. Located on the top floor of the hotel, the Pen-Top Bar and Terrace has large east and west side terraces where guests can enjoy a Manhattan skyline view. Per-person cost starts at $150 for dinner. A complimentary bridal suite is included along with his and her spa treatments. Rooms: 242. Hotel Room

The six banquet rooms at The Peninsula capture the romantic tone of the Belle Epoque.

Rates: $295-$3,500. Facilities: Adrienne Restaurant, Le Bistro, the Gotham Lounge. Contact: Zack Zahran, 212-903-3923.

RADISSON EMPIRE HOTEL
44 West 63rd Street
212-265-7400

Located directly across from Lincoln Center and steps away from Columbus Avenue and Central Park, the Radisson Empire has banquet rooms with fifteen-foot ceilings and ten-foot windows throughout the spaces. The Grand Ballroom (capacity 200) is decorated with hand-beveled crystal chandeliers, and the Degas Room (up to 70) is graced with reproductions from the artist's ballet series. Both rooms open to the adjoining Gallery Area (to 40) with its floor-to-ceiling murals of Swan Lake. The newly opened and renovated West 63rd Street Steakhouse with chef Jim Quinlivan is also available for private parties. Wedding packages start at $90 per person. Rooms: 375. Hotel Room Rates: $140-$540. Contact: Karin Burroughs/Nancy Barkoff, 212-373-4400.

ST. MORITZ ON THE PARK
50 Central Park South
212-755-5800

Overlooking Central Park, the hotel, which has undergone extensive renovations in the past two years, has three wedding function spaces. The Sky Garden Ballroom (120-300) on the 31st floor features a wraparound terrace affording views of the park. The Terrace Penthouse (to 100) looks out on both the park and city skyline facing south. The refurbishment of the 3,000-square-foot Quadrille Ballroom (280-400) in the lower lobby space is nearly complete. Prices from $100 per person, which includes a five-hour bar, champagne toast, dinner, cake, and a complimentary suite at the hotel. Rooms: 680. Hotel Room

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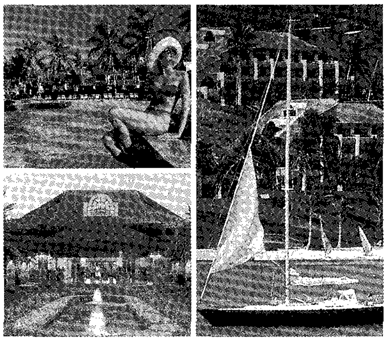

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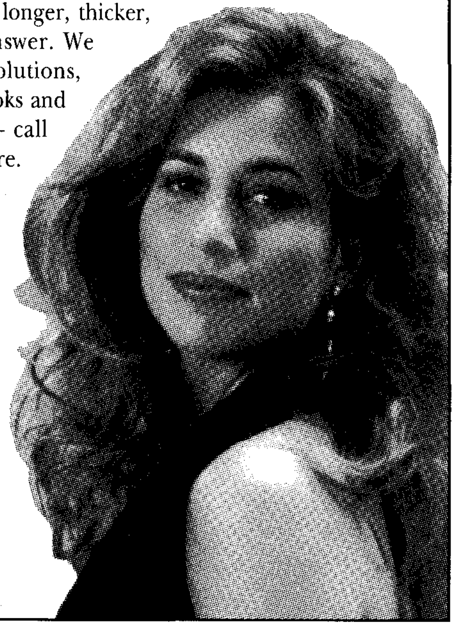


Rates: $135-$595. Facilities: Rumpelmayer's, Sidewalk Café, Around the World Lounge. Contact: Bryan Farrar, 212-446-5508.

SOUTHGATE TOWER HOTEL

371 Seventh Avenue at 31st Street
212-563-1800

The Romanesque-style ballroom of this Manhattan East Suite hotel has floor-to-ceiling windows and Austrian crystal chandeliers, and can comfortably accommodate a banquet of 250. Along with five function rooms, the Niles Restaurant is also available for a gathering of 250 (sit-down) or 300 (reception). Wedding packages from $45-$120 include an overnight suite for the bridal couple. Rooms: 515. Hotel Room Rates: $155-$275. Facilities: Peyton Room (90), Clinton Room (40), Garden Room and Terrace, Hudson Room (30), Thomson Room, Penn Gardens, Goldberg's Deli. Contact: Donna Stabile.

THE STANHOPE

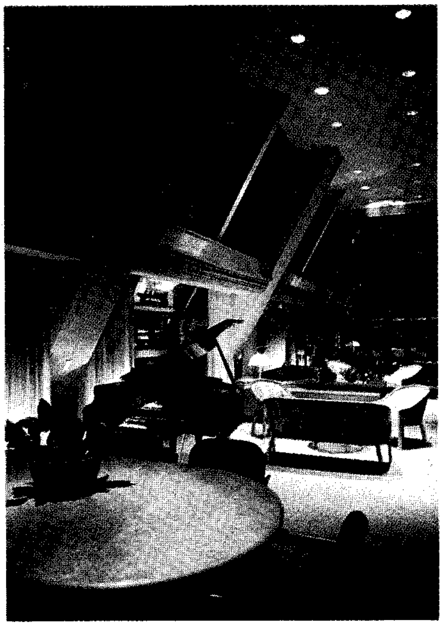
995 Fifth Avenue at 81st Street
212-288-5800

Designed in the understated style of a private residence, the Stanhope's 2,300-square-foot Penthouse Suite has a wraparound terrace overlooking Fifth Avenue and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. For cocktails, it can accommodate 150 guests; 55 for a sit-down dinner. The hotel's second floor houses elegantly decorated banquet suites for up to 150 (sit-down). Trompe l'oeil murals of English garden scenes grace their walls. Scott Cohen, formerly of Tatou and the Stanhope's new chef, cooks in an American Provençal style. The wedding package is $165 per person and includes an open bar, four-course dinner, a Sylvia Weinstock cake, complimentary bridal suite, and tax and gratuities. Rooms: 140. Hotel Room Rates: $300-$1,350. Facilities: The Restaurant at the Stanhope, Le Salon, Terrace Cafe (seasonal). Contact: Jeffrey Kozel, 212-650-4753.

U.N. PLAZA—PARK HYATT

One United Nations Plaza
44th Street at First Avenue
212-758-1234

An extensive collection of textiles and silkscreens from the 9th to 19th centuries representing countries of the United Nations are on display throughout the hotel. Countless international and



A soaring ceiling and subdued decor mark the Perez de Cuellar Suite at the U.N. Plaza.

dignitaries' weddings have been arranged by the Hyatt in the U.N. Interfaith Chapel across the street. The Javier Perez de Cuellar Suite on the hotel's 29th floor can host cocktail parties for 100 or a smaller dinner-dance for 60. The main ballroom has soaring ceilings and views of a Japanese garden and is best suited for mid-size weddings (150-250); ceremonies can also be performed here. An overnight suite accommodation, champagne and berries, free use of the health club, and breakfast for two are complimentary to the bridal couple. Weddings are from $90-$150 per person, including tax and gratuities. Special honeymoon packages from $200-$375 per night are also available. Rooms: 427. Hotel Room Rates: $270-$1,200. Facilities: U Thant Room (to 50), Dag Hammarskjold Room (100-180), Trygve Lie Room (94-112), Ralph Bunche Room (to 43), Ambassador Grill, Ambassador Lounge. Contact: June Martinez, 212-702-5330.

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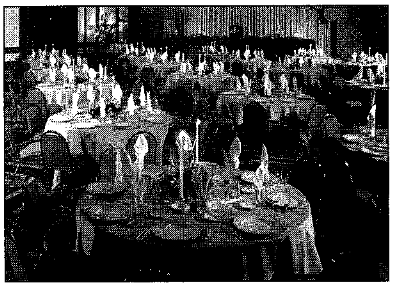

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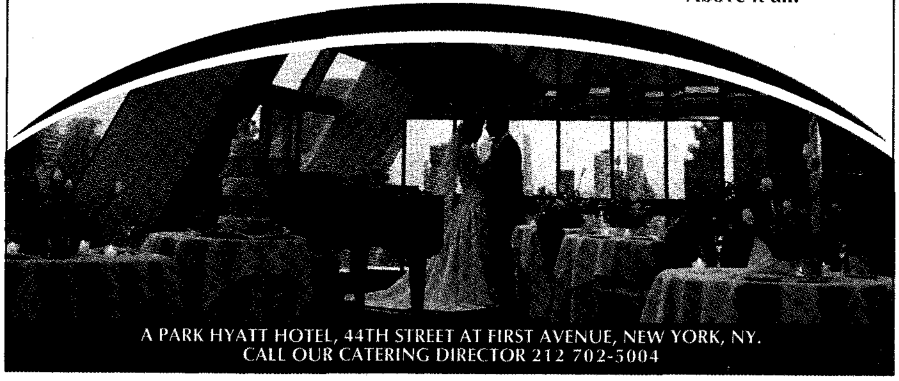

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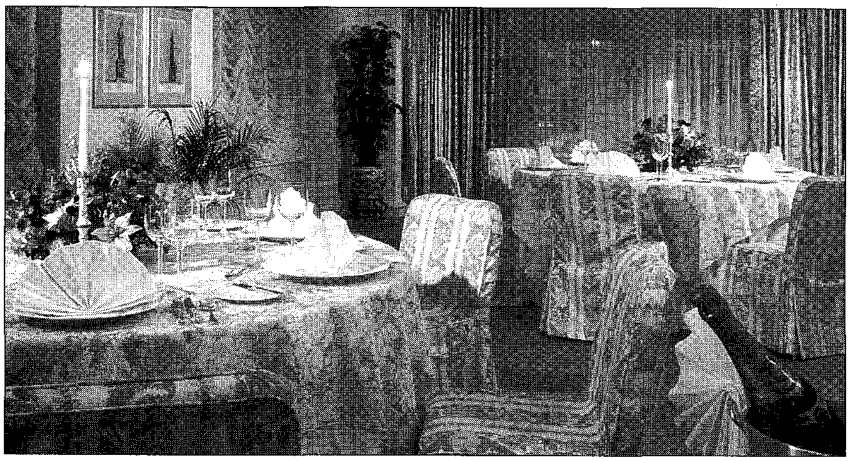

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This romantic country setting 45 minutes from Manhattan is a landmark mansion on the Hudson River hilltop once owned by Samuel Clemens. Its marble-floored Rotunda, glass-domed ceiling, and staircase have all been restored. An outdoor chapel area, which seats 300, overlooks the Hudson. Indoors, the mansion views are sweeping, whether from the glass-walled Promenade, the newly remodeled Pavilion Room (290-600), or the River Room. At the center of Tappan Hill's service and amenities is the outstanding cuisine of Abigail Kirsch. Some selections might include homemade hors d'oeuvres including smoke salmon Napolean, medallions of lamb on a bed of apple and leeks with Zinfandel sauce, fresh vegetables, and a grain pilaf, along with dessert specialty lemon praline souffle with raspberry sauce. Cost: from $80 per person plus tax and gratuities.

THE BOATHOUSE IN CENTRAL PARK

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212-517-2233

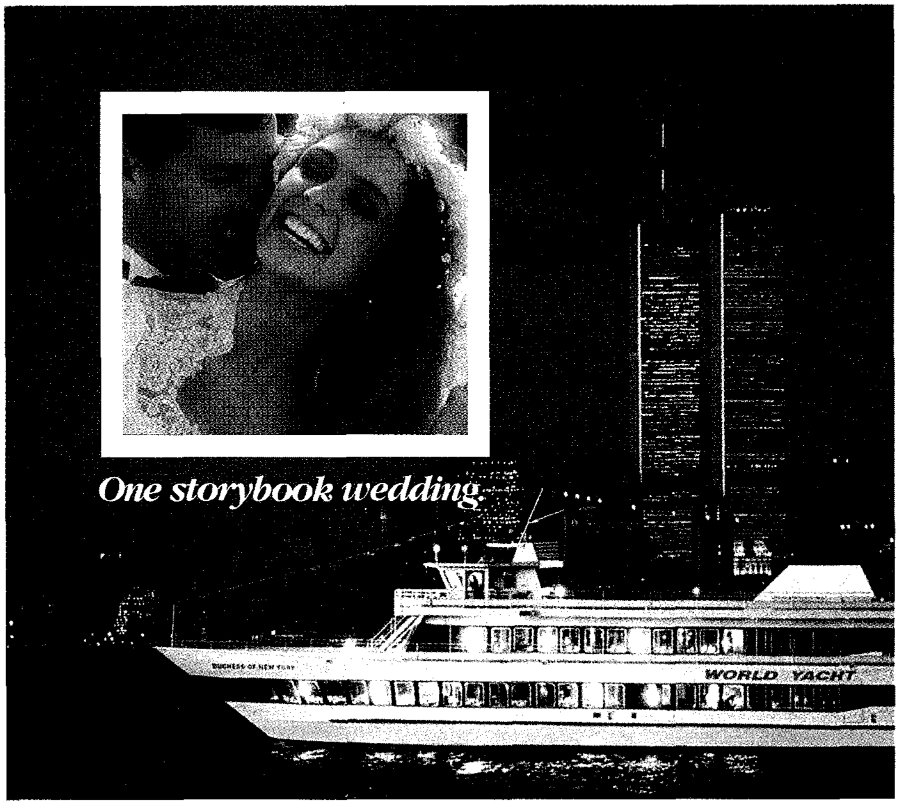
The cafe-restaurant is surrounded by the lush foliage of Central Park, allowing partygivers and goers a chance to escape to the country without ever leaving Manhattan. Now available year round with the addition of permanent heaters, the lakeside Garden Pavilion can accommodate a reception for 350 (minimum 80 guests; dinner-dance to 250), and vistas including the city skyline and Bethesda Fountain are unsurpassed in any season. The entire Boathouse can be rented (including the Pavilion and Cafe) allowing for 500 (sit-down) and 1,500 (reception). The indoor, dockside Boathouse Cafe Dining Room (to 120) enjoys the same full view of the lake, with one glass wall spanning the entire length of the room. Gondola rentals available. Cost: From $85-$150 or more. Contact: Bari Green, 212-988-0575.

LA BONNE SOUPE
48 West 55th Street
212-586-7650

Visitors to this charming brownstone bistro are greeted by a cozy bar; one flight up, a romantic little balcony overlooking the street awaits. An upstairs refurbished party room with original art can accommodate 12 to 55 guests, and musical entertainment from a zydeco band to a classical trio can be arranged in-house. Monique and Jean-Paul Picot were restauranteurs in Paris before coming to America. Particular about using fresh ingredients, the owners select foods, many of which are organically grown, from local markets. Crowd-pleasers include steak-au-poivre and chicken in wine and shallots. Cost: From $25 per person. Contact: Jean-Paul Picot.

DUKE-SEMANS HOUSE
1009 Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street
212-628-3796

Recently made available for social functions, this exquisite example of Belle Epoque-style architecture is located directly across from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The drawing room, whose French doors open to view the museum's facade, features a marble fireplace and a crystal chandelier. The music room has a Steinway Grand piano available for use. Trompe l'oeil paintings grace the dining room walls. Small wedding ceremonies (to 60) or a sit-down dinner utilizing both rooms (to 80) or a buffet-style or hors d'oeuvres reception (to 125) can be accommodated. Catering is by A Delicate Balance. Cost: From $165 per person. Contact: Reid Jensen.



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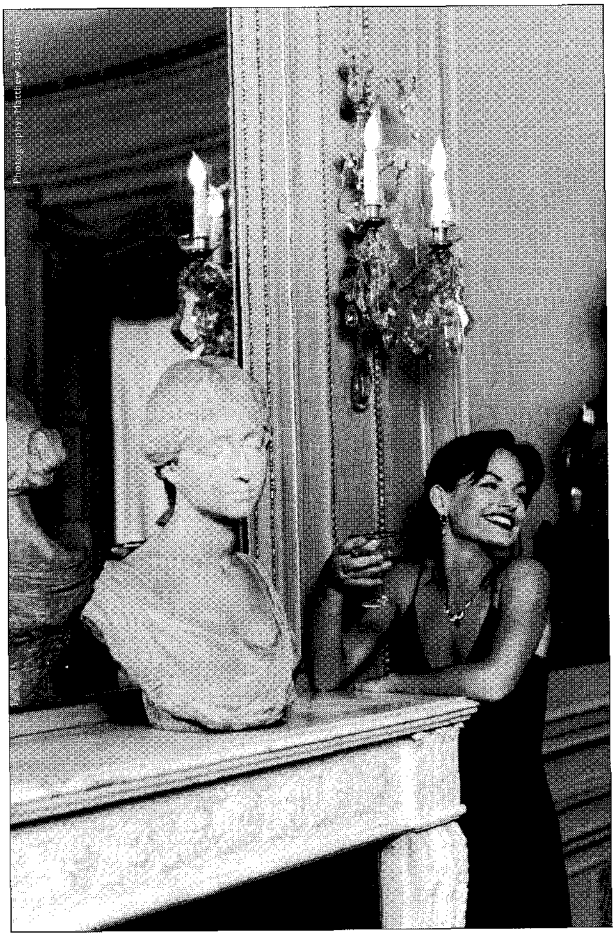

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Golden sunsets, sailboats skimming the harbor, and flapping nautical flags and gulls frame this sweeping East End resort's panorama. The bar's full-size mahogany sloop, whose mast reaches to a ceiling cupola, is offset by an understated, light, and airy bi-level dining room where every seat has a water view. Glass walls for all-season viewing open up onto a brick terrace which doubles as an outdoor "chapel" site for wedding ceremonies. The upstairs dining room's five French doors open onto a wooden deck. Contemporary cuisine includes entree specialties like braised lamb shanks with corn risotto and roasted soy and honey Long Island duck breast with a ginger essence sauce. Cost: Ranges from $100-$110 or more per person. Contact: Caroline Gordon, 516-329-2800.

5 & 10 NO EXAGGERATION
77 Greene Street
212-925-7414

Shop while you bop, says proprietor Robert Mergler. And swing to live music while the aroma of regional and southern cuisine captures the attention of the olfactory senses. All the antiques in this one-of-a-kind SoHo establishment are for sale, so last-minute wedding gift shopping can become an art form all its own. The restaurant, known for its exuberant sense of humor, has a large, changing selection of antiques, toys, games, vintage jewelry, hats, and costumes hanging from its rafters and ready to rise to the occasion—whether it's a rehearsal dinner, wedding reception or anniversary dinner (to 70 guests). Cost: All-inclusive packages start at $45 per person, plus tax and gratuity. Contact: Robert Mergler.

The antiques on the walls of 5 & 10 No Exaggeration are not only enchanting—they're for sale.

LAURA BELLE
120 West 43rd Street (between Avenue of the Americas and Broadway)
212-819-1000

Guests who enter this elegant supper club are carried back in time with surroundings that include frescoed walls lighted by silk sconces. Cherrywood adorns the bar room walls; stairs on either side descend into the three-tiered, amphitheater-shaped grand room. A specially constructed dance floor can accommodate a dinner-dance for up to 275; receptions of up to 700 can be arranged. Chef Joseph Begany creates Italian and French continental cuisine with Asian influences. Cost: $100-$175 per person plus tax and gratuities. Contact: Joanne O'Connor.

MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE ON FIFTH AVENUE
80 Fifth Avenue at 14th Street
212-627-8838

The large Reception Room and Ballroom at this airy, glamorous penthouse are ringed by huge, turn-of-the-century windows which overlook the city in every direction. Dinner-dances can be held here for anywhere from 50 to 200 guests. Chef Noga Andriani prepares a Provençal and Mediterranean menu. There are changing rooms, three powder rooms, custom sound system, and six parking garages within a block. Cost: From $90-$125 per person. Contact: Sam Milliken

MORAN'S
146 Tenth Avenue at 19th Street
212-627-3030

Built in 1827, this former waterfront rooming house is today a fine renovated Irish restaurant with a woodburning hearth, wainscoting, exposed brick, tin ceiling, and built-in cabinets displaying antique Waterford crystal. The large, airy Chelsea establishment holds 200; weddings as well as rehearsal dinners and post-wedding brunches can be accommodated. A gourmet American menu is elegantly presented. Cost: $55-$80 per person. Contact: Thomas Murphy.

LE PACTOLE
2 World Financial Center
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Renowned to be one of Manhattan's most romantic settings, with its wrought-iron filigree, skylights, well-placed floral arrangements, and soft, indirect lighting, this open, airy site has three premiere spaces ideal for weddings. The Salum Terrace is a dining area (64-125) with a cathedral ceiling, oriental rugs, and inlaid floors. The Champagne Room is a two-story space with a balcony, floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking a garden, and a baby grand piano. Its sit-down capacity is 40; 80 for a reception. The main dining area can accommodate a dinner-dance for 150 or a cocktail reception for 350. Cost: $90-$150 per person. Contact: Anne Winter: 212-879-9360.

The dining rooms at The Sign of the Dove are decidely romantic in atmosphere.

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The Tavern's park views, baroque decor, and pastoral gardens provide a stunning backdrop for engagement and wedding soirées and ceremonies. The Crystal Room is the largest of Tavern's six spaces (90-1,650) capable of seating 330; reception 500. For a mid-size gathering, the Pavilion Room (130-180) is an elaborate Victorian gazebo set in a trompe l'oeil garden. Cost: Wedding packages are from $125-$150. Contact: Brian Finneran, 212-873-4111.

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This fourteen-story catering facility located on the grounds of the old World's Fair is just 20 minutes from Manhattan. The elegant ballroom level has floor-to-ceiling windows with sweeping views of the Manhattan skyline. The Penthouse Suite features a large outdoor reception space and an area for wedding ceremonies. Facilities: Two function rooms (capacity 60-1,500); chapel, bridal suites. Contact: Carlos Bosco.

24 FIFTH AVENUE

24 Fifth Avenue at 9th Street
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This Art Deco space, formerly the ballroom of what was once the Fifth Avenue hotel, has a glass-enclosed cafe with a sunken oak dance floor overlooking Fifth Avenue, as well as a ceremony site and outdoor party area available. The ballroom allows only one wedding function at a time, and its maximum room capacity can host up to 500 guests. Cost: From $90 per person. Contact: Andrew De Mario.

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In its twelfth year of creating savory and imaginative weddings, this full-scale catering and event company has opened its home for the smaller, more intimate wedding. Twelve-foot ceilings and a flexible lighting grid allow for diverse decorating solutions. This modern space accommodates up to 150 guests for cocktails, 80 seated, and menus are designed for each occasion. Ample parking is available. No room fee with a

$2,000 or more food purchase. Contact: Dan Fehlig.

WATER'S EDGE
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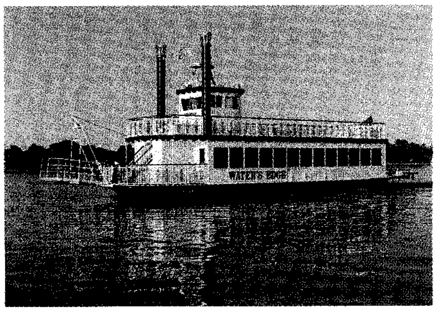
718-482-0033

This formal, romantic restaurant is located on a barge in the river just over the 59th Street Bridge, and can boast a ship captain's view of midtown. A private shuttle riverboat delivers guests from the East 34th Street pier. There is a large main dining room (180) on the lower level and two private dining rooms (100-200) above. The clubby decor of the main room features floor-to-ceiling windows, fireplaces and a piano bar, dark wood paneling and scalloped wall sconces. Cost: $80-$165 per person. Contact: Marika Somerstein.



A private shuttle whisks guests from the 34th Street pier across the East River to this formal restaurant located on a floating barge.

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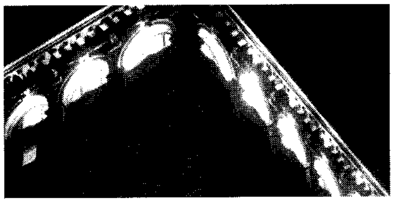

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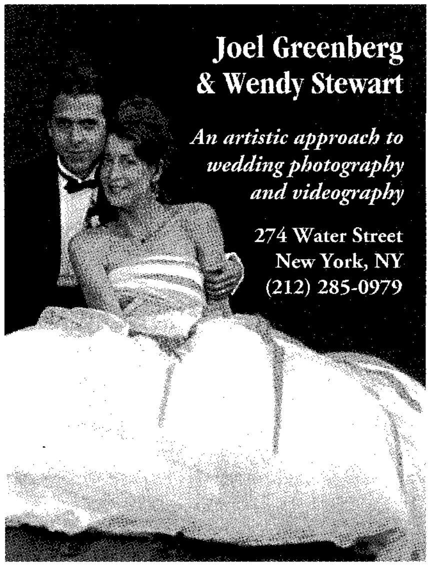

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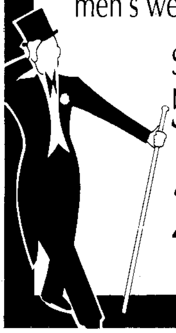

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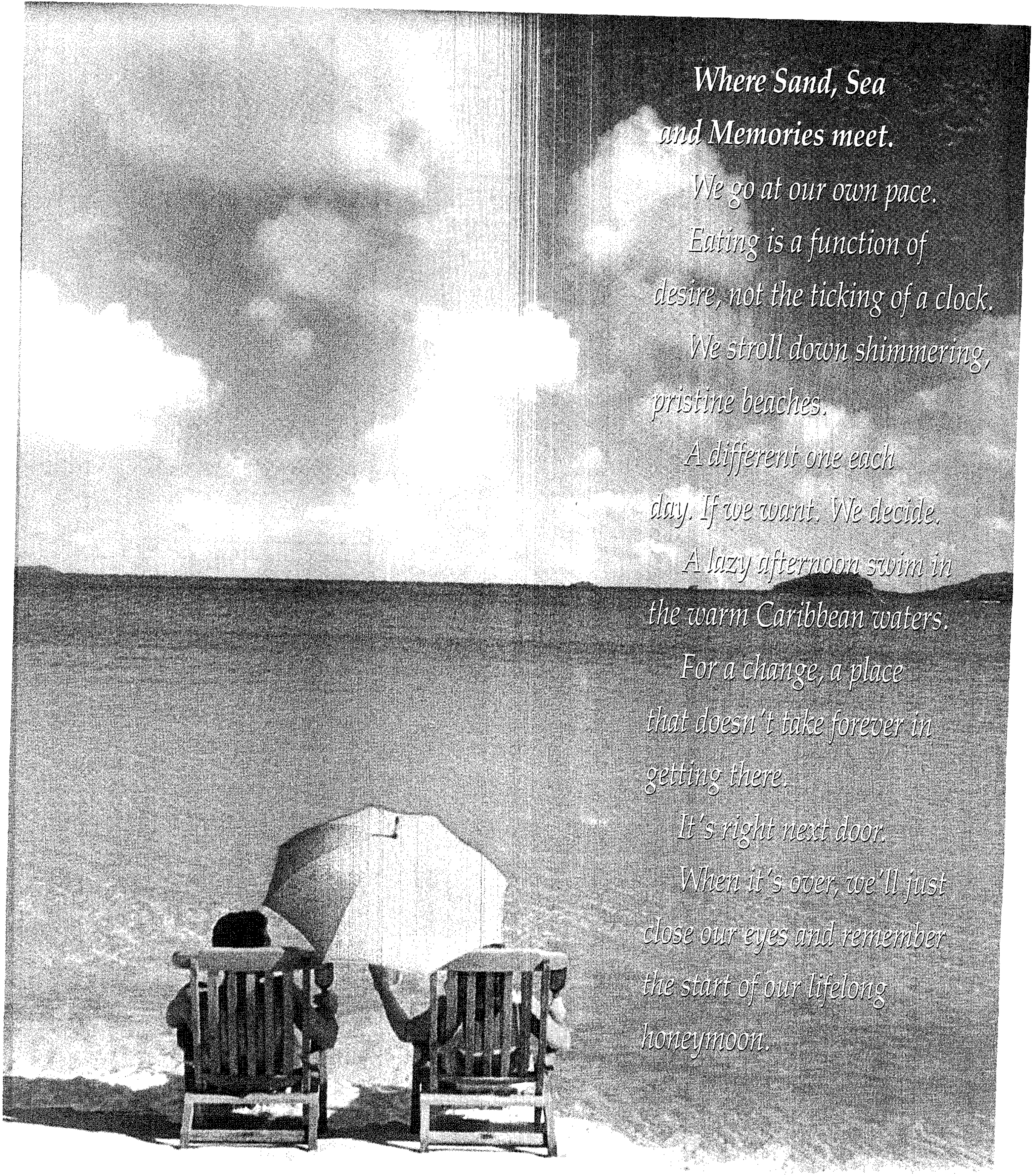

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Continued from page 26

Soon he was writing ads. In 1983, Berlin founded Goodby, Berlin, winning clients like the San Francisco *Examiner.* He made his mark as a fierce client-hunter and a fresh conceptualist.

By 1993, Berlin was traversing Manhattan, his wild locks trimmed. He was living in a house on the Waspy North Shore enclave of Centre Island. Volkswagen, however, had suffered inverse fortunes. Its product now felt corporate, the Japanese had saturated the land, and VW's sales were in a coma, down to 44,000 units a year. Berlin cooked up a new personality for the marque—a sturdy, global-economy sort of feel—for people, he once joked, who "aren't full of shit."

Perhaps accordingly, American sales doubled in a year. Nevertheless, Berlin got the news in December: Volkswagen was shopping for a new agency. Berlin is still under contract to Volkswagen, and can say little about the experience. "If failure is indeed practice, then I'm well practiced," he says, attempting chipperness. "That's Churchill."

As flamboyant rival Donny Deutsch says, "Even the best agencies lose accounts. It was unfortunate because they were still in a start-up mode, but Berlin did a good job. He's a smart guy in a business without a lot of smart guys."

But a chastened Berlin might be the right Berlin for Fallon McElligott's gamble.

"We're going to be tiny. A pimple!" Fallon jokes. "We're hoping to be a boil."

He shifts back to business: "With us, we've never been sure what we haven't been included in, being in Minnesota. And if we get included, we've never been able to win a tie."

In Berlin, Fallon gets not only a friend of ten years but a player known for generating work with an edge. Berlin gets (a) a new job and (b) the juice of a start-up with the backing of a mature agency that is Midwest-sober. For both, though, the "maverick" days are over. "Maverick's not that interesting," says Berlin. "Even Deutsch and [Richard] Kirshenbaum, that's not what those guys are about anymore."

Soon Fallon is gone, back to Kennedy airport, back to Minnesota.

Berlin talks of his own trajectory: "When I was growing up in Philadelphia, I used to take long walks with my dog past these rows of detached houses full of kids who wanted to be doctors and lawyers. I never really fit in particularly well with anyone or anyplace, and it took a long time to understand that I wasn't supposed to." He reflects. "When things go well, you feel quite comfortable with that. When they don't . . ." A moment passes, grows pregnant. "You don't." ■

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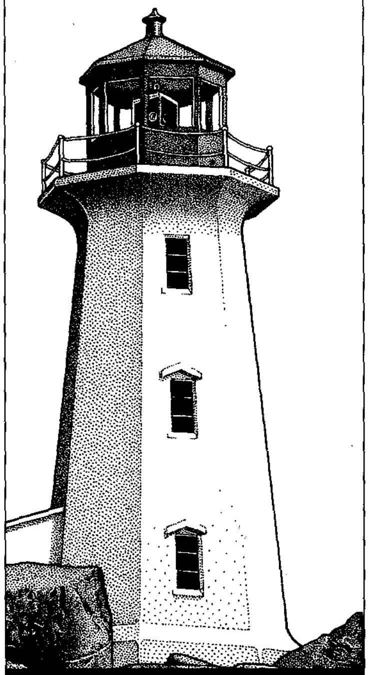

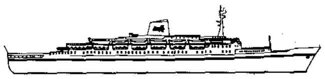

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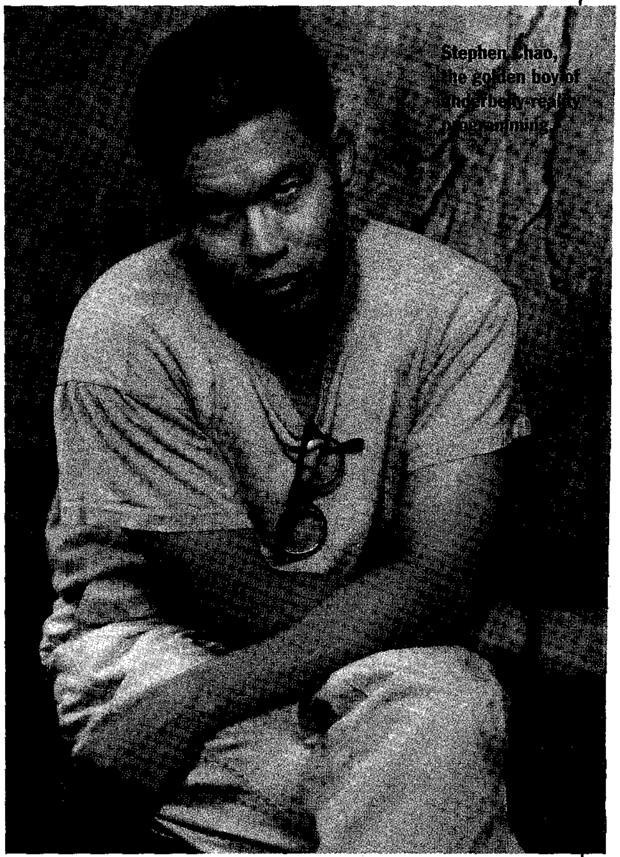
THE CULTURE BUSINESS STEPHEN FENICHELL

Downtown Stephen Chao

Two years after losing his job at Fox, the prince of taste-free TV is back—and using the East Village to cash in on the talk-show craze.


Stephen Chao, the golden boy of underbelly-reality programming.

“WHEN LAURIE COMES OUT, you all know what to do?” shouts Montel Williams's brother Herman—shaved head, handlebar mustache, taut boxer's physique—in time-honored pre-taping cheerleader style, warming up the audience at the East Village's Theatre for the New City before the march onstage of New York's newest late-night-talk-show host, former Fox entertainment reporter Laurie Pike.

Promptly on cue (porcine crew member twirling hand in the air), the entire audience jumps to its feet and claps its hands, effusively greeting tonight's star. Laurie traipses down the aisle, wearing a demure, green forties-style suit, lips smeared bright red to match her flaming-red hair. She looks like a disco Dietrich. She waves pink cue cards printed with martini glasses.

“Hello-o-o!” Laurie coos, an exaggerated greeting to which the audience has been trained to respond—loudly—in kind.

“Technical difficulties!” shouts a producer, forcing a retake of the opening sans standing ovation, which blocked a key camera angle. Laurie to stage.

In the wings, executive producer Stephen Chao inspects the audience out front (many of whom have just been recruited from First Avenue) for that critical mass of ponytails, black leather jeans, self-abusing jewelry, and dreadlocks meant to scream “late-night East Village New York” to a key viewership component for the new show—hinterland would-be hipsters.

“The reason we're shooting the show in New York,” Chao whispers, “is that people in L.A. are too blasé about live TV to show up. The only audience you can drum up for talk shows comes straight off the Universal Studio Tour. They're too fat, too tired, and wear too many cameras around their necks.”

Tired, flabby tourists would hardly be an appropriate foil for ex–Odeon waitress and former *Paper* contributor Laurie Pike, much less suit the streetwise image carefully cultivated by Chao, a classics major from Harvard whose hooded gray sweatshirt, black jeans, G.I. Joe haircut, and nerd eyeglass frames confirm his place in *Buzz* magazine's “100 Coolest People in Hollywood.” Chao, the golden boy of underbelly-reality programming at Fox, who got himself fired by Rupert Murdoch in 1992 for hiring a male stripper to accompany a speech damning censorship, is making his TV comeback.

Laurie Pike: Bringing First Avenue to the masses.

The man who helped create *Cops* and *America's Most Wanted* and invented the hybrid talk show–game show *Studs* (he considers that an important pop-cultural innovation) thinks he has a marketable entity in Laurie Pike. The pilot being taped tonight, *HelloGoodnight,* Chao explains, is a classic case of a TV sales strategy known as counterprogramming, which operates on the reasonable premise that if all competing hosts in a given time slot are white, male, desk-bound, celebrity-stroking stand-up comics, a substantial segment of the viewing public just might, given a decent alternative, acquire a taste for the stylistically different.

With ten new talk shows scheduled to clutter the national-syndication lineup this fall (look for the stylized trash of New Yorker Richard Bey and for Armstrong Williams, a black Rush Limbaugh wannabe), and with stations in the top markets increasingly “double-running,” or rebroadcasting at night, their daytime talk shows, Chao's idea sounds no less likely than any others.

Ever since Fox cut its $500 million deal with the New World Communications station group last May—the agreement guarantees Fox- and New World–produced shows the best time periods on their stations—the number of slots available for new shows has shrunk. But because more daytime and late-night slots remain open than prime-time ones, and because it's cheap to produce, talk is still king.

“We're taking the daytime ‘single topic’ format and putting it through a late-night lens,” says MCA programming vice-president Michael Lansbury—nephew of Angela, son of *Godspell* producer Edgar, surfing buddy of Chao's. “Who wears red lipstick on television these days?” he asks rhetorically, answering in triumphant tones: “No one since Lucille Ball.” Lansbury's bosses at MCA/Universal spent $250,000 to produce the pilot, and Laurie's lurid lipstick “says it all” to Lansbury—but will brassy hair and bright lips speak to Duluth and Tulsa?

“She stood out like a piece of garlic,” Chao says, harking back to those halcyon days of three years ago when he was still

Photograph: top, Mojgan B. Azimi.

president of Fox Television Stations and of Fox News, and Laurie Pike was a freelance magazine journalist covering stories like the seventies revival. She'd been discovered by a band called the Pop Tarts, who insisted she'd be a sensation in England. She was, too, as host of a Channel Four special called *Ring My Bell*, a rehash of greatest hits from New York public-access TV. Chao saw her reel and spent the next six months wooing her out to L.A. to become an entertainment reporter for Fox TV. She "hated L.A. as only a real New Yorker can," Chao recalls, but she finally relented—only to find, the day she showed up at her new post, that Chao had been fired.

And now, after a rousing round of seated applause, Laurie introduces tonight's decidedly daytime topic, "Your New Boobs."

"Men love breasts. Am I wrong?"

Based on audience response, she's touched a sensitive chord.

"And most men, like it or not, love big breasts. But not all women have big breasts. The guests on my show want to do something about that."

Meet Michael. He runs a retail store and wears a double-breasted gray suit, a goofy grin, and a deep parlor tan. Joline—tall, thin, blonde, in thigh-high tights and a teeny skirt—is an aspiring actress. They've been dating for more than a year. There is just one thing wrong with their relationship.

"Tell them, Michael," Laurie orders, coyly dominating.

Michael complies: "She's got to get bigger on top."

When Michael, whom one audience member calls "*Miami Vice* Mike," pulls out a silver box tied with a red bow and presents his belle with a $4,000 check to "get herself fixed," Joline tears up the check in disgust. Audience members, male and female, feel free to tell Michael where to get off. And to tell Joline that Michael clearly does not love her for her unendowed self. The final scene, "Is It Real or Mamorex?," features female audience volunteers conducting hands-on tests of guests' breasts.

After the show, Chao is disconsolate, berating himself for having failed to break any new conceptual ground. To make matters worse, Laurie seemed stiff handling the likes of Mike. "Mike's a mook," Chao concedes, "but she's got to *love* these goombahs." A daytime host's job, as Chao sees it, consists of "mediating between two opposing forces"—the guests and an antagonistic audience. But a nighttime host's job is to project "personality"—which means setting the pace for both guests and audience, not merely managing them.

Take 2. Eight o'clock Friday night. The second show's topic—"Abusing the System"—was picked to synch with the host's sensibility, but it bombs. The guests are fine—a stubble-chinned Frenchman who married his girlfriend for a green card, and a suave, freeloading artist who crashes charity events—but nobody cares. Nobody hoots.

Third try. Ten o'clock Friday night. Decked out in a retro-chic pink top and black jeans, Laurie takes on another topic, which holds no more promise than the previous two: "Ladies, have you ever been walking down the street when someone screams out of the blue, 'Hey, lady, do fries go with that shake?' "

Meet Emir. Ponytail. Faded jeans. Catcalling is his "religion."

Laurie: "Can you share some of the prayers in your religion?"

Emir: "Sure. 'Yo, bitch. Nice tits.' "

Emir is out of control. Over the top. But he stirs up the audience something fierce. Also, he has his own personal code of conduct: "Never in my wildest dreams would I follow a girl home. If she wants to come, she'll come by herself." "Catcallers" turns out to be the one show out of three worth cutting for the pilot.

"Let's keep the *bitch* but lose the *tits*," Chao tells a dreadlocked editor. After extensive debate, *bitch* gets bleeped. This is called "manicuring the Richard Bey moments." Indeed, when Emir whispers "bitch" into the microphone in response to a female guest's critical commentary, Laurie whips out her cue cards and slaps him primly across the face.

"You are not going to use that word on my show. Understand?"

This Chao calls "a Laura Petrie moment." For eleven straight hours, the producers ponder the abstruse distinctions between "Richard Bey" and "Laura Petrie" moments, in a concerted effort to extract from rough material the quality "subversive charisma," which Chao claims has been lost to late-night TV for almost a decade, since "early Dave."

The Monday after the *HelloGoodnight* pilot wraps, most of the industry high-tails it to Las Vegas, where the annual syndicators' conclave NATPE (National Association of Television Program Executives) convenes. Chao skips the event. "NATPE's a zoo," he scoffs, "a beer-drinking, back-slapping carnival for guys who rose through the ranks selling time to Procter & Gamble. . . . They're only interested in the new *Match Game* and the new *Price Is Right*." To pitch Pike, whom Chao negatively defines as "the essence of not-broadcast-news," MCA/Universal execs are planning to "sit down with station group heads in a dark, quiet room" and show them "Catcallers."

Gay Man in Audience: "Emir, how would you feel about my hitting on you?"

Emir: "If it's not my butt, no problem."

G.M.: "But it is your butt, honey." ■

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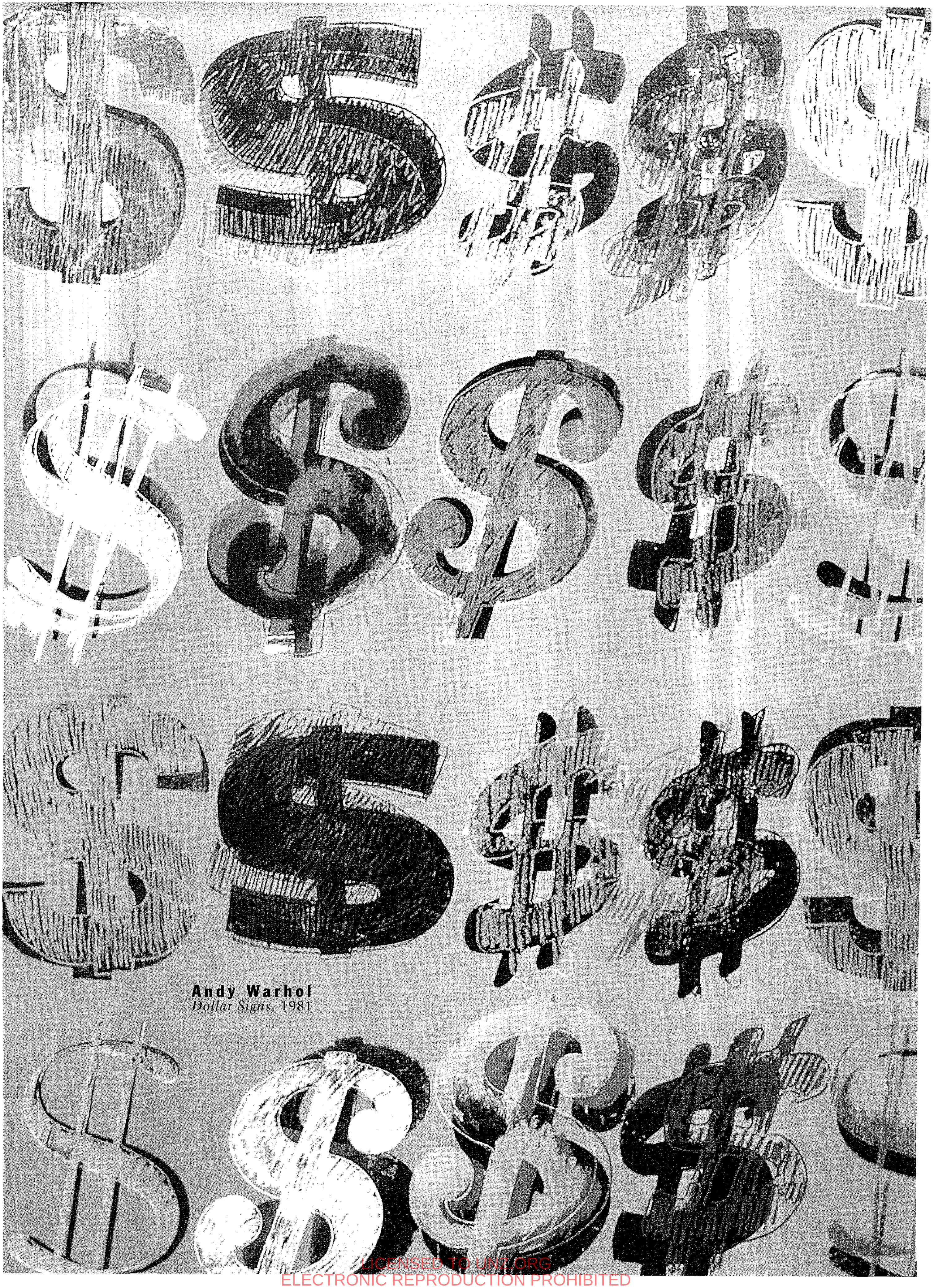
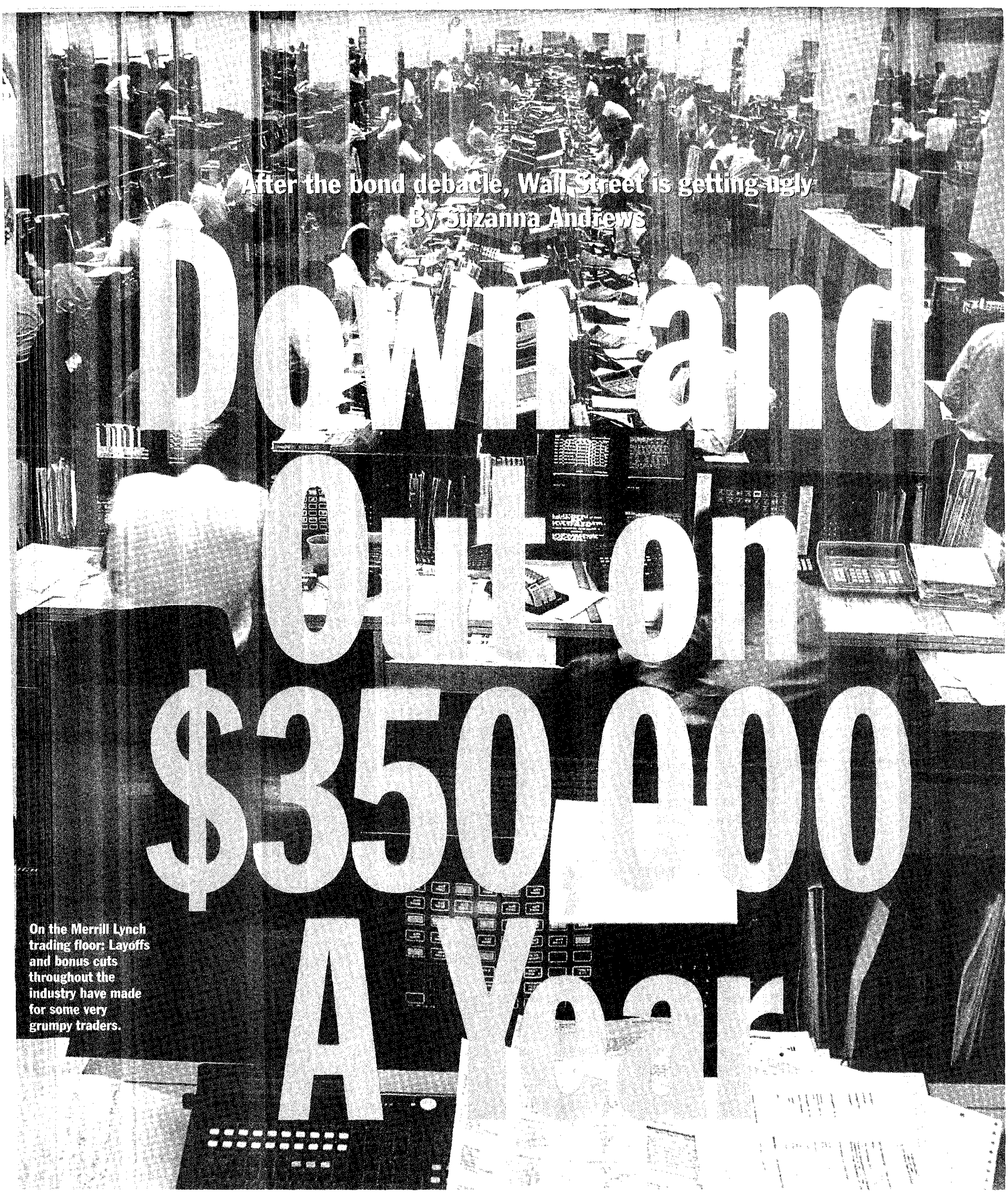


Andy Warhol
Dollar Signs, 1981



Down and Out on $350,000 A Year

After the bond debacle, Wall Street is getting ugly

By Suzanna Andrews

On the Merrill Lynch trading floor: Layoffs and bonus cuts throughout the industry have made for some very grumpy traders.

IT IS JUST BEFORE SEVEN O'CLOCK ON A FRIDAY EVENING OUTSIDE THE OFFICES OF GOLDMAN, SACHS. AT THIS HOUR, THE STREETS and alleyways below Wall Street are dark and virtually empty of cars and people, but in front of Goldman's headquarters, a procession of radio cars with their headlights on is slowly moving along Pearl Street. Every 60 seconds or so, bankers emerge from Goldman's offices, the women in furs, carrying shopping bags, the men in dark overcoats, gym bags slung over their shoulders. They climb into car after car and head off to points in the city and the suburbs, their trips presumably paid for by Goldman, Sachs.

Call-car culture reached its apotheosis in the eighties, when taking a limo to work and out to the Hamptons on weekends was simply understood as an entitlement for the city's financial ruling class—not unlike the way the rest of us view, say, *breathing*. In 1995, the shiny Lincoln Town Cars signify something less seignorial. Officially, before 8 P.M., no one should be using Goldman's call cars for any reason other than business, but that is just policy—and bankers these days are taking a perverse glee in undercutting it. Call-car abuse today is not about abundance; it's about resentment.

Talk to Wall Street types, and they'll tell you what they do with these cars: They keep them waiting while they have drinks with their friends; they take them on assignations. If they're feeling extra-pissed-off, they'll do something *really* gratuitous—like send their briefcase home to Connecticut in a limo, as one Goldman banker did.

Even that wasn't as egregiously passive-aggressive as the Merrill Lynch banker who after being fired stole several car vouchers. As revenge, he had two cars take a group of friends out to Long Island, made the cars wait for a couple of hours while the group sat shivah for a recently deceased friend, and then had the cars take them to Odeon for dinner.

After indulging call-car abuse during the eighties, firms are now making gestures toward reining in this practice. Lehman Brothers, which spent some $12 million on call cars in 1993—including $1.2 million in waiting time—took the odd step last year of issuing new vouchers the size of place mats. The idea was that these maxi-receipts would be harder to stash in people's wallets. "They're like bathroom passes in second grade," says one Lehman banker. Though a Lehman spokesman says call-car costs have since been "substantially reduced"—the company now reportedly runs checks on extravagant employees—it's clear the new strictures have only made the game more enjoyable. "My contribution to Lehman's waiting-time bill?" says one trader. "My assistant was taking a car home to New Jersey. She had too much to drink and vomited. The driver pulled over and told her that he wasn't going anywhere until she cleaned it up."

THESE ARE ANGRY TIMES FOR WALL STREET. And no wonder: Thanks to a tumble in the bond market that began last April, 1994 was the worst year for the securities industry since 1990 and one of the worst years on record for the bond market. But that fails to get at the magnitude of the past year's trauma. As *Institutional Investor* reported last month, "In last year's bond rout, more wealth was wiped off balance sheets than in any other market debacle since the crash of 1929—including the 1987 stock market plunge. . . ." The magazine fixed losses for financial institutions and money managers worldwide at $1.5 trillion. Individual Wall Street firms had their own unique versions of the *annus horribilis*. Merrill Lynch is facing a $2 billion lawsuit for allegedly helping to bankrupt Orange County. Kidder, Peabody, one of the Street's oldest firms, was effectively liquidated last month. Prudential Securities paid more in fines in 1994 for defrauding its clients than Drexel Burnham Lambert did before it collapsed five years ago (unlike Drexel, though, Prudential is expected to survive). Companies that kept their noses clean did little better: Virtually every major Wall Street firm was shaken by the bond deterioration. At the end of last year, profits had dropped by more than 75 percent for the year—to $1.5 billion, from $6.4 billion in 1993, according to analyst Guy Moszkowski of Sanford C. Bernstein & Co. At Goldman, profits fell an estimated 70 percent; Bear Stearns was down 54 percent; Lehman Brothers was off 65 percent. Salomon Brothers actually *lost* money—more than $100 million—after making not far shy of $1 billion the year before.

Given that Wall Street obviously plays an integral role in the local economy, these troubles have already had a devastating impact on the city. The unexpected additional $200 million budget gap that suddenly opened up last month and prompted Mayor Giuliani to issue new debt—which in turn prompted Standard & Poor's to place a credit watch on the city's bonds—can be blamed largely on the sudden decline in tax income from the financial community. "You can characterize the effect of Wall Street's troubles on the city's finances as dramatic," City Hall spokesman Forrest Taylor says. Although Wall Street firms provide only about 4 percent of the city's employment, the industry accounts for 17 percent of its taxes, Taylor says. "The real problem is expectations for the future," adds Michael Brooks, who analyzes New York City bonds for Sanford C. Bernstein. "If this continues, the city will have to lower expectations for taxes in 1995 and will be forced to find new places to cut."

NEW YORK WILL SURELY SURVIVE EVEN THIS LATEST BLOW. FAR MORE urgent, at least to those involved, is what will happen to the tens of thousands of latter-day yuppies who still beaver through the Street's offices and trading rooms. Last year, only about 4,000 people were actually let go by Wall Street firms; but many thousands more are likely to be laid off in coming weeks. Lehman Brothers announced in September that it cut a third of its retail brokerage force. And J. P. Morgan said last month that it will lop off up to 10 percent of its 17,000 workers worldwide. "It's like eeny, meeny, miny, mo," says one investment banker. "No one knows who's going to get cut." Those not let go in 1994 found out that their year-end bonuses—which now often make up the bulk of a Wall Streeter's salary—had been hugely reduced. Including regular salary and bonuses, an average banker's yearly pay probably dropped between 25 and 40 percent in 1994. A huge six-figure amount minus 40 percent is still a lot of money, but that is not, predictably, how Wall Streeters see it. As interviews with three dozen traders and investment bankers (none of whom would speak for attribution) make clear, the layoffs and pay cuts have created a remarkable amount of anger. "What we're looking at now is in many ways more traumatic than 1987," says Gary Goldstein, president of The Whitney Group, an executive-search firm. "Nineteen eighty-seven had a great effect on businesses. This time, the area being hit hard is the individual. People have many fewer alternatives than they did then. Everyone is in the air about what is going to happen to them, and the uncertainty is creating havoc for people."

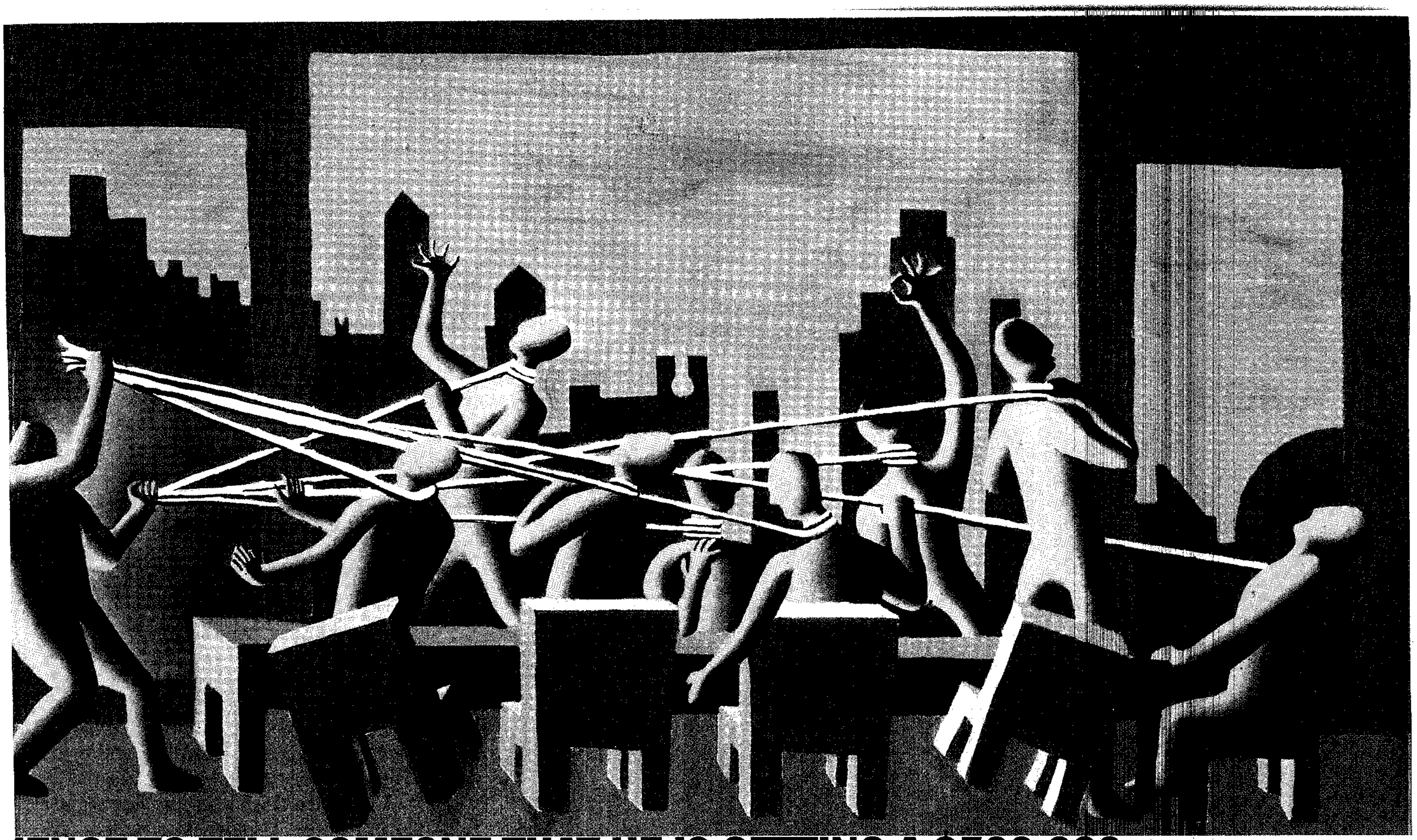
"IT IS A SINGULAR EX
BONUS WHEN LAST

To be sure, the jitters are not industrywide. A number of A-list firms have opted to shield top employees from cutbacks. And an old eighties standby, mergers and acquisitions, even managed to have a record year last year, boosting boutique advisory firms. The Street's retail business, meanwhile, does not appear to be suffering.

Still, Wall Street is not a healthy place. The abuse of radio cars is one very small, if very visible, way in which people are acting out. But there are many other expressions of what one might call overclass pathology. For the young banker who charges his groceries to his firm and for the one who expenses his Brooks Brothers shirts, the motives are similar. A woman who recently billed a Chanel suit to her employer explains it angrily: "Given what they put me through, they owe me."

NINETEEN NINETY-FOUR WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ANOTHER RIDE ON THE gravy train. In 1993, Wall Street had turned in record profits and given out the bonuses to match them. People were living at mind-boggling levels reminiscent of the eighties. "My wife and I bought a house for $1 million," says a 36-year-old Morgan Stanley banker. "But it needed a lot of work, about $1 million more. I mean, it was a wreck." A woman who made about $600,000 in 1993 decided to redecorate her country home and spent tens of thousands of dollars switching from Early American to French Provincial antiques.

"It was fucking unbelievable," says one banker about how much money was rolling in. By late last spring, however, it was be-



IENCE TO TELL SOMEONE THAT HE IS GETTING A $500,000 IT WAS $700,000 AND WATCH HIS EYES REDDEN.”

Mark Kostabi
Multiple Lasso, 1983

coming clear that a healthy economy would lead to hikes in interest rates. These increases in turn began to undercut the huge bets that Wall Street had made in the bond market. Most trading departments had borrowed large amounts of money short-term to buy long-term securities. As the Fed began to raise rates, the cost of carrying large inventories of bonds bought with borrowed money increased, the values of these bonds dropped, and losses began to pile up.

Because not all firms run on the same fiscal cycle, the extent of these losses did not immediately become clear. Last November, bankers at Goldman were the first to hear that their bonuses would be cut. At Merrill Lynch, they heard at the end of last month. At Morgan Stanley, employees will learn this month. Across Wall Street, people are expressing their devastation in that strangely ingenuous tone that only people on Wall Street seem able to muster. “I am *shocked,*” says one woman whose bonus came in at about 20 percent less than the $750,000 she was expecting. Leveraged beyond immediate salvation, she was forced to ask a friend for a loan to pay off her American Express bill. As for the $40,000 she owes the IRS in back taxes, “What do they think? They didn’t get it last year,” she says, fuming over dinner at an Upper East Side restaurant, “and they’re not going to get it this year.”

At Merrill Lynch, an investment banker expecting to match his 1993 pay of $620,000 was stunned to learn that he would earn a mere $375,000. “The company screwed me,” he says. One executive who recently administered a number of these selfsame downgradings explains wryly: “It is a singular experience to deliver the message to someone that he is getting a $500,000 bonus when last year it was $700,000 and watch his eyes redden.”

This is not just childish pouting. Because so much of one’s pay now comes at the end of the year, a banker has little way of knowing absolutely how much he or she will earn. Today, base salaries—which range from $35,000 to $200,000—are considered lunch money, and most bankers must estimate their total compensation by extrapolating from the previous year’s bonus. Many then borrow against the expected windfall. When the payoff doesn’t arrive, they can find themselves hugely strapped, even broke. “I have friends who are 35 who bought a $1.2 million home, and they are panicking,” says one banker. Indeed, you can see the impact of Wall Street’s crisis beginning to hit in popular Wall Street home ports like Bronxville. Three-million-dollar homes are still selling, according to an agent at Houlihan/Lawrence’s office in the Westchester suburb, but the market under $800,000 “was quite badly hit. We’ve had a lot of people in Bronxville who are out of work.”

The crisis has also had a profound psychological impact on bankers and their families. To hear men in their thirties tell it, working on Wall Street involves an unspoken contract: Work like a dog; get paid like God. “You give up a lot to get it,” says one man. “You get a beautiful house in the suburbs, a pretty wife—probably blonde—nice-looking kids, and you pay for it. This is not a life.”

David Smith, a lawyer at Rand, Rosenzweig, Smith & Radley who has many Wall Street clients, reports that he began noticing casualties during the second half of last year. “I’m now seeing a different type of work,” he says, “I see people who have trouble maintaining previously purchased apartments, people having problems with lenders, trouble with their co-op boards, trouble maintaining payments. We are seeing a lot of these people getting divorced, and guys with two kids at Dalton who can’t pay for it.”

The feeling of betrayal is most palpable among younger bankers who have yet to cash in seriously. “Look,” says a 24-year-old trader over dinner. “The other day, this guy on the trading floor is sitting at his screen, watching the market move away from him. This is a lot of money he is going to lose. And he stands up and vomits all over the floor. People are under a lot of stress. They *should* be paid a lot of money.” Another young banker, who has just gotten in from a business trip and joins us late for dinner, agrees. He offers up the story of a young investment banker “under a lot of pressure” who burst into hysterical screams and laughter in the middle of a meeting recently and had to be hospitalized.

“Think about it,” says one banker, who is managing to take a 30 percent bonus cut in stride. “If *you* were working on Wall Street, why would you be here? One, it’s exciting. Two, you make a lot of money. There are *no* other reasons to be here.” She lists all the things she’ll be giving up this year: “I won’t be buying a fur coat

Sol Aquino
Corporate Smile, 1985

this year, or new skis, or the $11,500 Cartier Panther watch I wanted." But she is also considering leaving the Street. "I want a house, a car, a fucking *normal* life."

What has been laid bare in the current crisis is the fact that Wall Street has lured a generation of America's best and brightest with money, but not much else. Over dinner at Patzo, on the Upper West Side, five investment bankers in their twenties are trying to recall the glamour that lured them to Wall Street in the first place. "At Princeton," says one, "the investment banks came on campus and rented fancy suites at Nassau Inn and gave these slick presentations. Friends of mine who'd done Wall Street internships talked about having limos—not cars, limos—pick them up. I don't have a deep interest in Wall Street. I was attracted to the allure of it, but now I'm trying to leave this business. I'm at the office at 6 A.M. and I leave at 9 P.M., and we're making no money."

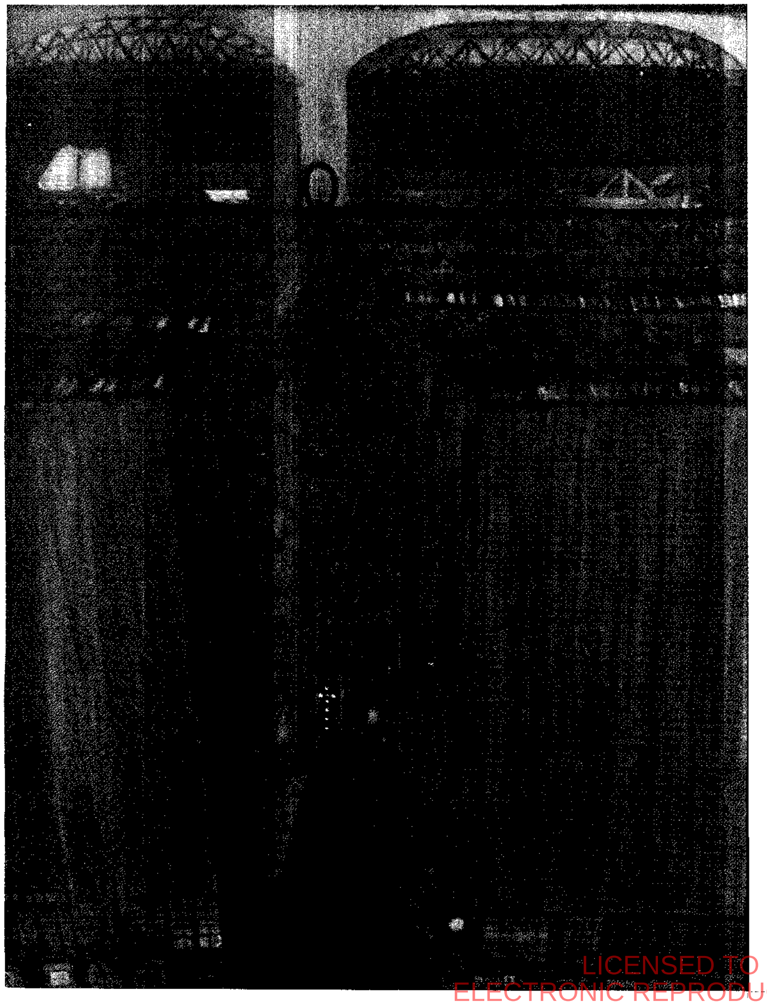
WHEN THE 1987 CRASH HIT, Wall Street was a more confident place than it is today. For the majority of bankers and traders, Black Monday was the first market downturn they had ever experienced. And while working in securities was always risky, that risk until the late eighties largely involved other people's money. Working on the Street was a spectator sport in which bankers advised clients, structured their deals, and took a huge percentage in fees. During the past eight years, however, firms began to take bigger and bigger gambles with their own capital in the drive to increase profits. And trading muscled aside advisory work as the primary source of revenue at many banks. In 1987, revenues from trading were about $10 billion; in 1993, by comparison, they hit $18 billion.

This new emphasis has raised the stakes for the big firms. Goldman, Sachs, for example, has on hand $4.7 billion in capital, which, like its main competitors, it has leveraged some 28 times over to support the trillions of dollars in trades it makes every year. As a result, when there's an unexpected change in interest rates, the effect can be devastating.

With the added pressure has come a loss in collegiality. "Everything today is much more short-term. It's not as much fun," says veteran analyst Perrin Long. Adds a 40-year-old who left banking to become an artist: "Today there is a whole generation who don't understand the role of Wall Street in American society. They are paid on the trades they do. It's become incredibly tiny-minded."

The explosion of new technology is partly responsible. Few new hires are trained as generalists anymore; most are slotted into very narrow jobs. They do mergers or initial public offerings, or they trade pesos—that's it. "It's not a good training ground for creating Pete Petersons," Dean Kehler, a 38-year-old who bailed out of Drexel and started his own firm, the Argosy Group L.P., in 1990, says of the former Lehman Brothers chairman who served as secretary of Commerce. "It'll be difficult to get that out of this generation of Wall Street." Indeed, the narrowly focused mentality described by Michael Lewis in his 1989 book *Liar's Poker* holds true now more than ever. The shriveled, rotting pears strung across the trading floor at Lehman earlier this year—for those ignorant enough not to get the joke—were, as one trader explained, "our collection of female genitalia."

Increasingly, employees have become commodified, not unlike the stocks and bonds they trade. "It's become a what-have-you-done-for-me-lately culture," says Kehler. When the market was up in 1992 and 1993, executives at the big firms went on a hiring binge. Goldman, for instance, increased its staff from 7,200 at the end of 1992 to 9,500 last year, according to an internal memo, and



Ralph Fasanella
Wall Street, 1946

THE TALE OF THE TICKER

Not every sector of Wall Street bombed last year—most of the boutique shops and retail brokerages did just fine—but virtually every major firm was ravaged by the bond-market implosion. The chart below tracks results for a select group of firms for which information was available. Not all firms have released fourth-quarter reports; an asterisk denotes estimated 1994 year-end totals.

COMPANY	**NET INCOME** (in thousands) 1993	**NET INCOME** (in thousands) 1994	**PERCENT DECLINE**	**COMPENSATION EXPENSE** (in thousands) 1993	**COMPENSATION EXPENSE** (in thousands) 1994	**PERCENT DECLINE**	**LOWLIGHTS**
Morgan Stanley*	*$786,052*	*$424,971*	**–45.9**	*$2,048,839*	*$1,769,348*	**–13.6**	*Merger with S. G. Warburg fails*
Salomon Brothers*	*827,000*	*–107,000*	**–112.9**	*1,900,000*	*1,604,000*	**–15.6**	*Long-term debt put on "watch list"*
Bear Stearns	*474,313*	*216,237*	**–54.4**	*1,256,836*	*1,012,549*	**–19.4**	*Unspecified layoffs*
Lehman Brothers*	*355,000*	*123,000*	**–65.4**	*1,825,000*	*1,540,000*	**–15.6**	*One third of brokers let go; no more free lunch*
Bankers Trust	*995,000*	*615,000*	**–38.2**	*1,859,000*	*1,498,000*	**–19.4**	*Bonuses cut 40 percent*
J. P. Morgan	*1,586,000*	*1,215,000*	**–23.4**	*2,221,000*	*2,217,000*	**–0.2**	*Cutting staff by up to 10 percent*
Merrill Lynch	*1,358,939*	*1,016,761*	**–25.2**	*5,255,258*	*4,951,839*	**–5.8**	*Allegedly helped bankrupt Orange County*
PaineWebber	*246,183*	*31,631*	**–87.2**	*1,628,889*	*1,546,467*	**–5.1**	*Unspecified layoffs*

Source: Securities Industry Association, corporate reports, and Sanford C. Bernstein and Co., Inc., estimates.

expenses rose an astonishing 40 percent. When the bond market deteriorated last year—bringing to an end perhaps the shortest go-go era ever—the layoffs and bonus cuts on the Street came quickly and violently, irrespective of an employee's potential long-term value. "The call comes over the squawk box, and everybody hears it: 'John Smith, come to personnel,' " says a trader at Lehman. "You have no warning. One trader came down, and her face was white. She started crying. 'It's all over,' she kept saying. 'It's all over.' " At one firm, 22 people were fired in a single afternoon. "They brought out three Dumpsters," says a banker. "And they started calling out people's names. One would leave, then the next one. They didn't come back, and they just emptied the contents of their desks into the Dumpsters."

This trader-as-commodity culture has led to some very strange juxtapositions. Take Robert Stavis, a young trader at Salomon Brothers who is the Big Swinging Dick of the moment, to borrow Michael Lewis's phrase. In December, Salomon paid Stavis a $30 million bonus—even though the firm lost money for the year—based on the rumored $1 billion he brought in. Fair enough under the bonus system, but hardly a loyalty booster for employees whose bonuses were slashed after they worked 80-hour weeks. "Isn't it his goddamn *job* to trade well?" scoffs one investment banker.

Probably nowhere have the layoffs hit harder than at Goldman, Sachs, the Street's most prestigious and for years most profitable firm. Because it is the last major partnership on the Street, those who make partner stand to reap huge windfalls when they retire. In return, partners agree to reinvest portions of the lavish partnership earnings (reportedly up to $15 million in recent years) back into the company; employees below partner level agree to salaries that are lower than those offered by the competition. Thanks to this unusual pay system and a strong culture that rewarded loyalty, Goldman enjoyed unprecedented stability even during the years following the '87 Crash. This lasted until October, when Goldman announced it would lay off 450 people, about 5 percent of its staff. That number was soon upped to 10 percent. "There was the sense," says one banker, "that they'd take care of you. Now people are terrified."

The firings are ongoing. On January 27, about 700 people were reportedly cut in a single day. According to Goldman sources, by the end of this month, between 1,000 and 1,500 people will ultimately be let go. A Goldman spokesman offered only this Nietzschean comment: "The firm is convinced that by taking the right steps now, even though they may be painful, we will do as well as possible while conditions are difficult and emerge even stronger when industry conditions improve."

The firings have already rocked Goldman's carefully calibrated corporate culture. "A partner once told me that as long as Goldman was making money, it would run smoothly, but the first year it lost money, it would explode in backstabbing and politicking," says a banker at another firm. That prophecy already seems to be coming true. Last fall, a number of partners, some of them far from retirement age, announced plans to leave the firm. At the end of last year, that total hit a record of 35, more than one fifth of the firm's 173 partners. Some of them were encouraged to leave by the managing partners, but most asked to be paid out. To pay those who are leaving, Goldman may have to come up with an additional $600 million over the next five years, which could put pressure on the firm to raise new capital. This in turn is souring the mood of underlings. "People are less sure of Goldman," says one headhunter who for the first time in memory has fielded calls from Goldman bankers looking for work elsewhere. "The feeling is, it's not a stable place anymore. Senior management doesn't have the support."

A majority of the partners are younger people who were elevated only in the past four years. Many of them, sources say, are pressing for a major overhaul of the firm. Unlike their older colleagues, they don't want to wait twenty years to get their money. They want Goldman to go public—which would mean a multimillion-dollar payout for each of them and, incidentally, the end of Goldman's special status on Wall Street. "The pressure is there, and it becomes greater the more younger partners they bring in," says analyst Long, who believes Goldman will go public when the market improves. In the meantime, employees who have not yet had the chance to make partner sense that sticking with Goldman isn't going to be much different from working for any other firm. "The morale there," says a former Goldman banker, "is very low."

THE STREET'S HARD TIMES MAY WELL LAST THROUGH THE YEAR, BUT barring the kind of stock-market turbulence predicted by some analysts, the business should eventually bounce back as interest rates stabilize and the market gets accustomed to its new levels. But some of the damage is permanent. For too many people, the charade about liking to work on Wall Street is over. Interest in the Street at the Harvard Business School, for example, has been declining since 1987. Thirty percent of graduates that year took jobs in the industry; the number last year was 19 percent. As one woman at a regional investment bank puts it self-loathingly: "How can someone have such a narrow view of the universe that they say they *enjoy* this?"

"I think a whole lot of people just know this is the end of an era. Maybe it's cosmic," says a banker at Smith Barney. "The last hundred years have been profoundly materialistic. Maybe the nineties are just the transition." An angry one at that: "The thing that makes a lot of people mad is that the guys at the top have already made their money," says another banker. "They can afford their own cars out of personal money; they have their ski houses. And now there's nothing left for us." ■

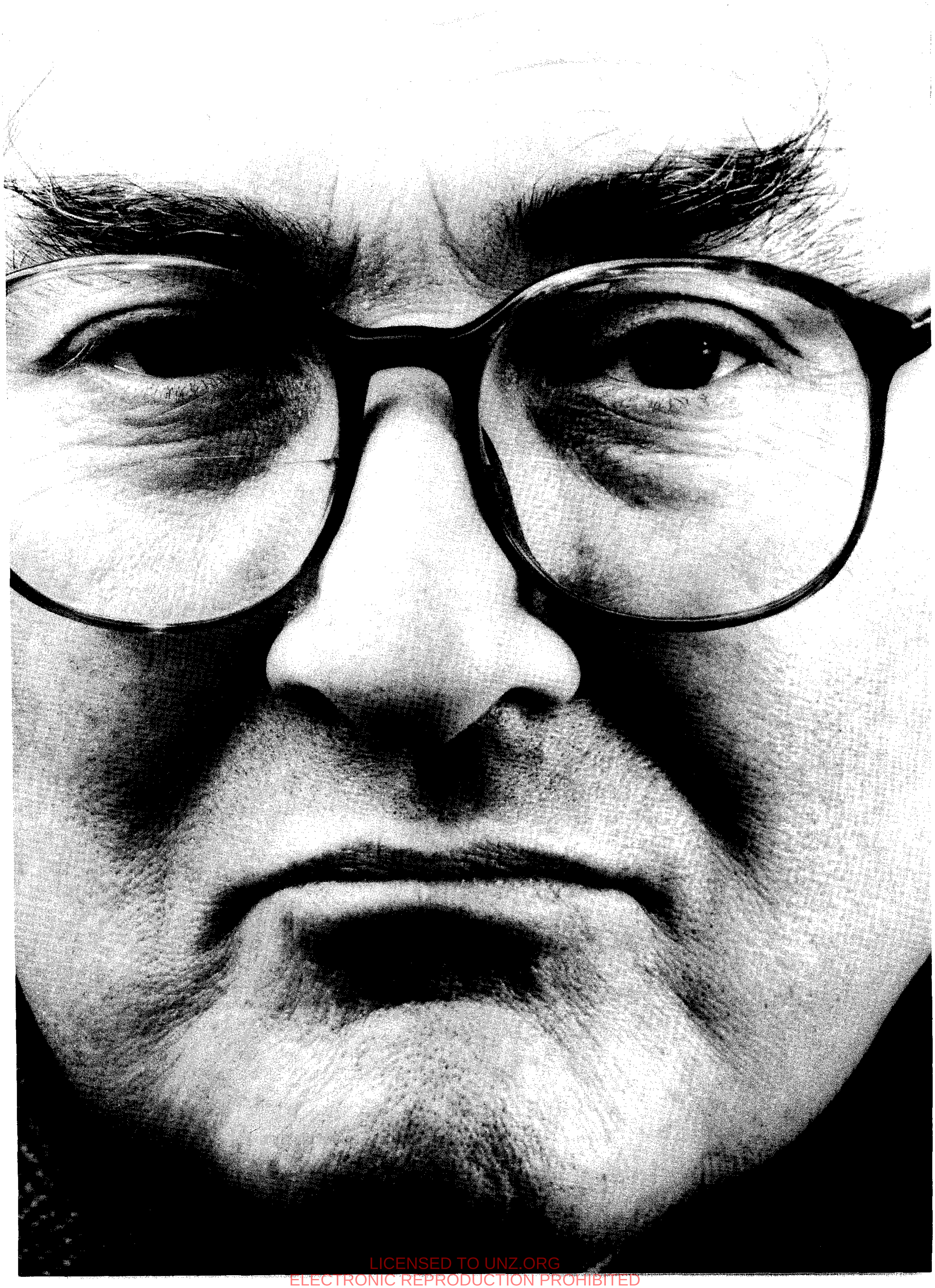
RABID RIGHTIST CULTURAL PIT BULL HILTON KRAMER HA
THE NEW YORK *TIMES* BY ITS PANT LEG AND WON'T LET G

BY CHARLES KAISER

HE BITES

HILTON KRAMER—ART CRITIC FOR THE NEW YORK *Observer*, weekly *Times* basher for Rupert Murdoch in the New York *Post*, and shrill defender of Mathew Arnold–style Western Civilization wherever he writes—launched his career as a journalist with a lie. It was a relatively minor instance of vita enhancement, but big enough to get him his first job. It was the fall of 1952. Kramer was 24, and broke—a little desperate, perhaps. His high-school yearbook predicted he would write the great American novel, but four years later he seemed ready to settle for a job teaching literature. After getting a B.A. at Syracuse, he spent a couple of years bouncing around graduate schools—Columbia, the New School, a brief stop at Harvard, and then a "horrible year" at Indiana University, where he first encountered "serious anti-Semitism."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES McGOON
FOR *NEW YORK*



In the course of his travels, he collected his first three droppable names—Lionel Trilling, Richard Ellman, and Philip Rahv. But after two years, he still had no graduate degree and no money. So the budding intellectual returned to New York to start over.

His first stop was the placement office at Columbia University, to try to find something in publishing or journalism. "The woman there had a folder of my undergraduate record, but she wasn't particularly interested in looking at it," Kramer remembers. "She asked me if I'd been to the School of Journalism, so I naturally said yes. Which I hadn't been. And so through her, I got a job working on the night shift in the New York office of the Agence-France Presse."

"Truth" is what Kramer calls his avocation. "I feel I am equipped to know the truth," he told me, but he would never forget this early lesson about the usefulness of a flexible approach to the facts. Kramer is almost always on the attack, whether he's focusing on the crimes against high culture committed by the Whitney Museum or on the "shameless," "brainless," and "dumbed-down" New York *Times,* the institution that first made him important and is now the sole subject of his column every Tuesday in the New York *Post*. As one of his admirers puts it, "He's a power person—he thrives on that. He knows you get more attention when you score off something than when you praise it."

Here is a typical passage from his column in the New York *Observer* about the last Whitney Biennial, which manages to encompass most of the critic's prejudices in just a few well-chosen sentences:

"There is no point in 'reviewing' the car loads of junk that David Ross' apparatchiks have accumulated for the current exhibition as if it had anything to do with art. Even the people who approve of trashing the museum with this garbage don't pretend to find any esthetic interest in it. They know very well that a show like the Biennial isn't an art event, and wasn't meant to be. It's a straight-out political event, though 'straight' may not be the *mot juste* to describe [it]. . . . But why should anyone go to an art museum for further lessons in the politics of race, gender and class? You can read the same thing every day on the Op-Ed page of The New York Times."

Week in, week out, it's a bone-rattling performance. "It's just wild," says a New York *Newsday* columnist. "He must need an extra set of towels beside him when he writes, because he has to wipe the foam from his lips."

Some are more sympathetic. "Polemics aren't always absolutely keyed to a kind of absolute intellectual rigor," explains Jack Kroll, *Newsweek*'s veteran theater critic, who has known Kramer since the fifties. "He's one of those guys you learn more from by disagreeing with than you would from a hundred guys you may agree with, because he's such a smart guy and such an outrageous guy. And in this business, you've got to be outrageous, or else who gives a fuck? So in that sense, I am a fan of Hilton's. Sometimes you read his stuff and you think, 'Holy shit! He can't be serious! Hilton, what are you doing?' It's a great piece of performance art, among other things."

For three decades, he has been the scourge of the art world—first as art critic for the *Times* and then as founder and editor of *The New Criterion.* And always he has cast himself in the same role: the last virtuous Roman, alone on a rampart, hurling boulders down on the Visigoths below.

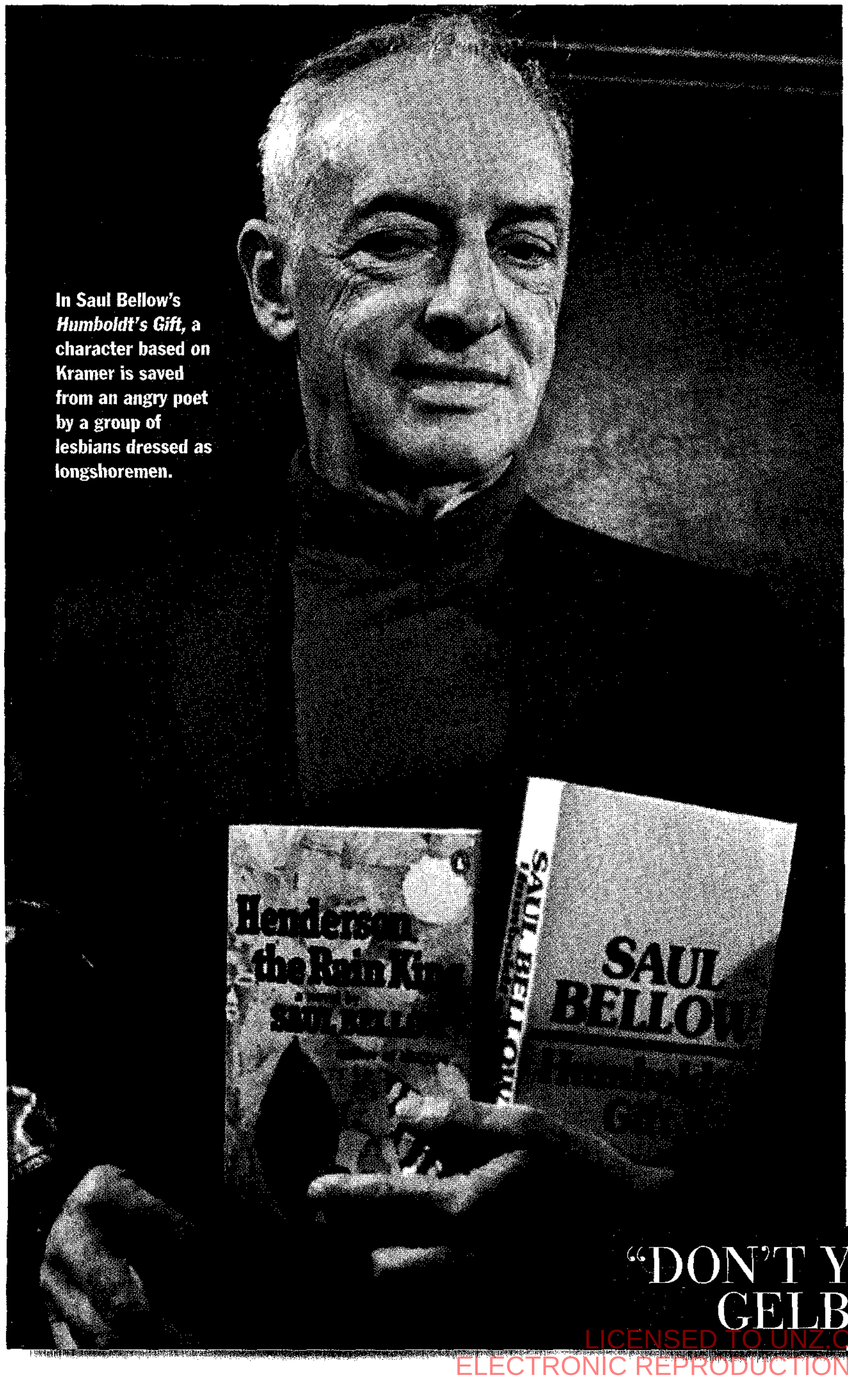
Once, he limited his targets to the Whitney and the Met, to decadent curators such as Henry Geldzahler and his disciples, like Andy Warhol and David Hockney. Today he knows just as much about Whitewater as about Abstract Expressionism, as much about military strategy as about minimalist sculpture.

It was a typical piece of Murdochian mischief to give Kramer a weekly opportunity to attack the *Times,* and the critic confirms it was Rupert himself who suggested it after reading one of Kramer's pieces attacking the decline of cultural coverage in America. And even though he doesn't "always" like the journalism in the *Post,* Kramer says he loves the paper's politics. "It's not my duty to provide a critical estimate of tabloid journalism," he explains. "I'm perfectly happy writing for the *Post.*"

Contrary to the assumption of many of his victims, Kramer left the *Times* on good terms in 1982, having raised the money to start *The New Criterion.* Rather, his problems with the paper stem from "the extreme degree to which the reporting of the news has become politically determined in the *Times.*"

But his anger also has a generational aspect. He considers it criminal for the newspaper to devote so much space to Broadway, television, and rock music; and like so many of his comrades on the right, he's able to hate all three without knowing much of anything about them. It's baffling to him that the *Times* might want to target readers 20, 30, even 40 years younger than himself.

Kramer, in fact, is still happily fighting 40-year-old bat-



In Saul Bellow's *Humboldt's Gift,* a character based on Kramer is saved from an angry poet by a group of lesbians dressed as longshoremen.

"DON'T YOU REALIZE I CARE JUST
GELB SHOUTED. KRAMER STAR

tles. For instance, he believes that the McCarthyite House Committee on Un-American Activities had "a legitimate function" and that it did "more good than bad." The FBI's lifelong investigation of Leonard Bernstein's politics was perfectly appropriate because "it was in the interests of the government to know who was supporting Communist causes." And a "good part of the New York educational system was totally dominated by the Communist Party. It was very difficult to get a job in the system if you were not on the left." (To which American Federation of Teachers president Albert Shanker responds, "I like his art writings, but that's certainly not true. All the hiring was done through a civil-service system.")

One of the principal angels for *The New Criterion* is the John M. Olin Foundation. According to Paul Loeb's book *Generation at the Crossroads,* Olin has spent between $15 million and $55 million every year since the late seventies to push a conservative educational agenda. The foundation's beneficiaries have also included a string of right-wing college newspapers and the notorious *Dartmouth Review.*

Many movers in the art world believe Kramer's vitriolic campaign against Tom Armstrong contributed to the Whitney's decision to remove him as the museum's director. Armstrong, now at the Andy Warhol museum in Pittsburgh, bears no rancor. "It always amused me that a dig at the Whitney was woven into every column no matter what the main subject of abuse," he says. To get Kramer to let up, "my mother said to invite him to dinner. I tried it. It didn't work. I'm very fond of Hilton. I really am. He's a delightful conversationalist." But the dinner didn't work. Kramer resumed his attacks the following week.

Kramer's continuing assault on Armstrong's even more aggressively trendy successor, David Ross, seems to be producing the opposite result. "Because Hilton has been so vicious, the board of the Whitney has no choice," explains a former colleague of Kramer's at the *Times.* "It either has to keep Ross or appear to take orders from Hilton."

His obsession with the political correctness of the left has blinded him to the tyrannization of his own thinking by the dogmas of the hard right. "Everyone knows that Hilton Kramer has never had a heart," says a senior critic at the *Times.* "But what's even sadder for an art critic is that he now has no eye either. He has only a mind programmed to check art for its ideological content."

IN PERSON, KRAMER IS REMARKABLY COURTLY. THE VOICE is of the carefully modulated, *faux*-British variety; and the thinning hair, horn-rim glasses, and habitual bow tie make him look like the naughty English professor at a boys' prep school. Only the Cheshire-cat grin that accompanies every cutting remark gives any hint of the violence of his prose. "I'm really not very angry at all," he said to me mildly over salmon at Giovanni, on West 55th Street. "I'm appalled at times: astonished, disappointed, anxious, worried." Then, improbably, he added, "I think of myself as just being judicious."

In the Kramerian cosmology, the Whitney Museum and the New York *Times* are both caught in the gravity of the countercultural, pot-smoking, authority-defying black hole that was the sixties. As the author of a book that celebrated the possibilities of that decade, I was amused when Kramer used a whole column in the *Post* last month to express his astonishment that after an hour of friendly banter over white wine, some of my questions for him were actually unfriendly.

Kramer often refers to the destruction wrought by the sexual revolution. But since most neocons have concluded that direct attacks on gay people are no longer politically productive, it's been years since Kramer has written anything so provocative as his meditation on "the homosexual's recognition that his condition represents a kind of joke on nature." Nevertheless, gay conservative Bruce Bawer stopped writing for *The New Criterion* after it ran a particularly distasteful account of the gay march on Washington in April 1993. Bawer refused to talk about his previous employer.

Today, Kramer can say, with a straight face, "Some of the people I've been closest to in my life have been homosexual." Still, that doesn't prevent him from comparing the scary present to the lascivious socialism of pre-Hitler Germany: "When you [consider] the unremitting drumbeat in favor of the new racial and sexual politics . . . plus a president in the White House spearheading the drive for gays in the military, you might think we were living in a time that radical libertarians would welcome as a golden age of unfettered freedom. Certainly nothing quite like this epoch of open-ended, anything-goes permissiveness . . . has been seen . . . since the days of the Weimar Republic."

ALL THIS PERMISSIVENESS, THESE RACES and genders and sexual orientations asserting their rights, makes Kramer nostalgic for the fifties. Except for one disturbing interlude, that decade was the first golden period of Kramer's life.

Kramer was 25 and single, running copy at night at Agence-France Presse and discovering the joys of the Manhattan art world during the day. Very quickly he filled E. B. White's prescription for success in Manhattan: He was "willing to be lucky." He was the sort of person you could still call a "gay bachelor" back then, before the unconscionable theft of the G-word. Toscanini was conducting the NBC Symphony, and Penn Station hadn't been torn down yet. "That was a very amusing period of my life," Kramer recalls.

Meeting Philip Rahv in Indiana in the summer of 1951 was a "very important event" in his career. Rahv was the co-founder and editor of the influential intellectual journal *Partisan Review,* and he offered Kramer "a lot of encouragement about pursuing a career as a critic." That fall, Kramer also met the poet Delmore Schwartz; that turned out to be a less felicitous alliance.

Two years later, Kramer submitted his first article to Rahv. By sheer chance, he assured me, he cashed in on his first controversy. "It was called 'New American Painting,' and it consisted mainly of an attack on Harold Rosenberg's idea of action painting," says Kramer. "I had no idea at the time that there had been a long-standing feud between Philip Rahv and Harold Rosenberg. So Rahv welcomed it with open arms. It was just dumb luck."

In his memory, Kramer was an overnight sensation: "Once this first piece appeared in *Partisan Review,* that opened every door for me. Suddenly the entire New York world considered me an important art critic. Because I'd published this article in *Partisan Review.* I was absolutely amazed. I'd never really thought about having a career as an art critic; it would have been ludicrous. But I immediately got a call from what was then called the *Art Digest,* which was a fortnightly magazine, asking me to review exhibitions."

In 1952, Kramer voted for Adlai Stevenson. But the much more important event for the young critic that year was the shift that occurred at the *Partisan Review.* "Rahv at that time was an ex-Marxist," Kramer remembers. "He still considered himself a radical but had decided to make his peace with capitalism and bourgeois American democracy." To celebrate this stance, Rahv put out a special issue of the magazine.

It was a crucial moment for the American intellectual community, in some ways a precursor of the sharp turn to the right of Irving Kristol and his disciples at the end of the sixties. In 1952, the *Partisan Review* asked a glowing array of intellectuals to answer four big questions about the end of their war on America. One of them would frame Kramer's lifelong obsession: "Must the American intellectual and writer adapt himself to mass culture? . . . Or do you believe that a democratic society necessari-

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CK IMPASSIVELY. "I CARE ABOUT THE CONTENT," HE SAID.

TERS FROM CRAZY PEOPLE ALL THE TIME," SAYS
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[illegible] to a leveling of culture, to a mass culture which will over[illegible] intellectual and aesthetic values traditional to Western civilization?"

Kramer's rise culminated in his landing the editorship of *Arts Magazine*. He was meeting scads of artists, including the leading painters of the New York School. He was closest to David Smith and Richard Pousette-Dart. But his friend Delmore Schwartz was about to turn on him.

In 1957, Schwartz was in a severe depression. At the end of the summer, the poet's wife, Elizabeth Pollet, left him a note saying she wouldn't see him again unless he entered a hospital. The note mentioned in passing that Kramer had offered her a chance to write some reviews for *Arts Magazine*.

That year, Kramer had moved into the Chelsea Hotel. "It wasn't filled with wackos then," he says. "This was pre-wacko." Schwartz became enraged by his wife's note, and he decided—for no good reason—to blame Kramer for his plight. He checked into the Chelsea and started haranguing Kramer on the telephone; then he charged Kramer with planning to leave his own wife to marry Schwartz's—though at this point, Kramer had never been married. When Schwartz threatened to kill Kramer, Kramer opened his door a crack and saw that Schwartz was holding a gun. After Kramer recruited a detective, Schwartz went completely berserk and was bundled off to Bellevue.

Later, Schwartz hired his own detective and filed a $150,000 suit against Kramer, accusing him of an "illicit relationship" with Elizabeth, although there wasn't any evidence to support Schwartz's suspicions. But the suit dragged on for a long time.

Kramer's real-life encounter was traumatic enough. But what was even more damaging was the way Saul Bellow portrayed Kramer when Schwartz became the title character in Bellow's 1975 comic novel *Humboldt's Gift*. In Bellow's lightly fictionalized account of Kramer's ordeal, the young critic was renamed "Magnasco." Bellow wrote that Humboldt "jumped Magnasco on Sixth Avenue in front of Howard Johnson's. A group of lesbians gotten up as longshoremen rescued the young man. They had been having ice-cream sodas, and they came out and broke up the fight."

A few lines later, the narrator suggests Magnasco ought to leave town for a while:

" 'Leave?' said Magnasco. 'I only just got here. Down from Yale.'

"I understood [said the narrator]. He was on the make, had long prepared for his career.

" 'The *Trib* is trying me out as a book reviewer,' " Magnasco said.

"When I met Magnasco," the narrator continued, "he proved to be overweight, round-faced, young in calendar years only, steady, unflappable, born to make progress in cultural New York. 'I won't be driven out,' he said."

Kramer was devastated—he considers Bellow "one of the most important writers of my generation." John Leonard, *New York* Magazine's TV critic, who was Kramer's colleague at the *Times* in the seventies, remembers how Kramer felt when the book came out: "*Humboldt's Gift* was a very wounding book to Hilton because Saul Bellow—who may be one of the nastiest people in the world anyway—was his icon. For the whole *Partisan Review* avant-garde in New York—the intellectual elite—Bellow was the proof. . . . This was the real goods: the Jewish American novel at the highest level."

Kramer waited almost twenty years before unleashing his fury against Bellow in *Commentary*. Last year, he called *Humboldt's Gift* "an extended exercise in self-exoneration. . . . I could not abide the way the author had contrived to exempt himself from the moral indictments the book so freely brought against others, indeed against almost everyone." Naturally, Kramer never mentioned his own indictment—because, he told me, "it's a footnote that only about eight people in the world would be able to understand anyway." But he did write in *Commentary* that for him, the Bellow "spell was broken" after this book.

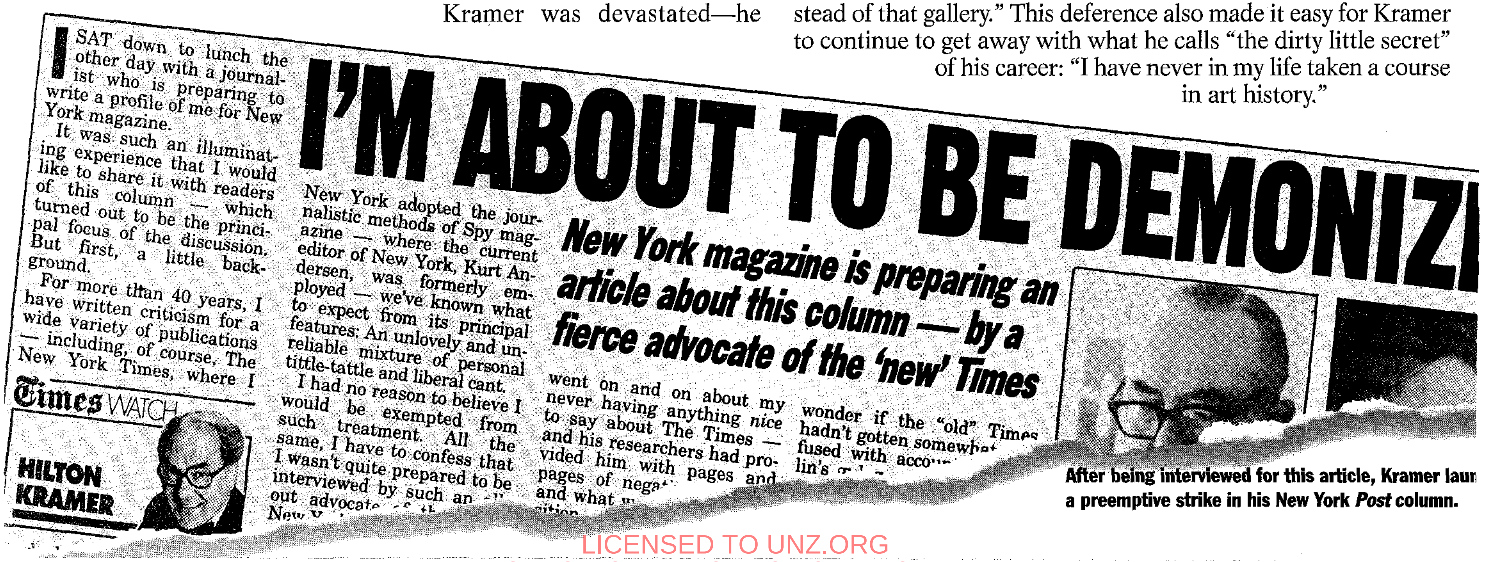
Luckily for Kramer, when *Humboldt's Gift* was published in 1975, he had something much bigger to console himself with. The man Bellow believed was "born to make progress in cultural New York" was now chief art critic of the New York *Times*.

KRAMER HAD ARRIVED AT THE PAPER TEN YEARS EARLIER, WHEN HE was hired by Clifton Daniel to be the art-news editor. When Abe Rosenthal succeeded Daniel as managing editor, and Arthur Gelb became his de facto deputy, Kramer complained so much about cultural coverage that they decided to make him cultural-news editor in 1972. Rosenthal and Gelb were giddily obsessed with the culture of the city they loved. But Kramer was constantly bombarding them and everyone else at the paper—not just his editors but even the publisher—with complaints about how things were being covered. Finally, Gelb couldn't take it anymore. The Metropolitan editor (whose portfolio included culture) always moved across the newsroom at what looked like a hundred miles an hour. He stormed over to Kramer's desk to confront him.

"Hilton!" Gelb shouted. "Stop sending me all these memos! You're driving us all crazy. Don't you realize I care just as much about the image of this newspaper as you do?"

Kramer stared back impassively. "I care about the content," he said.

Others might never have recovered from such an exchange. But Kramer knew exactly how to play his bosses. Rosenthal and Gelb were notorious for the way they sometimes meddled with the work of their critics, but Kramer had one gigantic advantage. As Rosenthal explained to me when he was executive editor of the *Times*, "Art is one of the rare fields of life in which both Arthur and I are humble. I can't tell the art critic to go to this gallery instead of that gallery." This deference also made it easy for Kramer to continue to get away with what he calls "the dirty little secret" of his career: "I have never in my life taken a course in art history."



I SAT down to lunch the other day with a journalist who is preparing to write a profile of me for New York magazine.

It was such an illuminating experience that I would like to share it with readers of this column — which turned out to be the principal focus of the discussion. But first, a little background.

For more than 40 years, I have written criticism for a wide variety of publications — including, of course, The New York Times, where I

Times WATCH

HILTON KRAMER

I'M ABOUT TO BE DEMONIZ

New York magazine is preparing an article about this column — by a fierce advocate of the 'new' Times

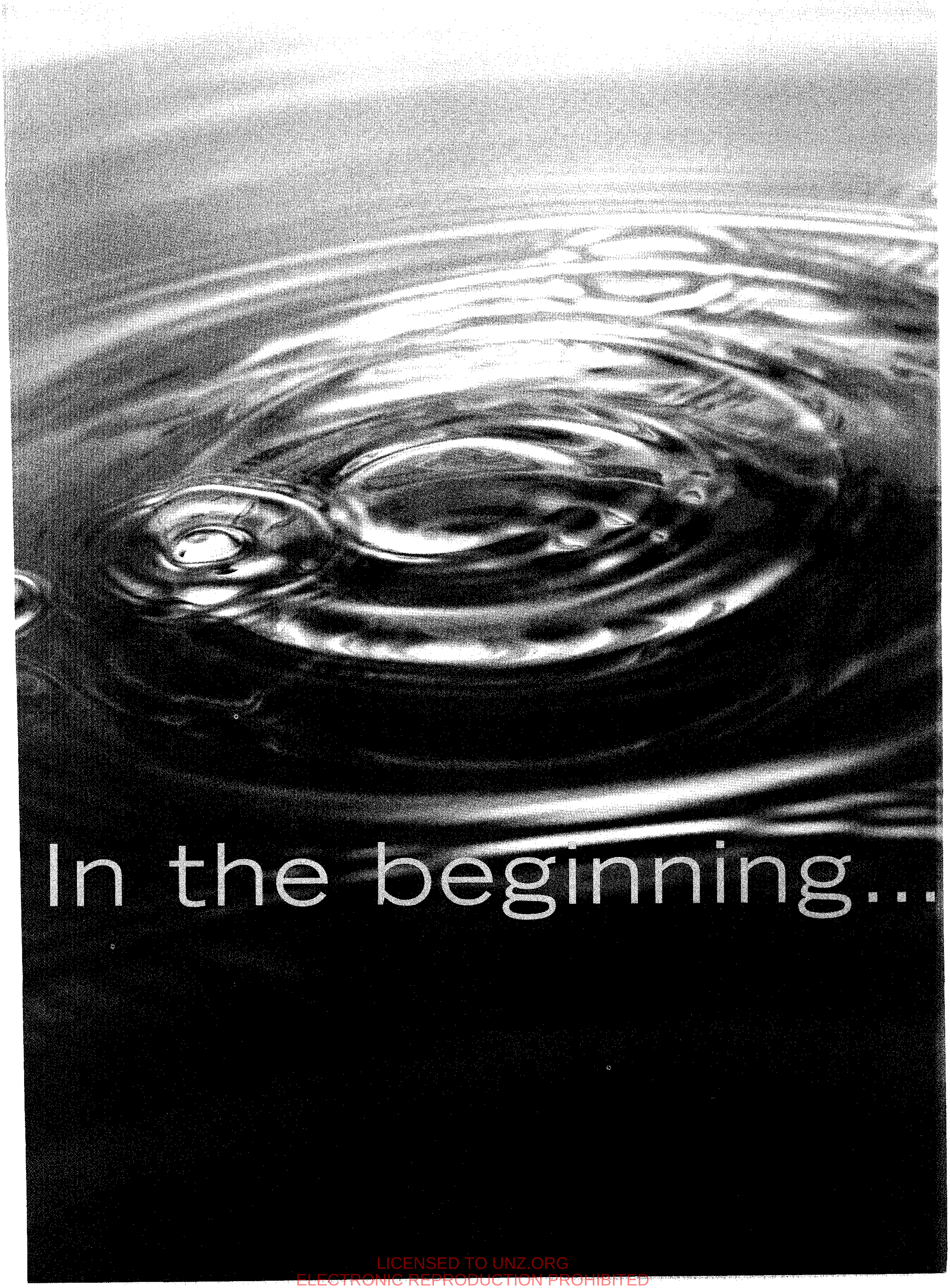
New York adopted the journalistic methods of Spy magazine — where the current editor of New York, Kurt Andersen, was formerly employed — we've known what to expect from its principal features: An unlovely and unreliable mixture of personal tittle-tattle and liberal cant.

I had no reason to believe I would be exempted from such treatment. All the same, I have to confess that I wasn't quite prepared to be interviewed by such an [illegible] out advocate [illegible] New [illegible]

went on and on about my never having anything *nice* to say about The Times — and his researchers had provided him with pages and pages of nega[illegible] and what [illegible]

wonder if the "old" Times hadn't gotten somewhat fused with acco[illegible] lin's [illegible]

After being interviewed for this article, Kramer laun a preemptive strike in his New York *Post* column.



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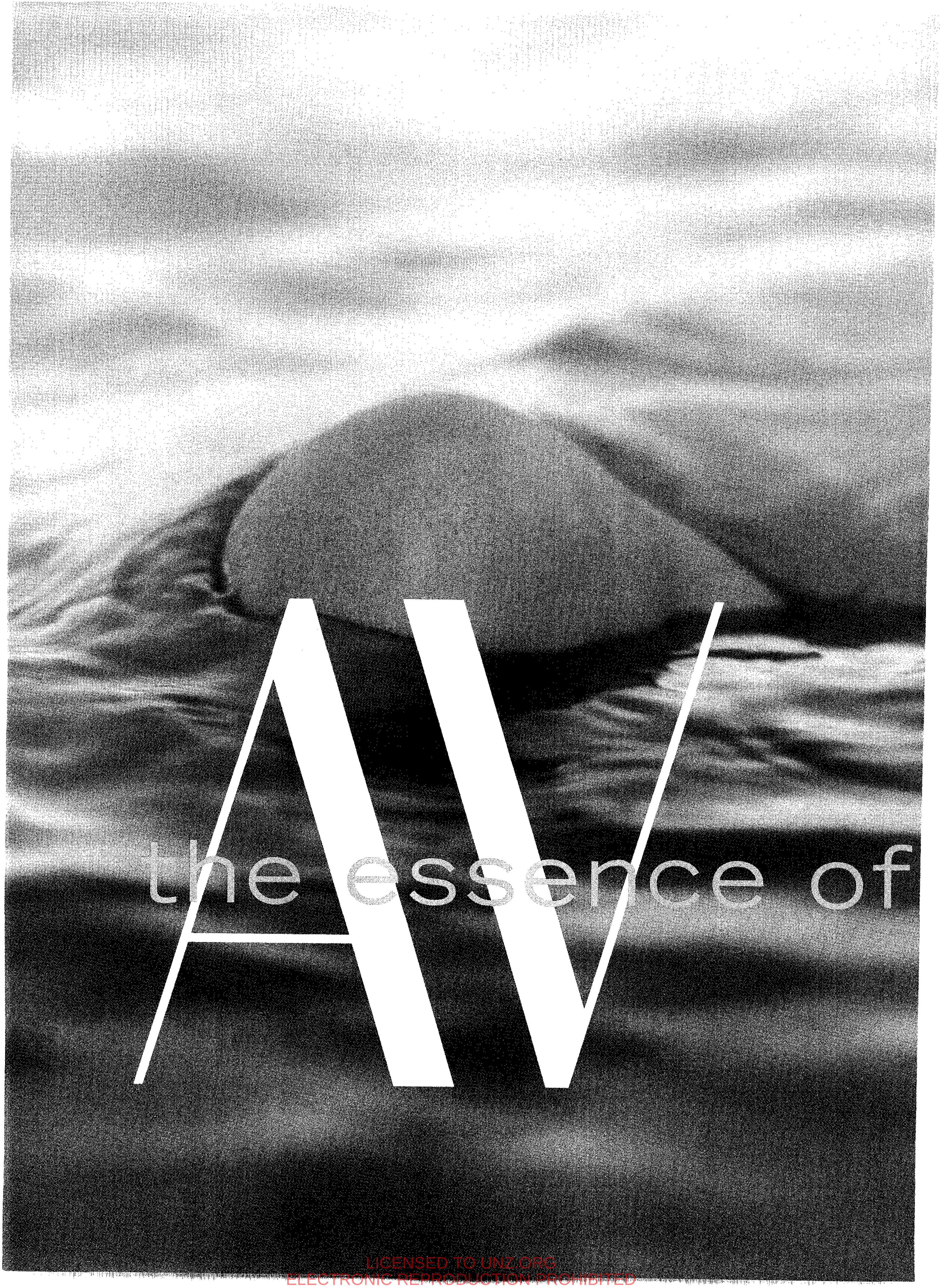
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KRAMER ‘ONLY HAS A MIND PROGRAM
CHECK ART FOR ITS IDEOLOGICAL CO

Kramer’s stint as culture editor lasted only a few months; then he became the chief art critic for nine years. After John Russell arrived to share art-reviewing duties with Kramer, Vincent Canby asked Jasper Johns how he felt about the dueling critics. “Well, it’s the perfect arrangement, as far as I can see,” said Johns. “You’ve got one art critic who hates everything and one who adores everything.”

Another *Times* critic remembers that “Arthur and Abe both looked at Hilton as a cultural arbiter and trusted his judgment tremendously. Back then he was conservative but not crazy. Insecure people like Abe and Arthur almost thought of him as a father figure—someone who upheld standards. His area of strength was their weakest. To them he seemed like a genuinely cultivated man.”

“He raised the level of intellectual discourse at the paper,” says Grace Glueck, an arts reporter whom Kramer encouraged to branch out into criticism. “He is an unembarrassed elitist. I think Hilton is an impossible-ist. He would like to see the world remade to his way of thinking. It’s a continual source of frustration and anger to him that it doesn’t happen.”

HERE LIE THE ROOTS OF KRAMER’S CURRENT fury toward his former employer. For years he played Henry Higgins on West 43rd Street, and he thought of the *Times* as his very own Eliza—with Rosenthal and Gelb alternating as his Colonel Pickering. “I put years of work into building up the *Times*’s coverage, and I went to a lot of trouble to keep it on as high a level as possible,” says Kramer. The Gray Lady became his girl, and at least in the area that mattered most to him, he thought he could control her.

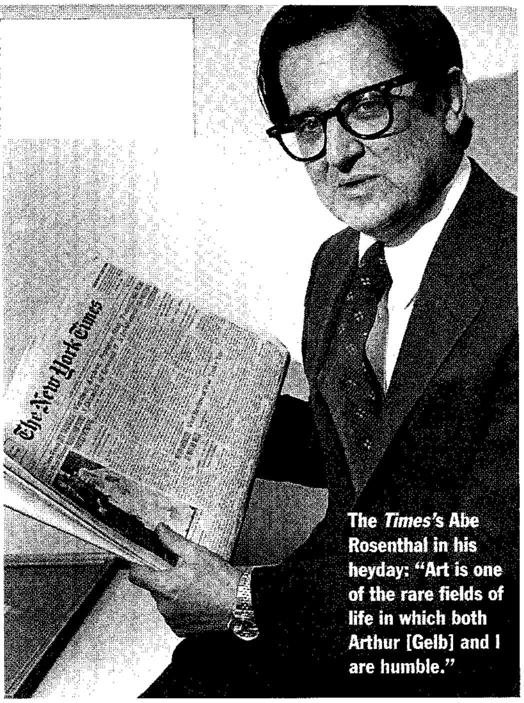
Just like Henry Higgins, Kramer is apoplectic about the present passions of his prodigy. “Rubbish!” Higgins shouts after Eliza announces she will marry Frederick Eynsford Hill. “You shall marry an ambassador! I am not going to have my masterpiece thrown away on Freddy!”

This is exactly the style in which Kramer now speaks about the *Times:* the furious tones of a jilted lover. For the Gray Lady has chosen far more unsuitable companions than Freddy—she’s cohabiting with gay men, feminists, black people, all at the same time. ADVANCING THE CAUSE OF DEVIANCY, bellowed one headline over Kramer’s column in the *Post.* GRAY LADY GOES LAVENDER, screamed another one.

“I have never, never been found to be in error in anything I’ve written about the *Times,*” he claims. In real life, he makes an embarrassing number of mistakes. But the editors and reporters he attacks don’t see any percentage in responding to him. “Look,” says a senior *Times* executive, “I get letters from crazy people all the time. His just happen to get published.”

Kramer complains that military coverage has never recovered since Drew Middleton retired—and doesn’t even realize that Middleton was succeeded by Marine Corps lieutenant general Bernard Trainor, who spent nearly four years in the Washington bureau in the late eighties. Kramer has called Adam Moss the editor of the Sunday magazine when Jack Rosenthal actually holds that title. He thinks the first “important page-one correction” appeared last year, but an earlier one appeared twenty years ago, during Rosenthal’s regime. One week, he misspelled Todd Purdum’s name throughout his column. He even mangled the title of the only famous book ever written about the *Times.* In Kramer’s world, Gay Talese’s *The Kingdom and the Power* becomes *The Power and the Glory.*

More often, Kramer applies his own black-is-white ideological filter to the paper, producing surprising results. A devastating profile of then-mayor David Dinkins by Todd Purdum in the Sunday magazine—which began with the words “He is not so nice” and continued to describe the mayor’s penchant for “eating three course meals from china and crystal in front of aides or guests given cold turkey sandwiches on plastic trays”—becomes, in Kramer’s parallel universe, a puff piece. An even tougher Michael Kelly profile of David Gergen was “toothless,” according to Kramer. Former executive editor Max Frankel used to muse, “I wonder how he’ll deal with our weather report.”


The *Times*’s Abe Rosenthal in his heyday: “Art is one of the rare fields of life in which both Arthur [Gelb] and I are humble.”

“The irony of Hilton Kramer is that he has the potential to have some real impact within the New York *Times,*” says Alex Jones, a former media reporter at the paper who quit to write a book about the Sulzbergers with his wife, Susan Tifft. “But he has squandered that by making his criticism so hysterical and unremitting. If he leavened it by giving the *Times* credit when it was appropriate, people there might pay some attention to what he says. As it is, they completely ignore him.”

“He has persuaded himself that the sixties were nothing but a destructive plague and all remnants of it should be rooted out,” says art critic Robert Hughes. “It’s like looking at the denunciations in the *Malleus maleficarum*”—the standard theological work on the detection of witchcraft a couple of centuries ago, which sanctioned torture to secure confessions. “This was the kind of rhetoric that one associated with the good old-fashioned heresy hunts after the Counter-Reformation.

“I want to emphasize that he made some very serious contributions,” Hughes continues. “He’s had many useful and eloquently expressed insights, particularly in classical modernism.” But now “there’s that stiffening. You don’t like to see people becoming caricatures of themselves.”

Two years ago, Kramer actually attacked Hughes for agreeing with parts of Kramer’s critique of political correctness on the left. “Mr. Hughes exerts himself to occupy some liberal middle ground that, in the real world of politics and culture today, simply does not exist,” he wrote. So much for nuance.

“If you agree with any part of Hilton’s program, you’re a plagiarist,” Hughes explains, “and if you don’t, you’re a Communist.”

Kramer, says Hughes, might have avoided his ideological hardening by the mental exercise of reasoning his way through an entire book rather than sticking to journalism. “I think it might have truly clarified and modified for him some of his fundamental arguments about culture,” he says, “instead of having to constantly repeat them in short takes.”

At the end of lunch, I asked Kramer whether he thought his own columns weren’t even more distorted by ideology than the news reported in the New York *Times.*

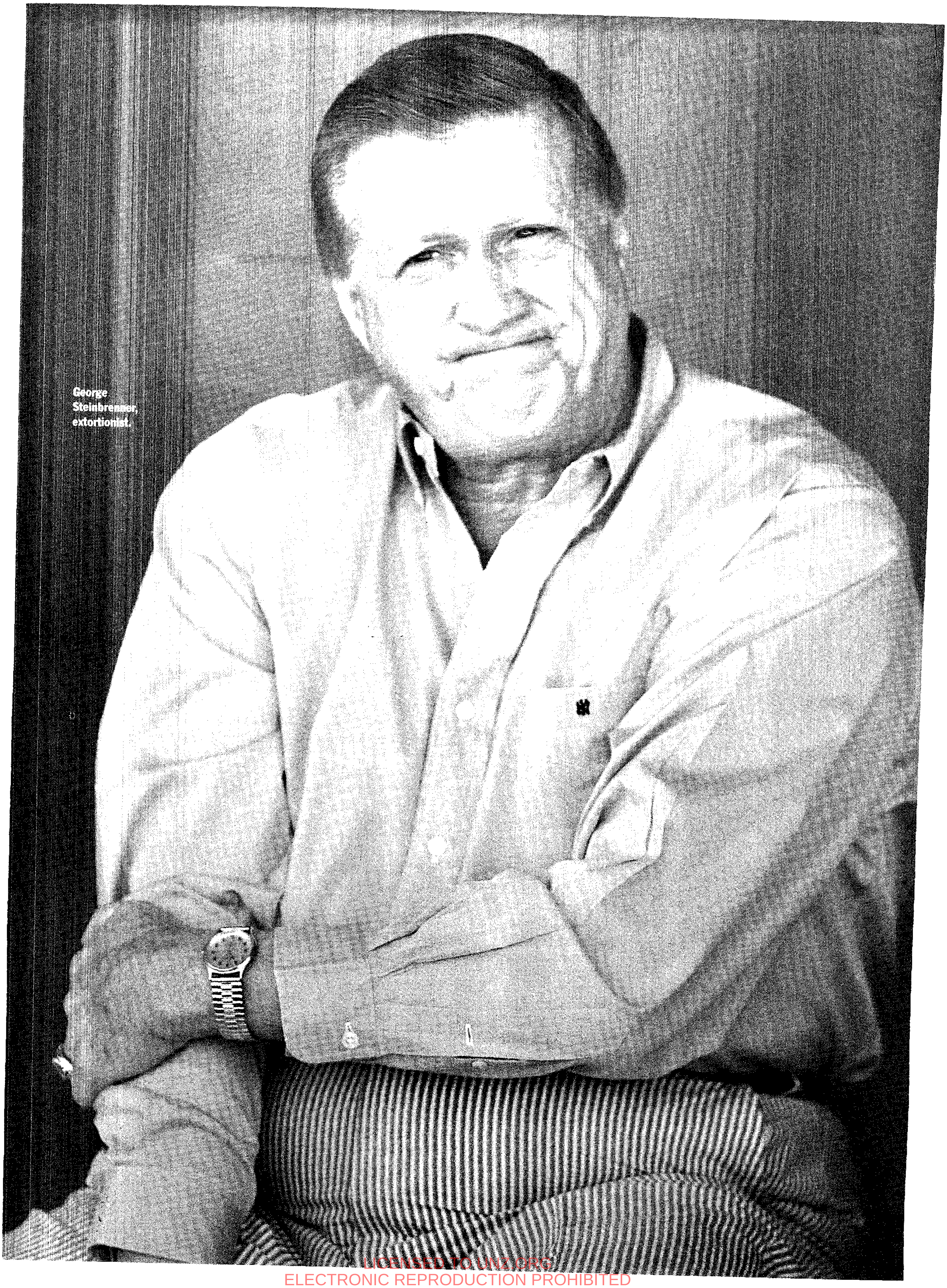
“That’s often been said,” he admitted.

“Do you disagree?” I asked.

“I think there’s probably some truth in that,” Kramer replied. Then he added, in perfect doublethink, “But it doesn’t mean that what I write is not true.”

Maybe a real journalism degree would have helped. ▬

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.



George Steinbrenner, extortionist.

Let Him Walk

Why George Steinbrenner should just take his ball and go play somewhere else—and why he probably won't

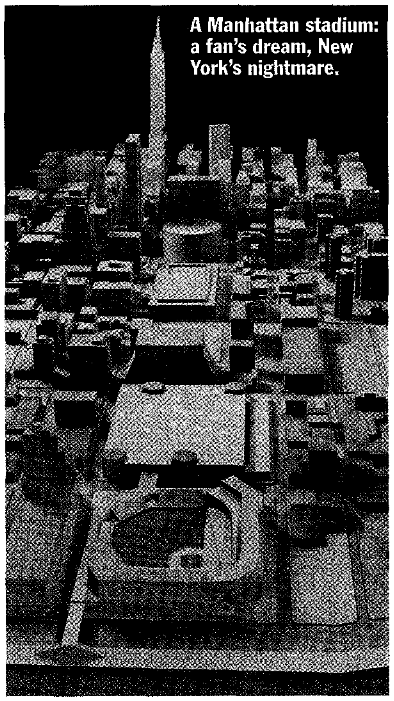
By Eric Pooley

IT HAD ALL THE ELEMENTS OF A SHAKEDOWN. LATE LAST MONTH, "SOURCES CLOSE TO" GEORGE M. STEINBRENNER III, THE TWICE-banned, once-convicted principal owner of the Yankees, leaked a hot story to the weekly New York *Observer:* Steinbrenner, after threatening to do so for years, had decided to abandon the world's most famous sports facility—Yankee Stadium in the Bronx. The story was *almost* true. Steinbrenner wants out of the Bronx and has an under-the-table offer from sports officials in New Jersey, but isn't yet sure where, or even if, he's going. Getting out the truth, however, wasn't the point of the leak. The point was to poke Rudy Giuliani, who wants desperately to keep the Yankees in Yankee Stadium, and see how he'd react. "What George was doing," says another source close to Steinbrenner, "was leveraging the city away from the idea of rebuilding Yankee Stadium and closer to a new stadium in Manhattan. It worked."

IT WAS NO COINCIDENCE THAT THE story broke on the same day that Steinbrenner went to Gracie Mansion for a breakfast meeting with Giuliani, who showed him the city's latest plan to renovate Yankee Stadium and its scruffy South Bronx neighborhood. "Proposal No. 15," as Steinbrenner derisively called it, would restore Yankee Stadium to its original, pre-seventies state of grace (the architect is HOK Associates, the firm responsible for Oriole Park at Camden Yards). The ballpark would be the heart of a "Yankee Village"—with a network of roads, bridges, tunnels, and parking garages leading suburban fans safely into an *entertainment enclave* of shops, restaurants, a baseball museum, and quiet elevators *whoosh*ing up to luxury sky boxes high above the field. The unsightly neighborhood would be hidden behind a huge retaining wall that would mimic the stadium's original façade.

All of this—plus a new Metro-North station and a bridge over the Harlem River, linking Manhattan directly to a Yankees parking garage—would cost a staggering $600 million, or four times as much as the state of Maryland spent on Camden Yards. (That $600 million price tag doesn't factor in the cost overruns that drive stadium constructions an average of 73 percent over budget, according to a recent study of fourteen projects.) No one has been asking how the city and state—both facing fiscal crises—plans to float so many bonds and carry so much new debt. People were too busy wondering whether Rudy could *keep the Yankees*.

This is a story about the ugly business of baseball—not the strike that killed last season and threatens the coming one, but the essential drama of the modern sport: owners (like Steinbrenner) blackmailing host cities into obscene stadium deals, and politicians (like Giuliani) unable to say no. Since fans are becoming ever more alienated from this greediest of games, now is the perfect time for the mayor to stand up to the extortionist and call his bluff: Make Steinbrenner a generous but affordable offer, and tell him to take it or leave it. If necessary, let him go to the Meadowlands.


A Manhattan stadium: a fan's dream, New York's nightmare.

For starters, Steinbrenner is not as eager to move as he pretends. He fears the inevitable public-relations hit, and may sense that it's a lot easier to fill a New Jersey stadium 8 times a year, as the Giants do, than 81 times, as the Yankees would have to do. And the offer from New Jersey, sources there say, has one small, hitherto unreported drawback: It requires Steinbrenner to finance his own stadium, the way Miami Dolphins owner Joe Robbie did recently. The New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority would be giving him the land, but Governor Christie Whitman has said she won't spend tax dollars on a ballpark. Steinbrenner's other possible funding source, a casino-redevelopment fund, could kick in some $25 million a year, though Atlantic City politicians would fight the diversion. The casino money, together with the stadium's own revenue flow, makes self-financing feasible for Steinbrenner. The idea might have its attractions—marketing considerations aside, he'd be able to name the ballpark after himself—but it's riskier than his offer from New York, in which bonds from a state authority foot the bill for him.

Before Giuliani enters into serious negotiation with Steinbrenner, the mayor should demand, as Christie Whitman has, that the owner commit himself to either state rather than playing them off each other to drive up his price. Steinbrenner must be made to answer this question: Does he want to be remembered in perpetuity as the man who stole the Yankees? Of course, even if he answers the question, no one will believe him. In this connection, it's hard not to think of what another team owner, Jerry Reinsdorf of the Chicago White Sox, said when someone asked him how he could tell when Steinbrenner was lying. "His lips move," Reinsdorf said.

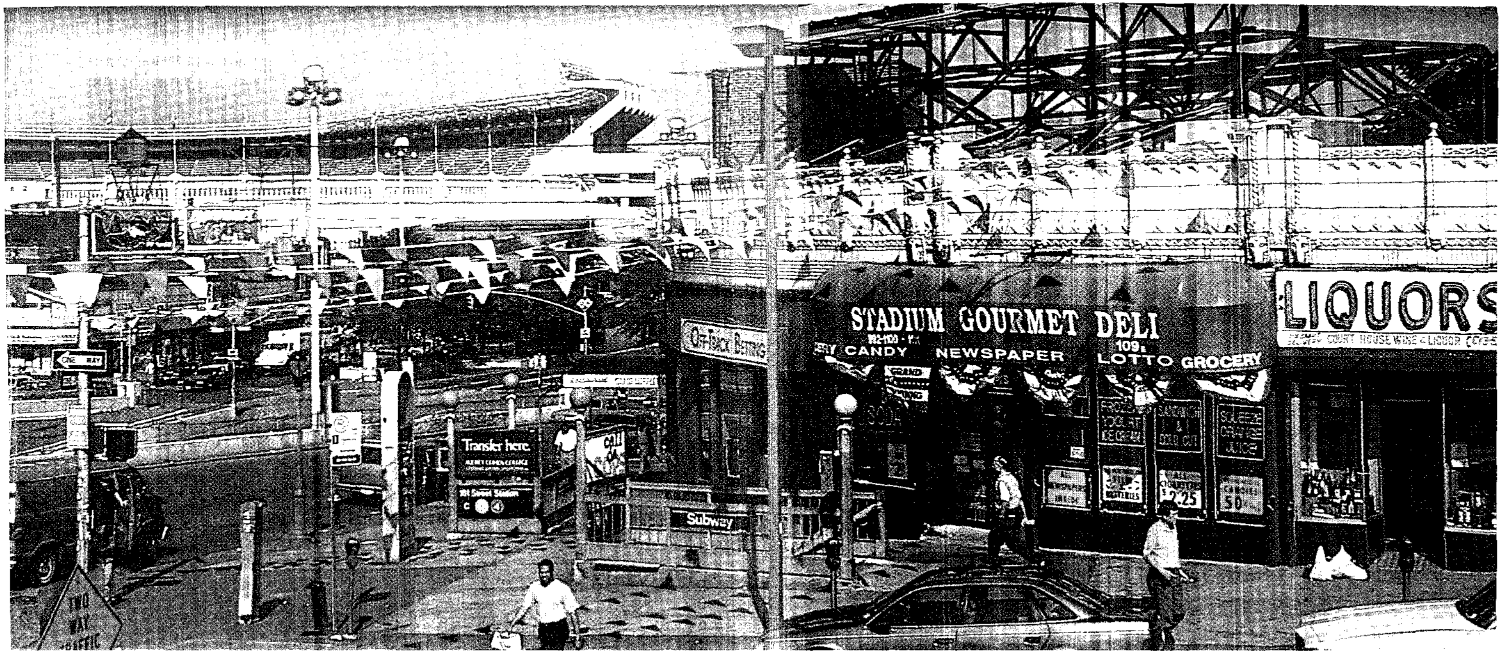
"IT'S AN ABSOLUTE, TOTALLY FABRICATED *lie*! It's so ridiculous, it's just crazy!" Typically, Steinbrenner was grabbing a chance to fulminate in public, denying (and denying, and denying) the *Observer* story he apparently caused to be leaked. Then he muddied the waters further by riding to Hackensack for lunch with Jon Hanson, the former chief of the Sports Authority, which runs the Meadowlands. Meanwhile, Steinbrenner's friends were scoffing at the new Yankee Stadium–renovation scheme. "George is very, very sour on the Bronx," said one, "and he doesn't believe anyone's going to underwrite the astronomical sums needed in that location, because your return on investment there is *minimal*. There's no synergy there, no economic multiplier. If you build 4,000 garage spaces, for instance, they'll be empty all but 81 days a year." All of which is a very M.B.A. way of saying that Steinbrenner doesn't believe in putting big money into a slum.

Baseball isn't Steinbrenner's favorite sport—making money is. He has over the years dialed up his demands for staying put from $70 million in 1988 to $600 million today. His best day on earth came in 1988, when he signed a twelve-year, half-billion-dollar cable-TV deal, stealing most Yankee games from non-cable households and taking a $25 million personal signing bonus. He and his partners then paid themselves a $100 million windfall; Steinbrenner got $55 million of that. (He was supposed to share 10 percent of the cable money with the city, but somehow never did.) Another great day came in 1993, when his lobbyists persuaded Congress to pass a $58 million bailout of his bankrupt shipbuilding company.

Steinbrenner isn't entirely driven by money, though. He also likes to see people squirm—pulling a pitcher from the rotation, leaving a manager twisting in the wind, berating an elderly locker-room attendant. So he has no doubt been savoring the effect his threat to leave town has had on another tough guy, Rudy Giuliani. The mayor has adopted a most uncharacteristic bargaining posture: somewhere between genuflection and abject prostration. Yankees fan and mayor of a fitfully resurgent city, Giuliani is desperate to keep the Yankees in town. He worries that losing the team would be psychologically devastating for New York and politically lethal for him. As much as he'd like them to stay in the Bronx—that wins him big points—he knows it isn't likely. So he needs to be visibly doing all he can to promote the Bronx renovation while at the same time letting Steinbrenner know that if he rejects that offer, the mayor has a better one just waiting for him.

That may be a way to dance a minuet, but it's a ridiculous bargaining position. Steinbrenner has the city bidding against itself. And the fallback position—not yet on the table in any formal way but much-discussed behind the scenes—is a new stadium on the far West Side of midtown. "If

We should quash the idea of some luxe Manhattan st



George knew the idea was doable," says his associate, "if he knew City Hall was going to the mat to make it happen, he'd take Manhattan in a minute."

IT'S THE WELL-HEELED BASEBALL FAN'S dream, the sort of voluptuous sports fantasy that could make one forget, if only for a moment, the ugliness and avarice laid bare by the strike. Imagine: The Empire State Building splits the skyline beyond the right-field fence. Pleasure boats bob in the Hudson just outside the stadium, listening to the game and waiting for slugger Paul O'Neill to hit one out of the park and into the river. Shrimp escabèche (from Restaurant Associates, or some such outfit) is brought directly to your overpriced seat. There's the mayor, there's little Andrew smashing cotton candy into his sister's hair, and there's Donald Trump waving from his private box.

This is boys-and-their-toys writ large—a rare chance in this sober era to indulge in flights of big-development fancy. The possibility, the barest *rumor,* of a luxe Manhattan stadium must have the current crop of developers (still fighting their way out of Chapter 11) and officials (still pining for the boom years) drooling into their speakerphones. But the city should quash the idea now, before the power elite gets too het up, because from every angle it has the look of a nightmarish boondoggle.

The Manhattan stadium is the brainchild of real-estate executive Sandy Frucher, a longtime adviser to Mario Cuomo. The governor floated the idea in 1993, and took considerable heat for it—in part because admitting that the Yankees may leave the Bronx was politically taboo; in part because the idea was too rich for the recessionary times. Consider: The stadium would be constructed on a $125 million platform above the 30-acre MTA train yard, a parcel bounded by West 33rd and 31st Streets and Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues. With the Javits Convention Center just to the north and Madison Square Garden four blocks east, the stadium and its parking garage (built on *another* $100 million platform) would have synergy galore. But the facility would also create horrific traffic jams—imagine thousands of cars trying to come in through the Lincoln Tunnel during the afternoon rush, when everyone else is trying to get out.

"Not a problem," says Frucher. "Traffic is a false issue." Local activists disagree—and even Giuliani's people wonder if the plan can survive the inevitable court challenges (of the kind that finally killed the far more reasonable Westway in 1985). A gaggle of West Siders has already started faxing opposition letters all over town.

"There's knee-jerk opposition, but the site is not undeliverable," says an insider. "Trump got *his* through, didn't he?"

"This would be the premier sports facility in the world," says a city official, inevitably. "It would help the far West Side bloom. We'd have the Yanks in Manhattan, and we might get the Jets back. We could get rock concerts, conventions. Put a retractable dome on it, and we could get the *Super Bowl!*"

That retractable dome, by the way, would add $50 million to the project's price tag—which could reach the billion-dollar mark before all is said and done. Even at $600 million, the interest on all the bonds comes to $40 million a year—without paying down the principal.

"Not a problem," says a Giuliani aide. "You pay off the bonds with revenues from the facility."

Right. "That strategy really doesn't work anymore," says a banker who's familiar with the state Department of Economic Development's financing plans. "They don't know how they'd pay for it, because in most stadium deals the team gets the bulk of the facility's income—cities and states might get a buck a ticket or a piece of the parking, but that won't pay the debt. Pretty soon you're talking about raising taxes—a half-percent increase in the sales tax, a hike in the liquor or hotel tax."

Oops. Aren't we supposed to be living within our means these days? The city and state are cutting everything from welfare and Medicaid to mass transit and schools. Not just operating but capital budgets are getting slashed; we lack the money to build schools, renovate subway stations, and maintain bridges. So how can we be talking about a $600 million stadium deal in the Bronx or Manhattan? When does the cost of appeasing Steinbrenner become more than the city and state care to pay?

So far, there's no sign that anyone in City Hall is considering such questions. The city's blithe deputy mayor for economic development, John Dyson, summed up the administration's attitude this way: "If in the end George Steinbrenner says no [to the Bronx], *we have no choice* but to keep them elsewhere in the city."

DYSON HAS IT WRONG; THE CITY does have a choice. It can move ahead with its offer to keep the Yankees in the Bronx, and then stand firm. "New York City should never allow itself to be extorted," the mayor said last month. "No business, no corporation is so important that it can, through pressure, create public policy." Unless, he might have added, that corporation is the New York Yankees—because Giuliani (who made his brave declaration when Philip Morris threatened to leave town over the smoking ban) has shown no sign of standing up to Steinbrenner. Sports has a way of undoing the most levelheaded of public officials, and Giuliani is no exception. "He will *not* be the mayor who loses the Yankees," says a friend. "It's a macho thing."

"When a franchise threatens to leave town, city fathers very often lose their heads," says Dean Baim, a sports econo-

m now. before developers and officials get all excited.

mist at Pepperdine University and the author of *The Sports Stadium as a Municipal Investment.* Baim argues that the city can't afford to let Steinbrenner control the negotiation. "Early on, the city should make a public announcement: 'We have budget constraints. We're going to negotiate, but we're not going to sacrifice our schools and subways and police force just to keep the team from moving ten miles away. If the owner wants more than we can afford, we wish him well.' If you do otherwise, you're at his mercy."

THREATENING TO LEAVE TOWN didn't start with Steinbrenner. As far back as 1969, the previous Yankees owner, CBS, was making noises about abandoning the Bronx; the city placated the network by buying Yankee Stadium and committing to a $25 million stadium renovation that ended up costing four times as much—and robbed the stadium of a good deal of its charm, swathing its quirky urban character (Gothic details and such) in the bland fashion of that architecturally miserable era.

Built by beer baron and Yankees owner Jacob Ruppert in 1923 at a cost of $2.2 million, the stadium saw its home team win an unbelievable 22 world championships over the next 55 years. Ruth, Gehrig, DiMaggio, Mantle; Don Larsen's perfect World Series game and Reggie Jackson's three straight homers in the 1977 series—no sports palace on earth can rival the place for splendid history. And therein lies the essence of Steinbrenner's blackmail scheme. He is, in effect, threatening to pack up those memories and move them out—to deprive New York baseball fans of the thrill of riding uptown on the No. 4 train, bursting from the tunnel and seeing the stadium pouring light into the evening sky. How much are a city's traditions worth?

Not much, it would seem. Only 15 percent of Yankee fans arrive on the subway; the Yankees have for decades attracted an essentially suburban fan base, so logic suggests the suburbs are the best place for them. Giuliani wants the stadium to draw those fans into town—sound economics—but is willing to overspend because sentiment is clouding his business judgment. Steinbrenner, you may be sure, isn't letting it cloud his. As he says, "Tradition is important, *but.*"

The team's psychic contribution to New York has been shrinking for decades, anyway. Most of the responsibility for this, of course, lies with Steinbrenner. While sucking perhaps $100 million in personal profit from the team, he has been a constant source of profound unpleasantness, blaming the "perception of crime" for low attendance that had more to do with high ticket prices, mediocre on-field play, and public disgust with Steinbrenner—whose ranting, meddlesome ways (21 managers in 21 years) destroyed what used to be called "Yankee Pride" and led *Newsweek* to put him on the cover as THE MOST HATED MAN IN SPORTS.

Every Yankee fan has a collection of George moments: the time the players got together in the clubhouse for a ceremonial burning of a Steinbrenner press release, or the time he threatened to make his top executives take lie-detector tests to find out who'd said something unkind about him. Aficionados will recall that in 1990 the commissioner at the time, Fay Vincent, slapped Steinbrenner with a "lifetime" suspension because the Yankee owner paid $40,000 to a gambler who'd been digging up dirt on Yankee outfielder Dave Winfield, whom Steinbrenner hated. At Yankee Stadium in 1990, Steinbrenner's suspension from baseball was met with a 90-second standing ovation.

For the first decade or so after Steinbrenner and his partners bought the club from CBS, in 1973, his wrangling with the city was limited to getting New York to live up to its lease obligations—providing enough parking spaces, for example. That changed in the eighties as the team entered its decade-long slump, with the Mets riding high in Queens and Yankee Stadium attendance correspondingly low. Steinbrenner blamed the lack of "fannies in the seats" on his parking problem (a legitimate complaint, with too few slots in lots scattered around the neighborhood) and the "perception of crime" (a euphemism for race: Years go by without a robbery at the stadium, and most arrests involve disorderly fans). In 1988, Steinbrenner demanded a $90 million package of improvements—sky boxes, a restaurant, a Metro-North station, a parking garage—but as soon as the city agreed, he walked away from the deal.

In June 1993, the city was offering a new menu of stadium improvements: everything promised before, plus a baseball museum, ferry service from Manhattan, and a neighborhood-redevelopment initiative called "Bronx Center," which envisioned new housing, a new courthouse, and a new Police Academy, all in the vicinity of the stadium.

Steinbrenner wasn't impressed. Everyone in the organization was telling him to get out of the Bronx. His friends in New Jersey were promising a new stadium with a guaranteed-attendance clause. That's why, a week after the Bronx Center plan was unveiled, Mario Cuomo made a little announcement of his own: Steinbrenner was unhappy, the governor said, the Yankees were looking around, and Cuomo was going to help. One possible site was a 30-acre rail yard on the western edge of midtown. The state estimated that the stadium and a parking garage for 8,000 cars could be built there for $300 million. The supposed cost has thus doubled in two years.

Dean Baim, the sports economist, argues that the Yankees' economic contribution to the city "can't possi-

Think of Yankee Stadium as a large open-air, city-sub

bly justify a $600 million stadium. If I were the mayor, I'd be packing George's bags." City comptroller Alan Hevesi estimates that the Yankees generate more than $200 million a year in direct and indirect economic activity to the city—ticket sales, concessions, hotels, restaurants, media fees, and the like—but Baim and others call the figure misleading. Almost one third of the total, for example, comes from Steinbrenner's $60 million–a-year TV deals—as if all of that money were pumped right into the New York economy. (A substantial chunk of it seems to have gone to Tampa, Florida, where Steinbrenner has been using Yankees profits to prop up his shipbuilding business.)

The Yankees' direct economic contribution to the city, in fact, is paltry. The team pays $5 million to $7 million a year in city taxes, but the city routinely loses money on the stadium it spent $100 million to renovate in 1973. Under the agreement, the Yankees pay rent to the city, maintain the stadium, and deduct the maintenance costs from the rent. Through the eighties, the plan let Steinbrenner turn a $2.1 million rent into an actual average payment of less than $200,000 a year. So far in the nineties, Hevesi reports, "the Yankees have not paid rent and the city has not benefited directly from the lease." Factor in the cost of servicing the stadium debt (New York is still paying off the bonds from its seventies renovation), and the city loses big—$2 million in 1992 alone.

Yankee Stadium can best be thought of as a large open-air, city-subsidized TV studio that costs Steinbrenner next to nothing to rent, about $2,500 per home game, and allows him to create lucrative programming. Unlike other television shows, the Yankees have a studio audience that pays $20 million a year for its seats—and $15 million more on some of the most expensive hot dogs under the sun.

Little of this trickles down to the Yankees' neighborhood. When fans show up for a game, they see a few sad souvenir shops and sports bars in a decrepit, though not aggressively dangerous, neighborhood of tenements, tax-prep offices, and coffee shops. Most fans spend nothing outside the park. There's no "multiplier effect" for the Bronx, as Steinbrenner's money people might say. The ball club employs 25 players, 50 "front office" people, 25 maintenance workers, and 400 part-time seasonal workers—with few jobs for locals above the level of pretzel vendor. The richest franchise in sports could pull out of the Bronx tomorrow, and its neighbors would barely notice.

I spent a January Saturday afternoon in the area, and saw not a single Yankees insignia on anyone's cap, jacket, or car. The neighborhood so mistrusts the team that when the city closed a softball field because of a lead-poisoning scare, in 1993, people called it a Steinbrennerian ploy to annex the park. They were prescient: McCombs Dam Park would become a parking garage under the new plan. The Yankees and the city are worried about how the community will react to the news; when John Dyson unveils the renderings at a public meeting later this month, howls of protest are expected, even though the city promises new parkland elsewhere in the neighborhood.

Inside Macombs Dam Park, I interrupted four young men discussing the Knicks to ask whether they thought the Yankees would move to Jersey. My question was met with laughter. "The *Yankees*?" said a slight teenager in a cockeyed California Angels cap. "They still here?"

TO CALL STEINBRENNER'S BLUFF, the city must be prepared to see his team go. How bad would it be, really? Despite predictions of a crushing blow to the city's self-esteem, I suspect that for most New Yorkers, the impact of a Yankee Stadium in New Jersey would be negligible. Comparisons to the Dodgers' leaving Brooklyn for L.A. are misplaced; the better analogue is the football Giants' move across the river, in 1977. It was a slap; we got over it.

In the same way, the Yankees would still be the Yankees: Their games would still appear on our television sets. A trip to the ballpark would be a bland suburban experience rather than a heady dose of Ken Burns–ian nostalgia. That's a loss. But if we accept its possibility, we rob Steinbrenner of his power over the city.

Revenge fantasies, though satisfying, should be resisted. One attractive notion—applying the eminent-domain clause to the Yankees, condemning and buying the team for its fair market value, then running it as a nonprofit municipal corporation—fails on several grounds. Though the city could conceivably buy the team for $300 million (half the cost of a new stadium), New York would be no better at managing baseball than it is at managing the Human Resources Administration. The idea runs counter to Giuliani's sensibly minimalist privatizing ethic. It has been tried before (by Oakland and Baltimore when their football teams left town) but failed both times.

A more modest revenge—suing the Yankees to prevent the team from calling itself "New York"—would be counterproductive. The franchise name is world-renowned, spreading the image of the city as well as the team. Tokyo residents in New York Yankee caps needn't know that the team actually plays in Jersey.

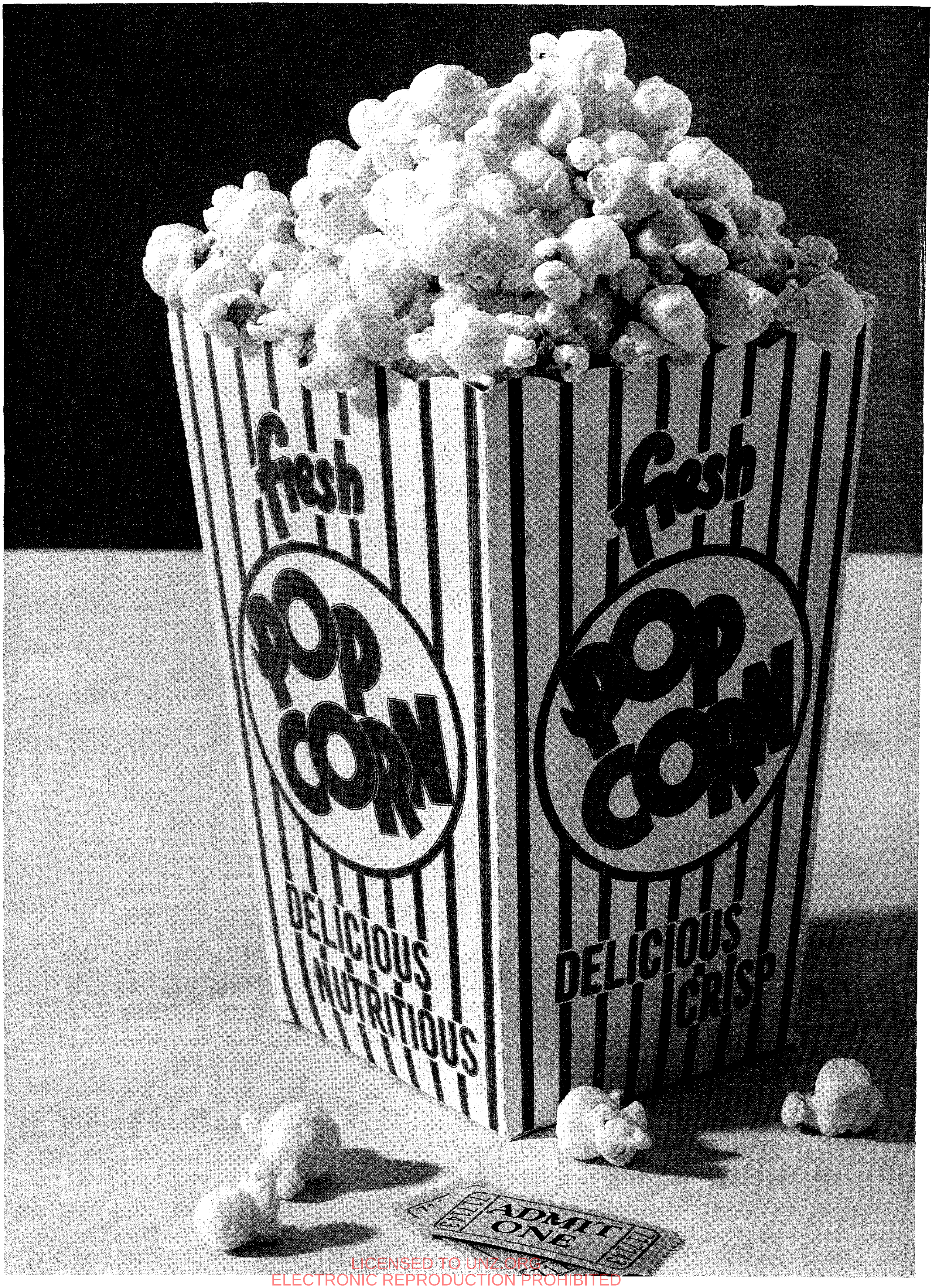
In the Bronx, officials are already working on an alternate-use plan for Yankee Stadium: attracting soccer and college-football games, rock concerts, and the like. "We wouldn't raze the stadium," says Bronx Borough President Fernando Ferrer. "We'd fill it with life. Maybe we'd even get another major-league team to move in."

That dream can't come true unless Congress repeals the antitrust exemption that has allowed baseball to function as a self-regulating monopoly (controlling, among many other things, the movement of teams between cities). Because of public anger over the baseball strike, however, that's thinkable. "This is the best chance ever for Congress to do away with the exemption," says Martin Greenberg of the National Sports Law Institute. "But I believe the owners will settle before that happens—the exemption is a precious diamond they don't want taken away."

If the strike isn't settled, Congress could eliminate or weaken the exemption, opening the door for team movement. "It would be far from automatic, but someone might try it," says veteran baseball executive Peter Bavasi. The candidates, he says, would be small-market teams—Seattle, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee—who can't compete with the rich teams in the major markets. "If real revenue sharing never happens," says Bavasi, "and those teams keep losing money, one of the owners is going to start thinking about it." Like everything else in baseball these days, the matter would end up in the courts.

Let's imagine a scenario involving the hapless Seattle Mariners. The team's total worth isn't much more than the Yankees' TV contracts for a year. But what if the team moved into a spruced-up Yankee Stadium, and changed their name to the Highlanders—the Yankees' original name? It might be possible to capitalize on fan anger toward the turncoat Yankees and build the kind of giddy, blind love that former Giants and Dodgers fans felt toward the Mets in the early years. If the Highlanders retained the Mariners lineup, the splendid Ken Griffey Jr. would be patrolling the center field that Mantle and DiMaggio used to roam. Lou Piniella would be grinding his teeth in the same dugout where he managed during two stints under Steinbrenner. "It may be a dream, but it's a better one than I've heard in a while," says Ferrer. "Wouldn't it be nice to really *root* for a baseball team again?" ▬

ed TV studio that costs Steinbrenner next to nothing.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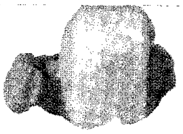
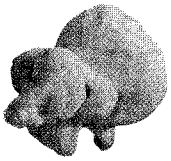
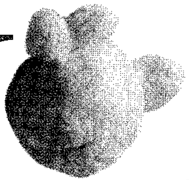
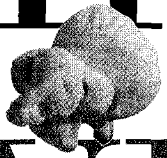


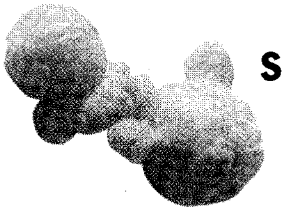
A Moviegoer's Almanac





Two Thumbs Down





Surprise! Movie-theater popcorn is still packed with calories and fat

By Elizabeth Ferber

YOU'RE AT THE CONCESSION STAND. YOU REALLY WANT THAT MONSTER BOX OF GOOBERS, BUT YOU KNOW, DEEP down: *no.* So you pick up a nice, medium-size popcorn. You feel good because you've made a healthy choice. Right? Wrong.

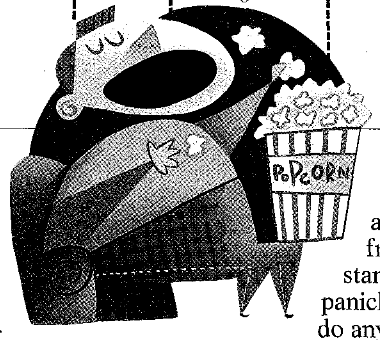
Though most New York City movie theaters claim to be using healthier oils to pop their corn these days, you may want to think twice before ordering that next bucket. Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the concession stand, it seems that movie popcorn is as high in fat and calories as ever.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETE McARTHUR
FOR *NEW YORK*

Fat and Calories in Movie Popcorn (*New York*'s Field Test)

Theater	Calories	Saturated Fat	Unsaturated Fat	Total Fat*	Fat/Cup	Taste
Angelika Film Center CANOLA OIL *11 cups (approx. 123 grams)* *$3.00/medium*	*670*	*3.5 grams*	*37 grams*	*41 grams*	*3.7 grams*	*Popcorn didn't seem fresh; it had an oily, bland, vaguely stale taste.*
Cineplex Odeon Chelsea Cinemas CORN OIL *$21\frac{1}{2}$ cups (approx. 190 grams)* *$3.30/medium*	*970*	*7 grams*	*40 grams*	*48 grams*	*2.2 grams*	*The freshest, fluffiest, and tastiest kernels of the lot.*
City Cinemas 68th Street Playhouse CANOLA OIL *11 cups (approx. 122 grams)* *$3.00/medium*	*690*	*4.5 grams*	*37 grams*	*44 grams*	*4 grams*	*A bright, nearly fluorescent yellow; had a phony-butter taste even though no butter had been added.*
Cobble Hill Cinema (Brooklyn) CANOLA OIL *$10\frac{1}{2}$ cups (approx. 85 grams)* *$3.00/medium*	*420*	*3 grams*	*16 grams*	*19 grams*	*1.8 grams*	*Too buttery and salty, even though no butter was ordered and no extra salt added. Tasted fresh, nevertheless.*
Film Forum PEANUT OIL *18 cups (approx. 192 grams)* *$3.50/large*	*870*	*5 grams*	*24 grams*	*29 grams*	*1.7 grams*	*Tasted fresh but was very bland and needed a lot of salt.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas UNIDENTIFIED SATURATED OIL *13 cups (approx. 134 grams)* *$3.00/medium*	*750*	*38 grams*	*8 grams*	*46 grams*	*3.6 grams*	*Generally, what's worst for you tastes the best. Not so in this case. This popcorn tasted oily, bitter, and stale.*
Sony Theatres 84th Street CANOLA OIL *13 cups (approx. 131 grams)* *$2.97/medium*	*740*	*4.5 grams*	*42 grams*	*48 grams*	*3.7 grams*	*Had an oily taste. For popcorn that's popped elsewhere and then reheated, it tasted moderately fresh.*
CSPI-tested sample from Cineplex Odeon in 1994 COCONUT OIL *16 cups (approx. 176 grams)* *Price NA*	*900*	*43 grams*	*17 grams*	*60 grams*	*3.8 grams*	*NA*

**Saturated fat plus unsaturated fat doesn't always equal total fat because of the presence of sterols, pigments, mono- and diglycerides, and other related materials.*



New York thought it was time to follow up on the great concession-stand scare of last April, when the Washington, D.C.–based Center for Science in the Public Interest (CSPI) put out a well-publicized report revealing that an approximately sixteen-cup medium-size bucket of popcorn from a Cineplex Odeon theater had an unseemly, unhealthy 900 calories and 43 grams of saturated fat because it was popped in coconut oil. (Four McDonald's Big Macs have less saturated fat.)

At the time, roughly seven out of every ten movie theaters were using coconut oil to pop their corn. Coconut oil had been preferred for decades because it gave movie popcorn its distinctive, fatty flavor. But coconut oil has more saturated fat than beef or lard, and it raises levels of the "bad" kind of cholesterol, low-density lipoprotein (LDL), in the blood and sticks to the arteries.

Consumers immediately started shying away from the concession stands, and theater owners panicked. They were ready to do anything to win customers back, and many abandoned their use of coconut oil practically overnight.

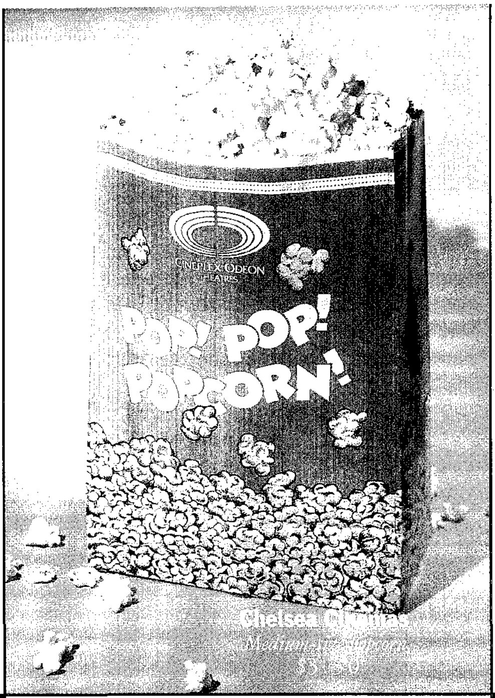
According to Jayne Hurley, a CSPI senior nutritionist and co-author of the eye-opening report, the rapid turnaround was astounding. "It was the fastest change in the food industry I've ever seen . . . and I think it's because [popcorn] makes up such a large percentage of a theater's profits." She's not exaggerating. Concession profits can account for up to 70 percent of a theater's take, and popcorn is by far the best-seller.

Theaters were soon advertising ostensibly "safe" popcorn popped in unsaturated oil. By trumpeting the arrival of new "lite recipe" or "cholesterol-free" popcorn, the theaters would have people believe that the stuff is no longer bad for you. Cineplex Odeon briefly offered air-popped popcorn but says it didn't sell; people complained that it tasted like Styrofoam. "Our concessions aren't designed for different kinds of corn," says Barrie Loeks, co-chairman of Sony Theatres. "It's very difficult for selling stations to have an assortment of corn. . . . It's inefficient because we would have to use the same machine to pop both kinds, and the machine would have to be totally cleaned between batches." In a recent phone survey of 32 theaters in Manhattan and Brooklyn, only the United Artists theaters in Manhattan, including the Gemini Twin on Second Avenue and Criterion Theatre on Broadway, said they sell plain, air-popped popcorn.

Popcorn popped in unsaturated oils contains no cholesterol and does not contribute directly to heart disease. But it does contribute to obesity, which is never good for the heart. "We're selling candy,

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT DE MICHIELL
FOR *NEW YORK*

soda, and popcorn; we're not making ourselves out to be providing balanced meals," says Loeks at Sony. "When you get a steak at a steakhouse in Manhattan, they don't hand you a piece of paper with nutritional information on it." However, a lot of moviegoers assume that popcorn is a healthy food; the air-popped snack is a fixture in many a diet plan. "I think people were shocked when our numbers came out," says CSPI's Hurley, "because they had looked to popcorn as a healthy option."



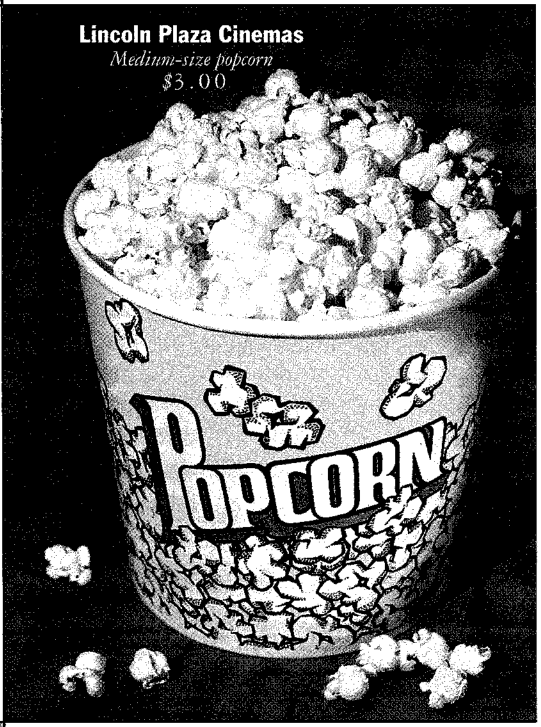
Chelsea Cinemas
Medium-size popcorn
$3.50

Once theaters announced the arrival of new and improved popcorn, sales soon rebounded. At Sony Theatres, coupons were handed out with tickets calling attention to the switch from coconut oil to canola oil, and decals now in ticket-sales windows read, PROUDLY POPPING IN CANOLA OIL! CHOLESTEROL-FREE. Cineplex Odeon theaters chose to proclaim the good news in signs on concession counters and in lobbies. The answering-machine message at Cineplex Odeon's Ziegfeld contains the following cheerful exhortation: "Please don't forget to stop off at our concession stand and pick up our new-recipe, lite-popped popcorn. It is now popped in nonhydrogenated corn oil." Brooklyn's independently owned Cobble Hill Cinema tells people about its use of canola oil in a message onscreen during the previews.

FRESH POPCORN
Enjoy a Bag of Popcorn and a Big Drink

68th Street Playhouse
Medium-size popcorn
$3.00

But aside from all this hoopla about the actual switch, no other nutritional information was posted at snack stands or anywhere else. Right now, theaters aren't required by the Food and Drug Administration to give consumers any nutritional information about their popcorn; only *packaged* food is subject to the FDA's stringent regulations governing disclosure. "Theaters are exempt from providing information about popcorn to customers because they are preparing and selling the product on-site," says Elizabeth Campbell, head of the division of programs and enforcement policy at the FDA. "But that may change in a few years." Stephen Cipolla, the chef at the Angelika Film Center Cafe in the lobby of the ultra-chic downtown movie theater, says that if customers did ask for this information, "our staff would be able to tell them." Clearly he hasn't asked his staff recently, because when we made two separate visits to the theater, nobody there could tell us anything about the popcorn other than that the theater uses canola oil.



Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
Medium-size popcorn
$3.00

Though there is no question that "there are different kinds of fats and that the saturated fats are definitely the worst for you," says Dr. Christopher Gardner of the Stanford Center for Research in Disease Prevention, "fat is still fat." It's nine calories per gram whether it's saturated, monounsaturated, or polyunsaturated. And even though saturated fats are worse for your heart, you don't want to exceed the FDA's recommended total fat intake per day. The FDA maintains that in the 2,000-calorie-a-day diet that it suggests, no more than 30 percent of the calories should come from fat (about 600 calories). "If there is a ton of oil on popcorn, is it really good for you, even if the oil is unsaturated?" asks David Allison, an associate research scientist at the St. Luke's/Roosevelt Hospital Obesity Research Center in New York City. "The answer is no. No, it's not good to be eating lots of fat—even if that fat is unsaturated—because fat is very high in calories." Dr. Carolyn Clifford, chief of the Diet and Cancer Branch at the National Cancer Institute, adds, "Most of the scientific research linking a high-fat diet with colon, prostate, and breast cancers is based on total fat, not the type of fat." In other words, food that's high in unsaturated fat can be bad for you, too.

Cobble Hill Cinema
Medium-size popcorn
$3.00

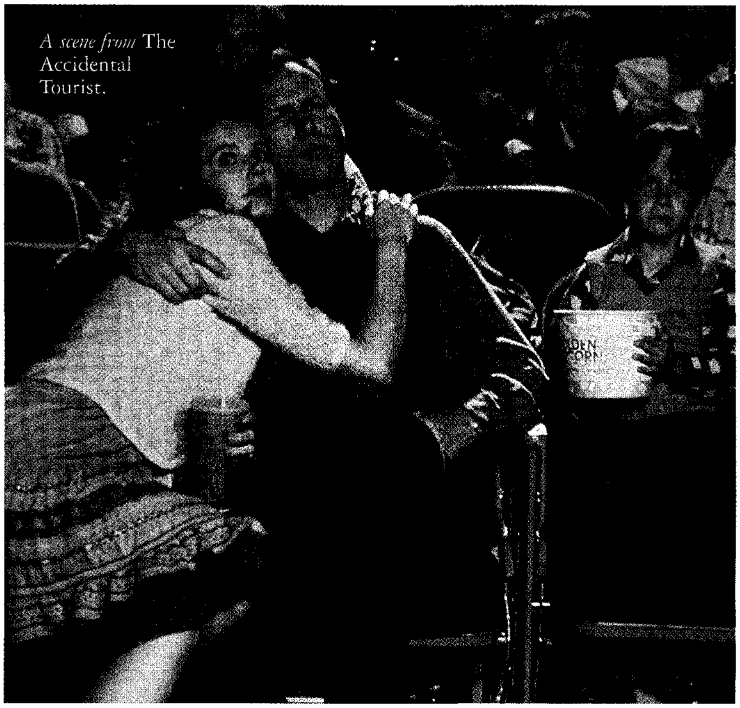
We set out to see whether theaters are selling healthy popcorn, as their promotional tactics would have customers believe. The popcorn samples were tested at Winston Laboratories, Inc., an independent food-testing lab, and ranged in size from $10\frac{1}{2}$ cups to $21\frac{1}{2}$ cups. No butter or salt was added. A "medium-size" popcorn was purchased at almost every location, but there was considerable variation in volume from theater to theater. (Film Forum doesn't offer a medium size, so its eighteen-cup large size was tested instead.) When buying popcorn at a movie theater, customers will often pick the medium over the small because the medium usually costs only a few cents more. (Cineplex

Photographs by Christopher Gallo.

The medium at the Angelika Film Center contained a scary 670 calories and 41 grams of fat. “I’m rather shocked,” said Eva Saleh, an Angelika vice-president.

medium, with almost twice as much, is only $3.30.) At some city theaters, the larger sizes are aggressively pushed by salespeople as the better value or are prominently featured in discounted soda-and-popcorn combos.

We collected samples from six theaters in Manhattan and one in Brooklyn. Only one theater, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, claimed to offer air-popped popcorn (sprayed with canola oil). Ironically, Lincoln Plaza fared the worst in our testing; it was found to be popping its corn in one of the taboo, saturated oils—most likely coconut oil. In one phone call, a theater employee told us that the popcorn was air-popped somewhere else and then sprayed with soybean oil on the premises. In a subsequent phone call, manager Marlon Hecht said, “We air-pop ours and then put on a light spray. I think it’s canola up at the top.” He added, “A lot of people . . . had seen the [articles about the CSPI report], and they were very hesitant about buying the popcorn. And all we did was just openly tell people that ours was air-popped. The thing that was bad was that [when the report came out] it really hurt our business in the beginning, but we’ve always air-popped our popcorn.”



A scene from The Accidental Tourist.

A fatty-acid-profile test revealed that Lincoln Plaza’s thirteen-cup medium-size popcorn contained a scary 38 grams of saturated fat. When confronted with the news, Hecht reacted with anger and disbelief, insisting once again that the popcorn had been air-popped. But Libra Technologies, Inc., another independent food-testing lab, corroborated our findings, using a different sample taken from the same batch. Hecht referred us to Lily Popcorn and Arthur Sarnow Candy Company, the popcorn supplier in Valley Stream, Long Island, that pops Lincoln Plaza’s corn. Joel Sarnow, Lily’s vice-president, confirmed that Hecht’s standing order is air-popped popcorn sprayed with canola oil, and he could explain our findings only by telling us that “20 to 25 orders go out on the same truck, and we have other accounts that order coconut-oil corn.” Could there have been a mix-up? With 750 calories and 46 grams of fat (38 grams saturated, 8 grams unsaturated), Lincoln Plaza’s popcorn is almost as bad for you per cup as the famous popcorn tested a year ago by the CSPI. You’d have to consume three and a half of those jumbo boxes of Butterfinger miniatures from the concession stand to get the same amount of saturated fat.

Sony Theatres 84th Street, which pops with canola oil, had popcorn that rated better in terms of saturated fat than Lincoln Plaza’s. But the thirteen-cup medium still has an alarming 48 grams of total fat and 740 calories; two seven-ounce slices of pizza have less fat. Again, though the saturated-fat level is lower than that of popcorn popped in coconut oil, the per-cup total fat and calorie counts match those of the CSPI sample, and the fat represents a whopping 74 percent of the FDA’s recommended daily fat-intake figure.

What Cineplex Odeon, another national chain, calls a medium is 21½ cups. Weighing in at 190 grams, this bag of corn-oil-popped kernels (from Chelsea Cinemas) contains 970 calories and 48 grams of fat—more fat than there is in three bagels with cream cheese. Bill Dunstan, director of food services at Cineplex Odeon, says his company is under the impression that “more than 70 percent of our customers share popcorn, and a lot of the time, people come in as couples and split it.” But the FDA would expect about *six* people to share a single medium bag of Cineplex Odeon popcorn. (The only consolation is that this mega-medium did taste the best.)

Thanks to the comparatively small portions, the popcorn at the Angelika Film Center (eleven cups), City Cinemas 68th Street Playhouse (eleven cups), and the Cobble Hill Cinema (ten and a half cups) in Brooklyn offered the fewest calories and the least fat. However, the Angelika’s popcorn, popped in canola oil, still had 670 calories and 41 grams of fat—more calories per cup than the coconut-oil-popped corn that the CSPI tested, and almost as much fat per cup. “I’m rather shocked by this information,” said Eva Saleh, vice-president of creative services at the Angelika. “It’s really too bad, because we eat the popcorn in the office all the time. I don’t examine every little calorie I put into my mouth, but if I heard that it had that many calories, I would say, ‘Nah, forget it, I’m not going to order popcorn.’ ” If you stick to the FDA guidelines for total fat in your daily diet, you’d get more than half of your allotted fat calories from one Angelika medium. The rest could easily be wiped out by a Caesar salad for lunch.

The 68th Street Playhouse’s canola-popped eleven-cupper contained 690 calories and 44 grams of fat, making the Cobble Hill Cinema’s medium, with its 420 calories and 19 grams of fat, appear almost reasonable. The only theater crafty enough to eliminate a medium size altogether—thereby ensuring that any customer in a sharing frame of mind will order a large—is the arty movie house Film Forum on West Houston Street. Its peanut-oil-popped, eighteen-cup large contained 870 calories and 29 grams of fat. But if all the samples weighed exactly the same amount, Film Forum’s popcorn would contain the lowest total fat per cup. On an equal-weight basis, Film Forum’s popcorn also had less saturated fat and fewer calories than any of the other popcorns.

Consumers need to know more about the greasy gobs of corn they’re tossing back. Bill Dunstan claims that Cineplex Odeon will soon be distributing in theater lobbies leaflets that offer the company’s own popcorn-test results. Maybe the other theaters will follow suit. In the meantime, if you absolutely can’t function at a movie without a tub of popcorn in your lap, consider sharing it with everyone in your row. ▬

Photograph by Photofest.

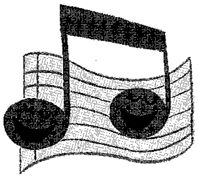
A Moviegoer's Almanac

The Best and Worst

By David Bourgeois

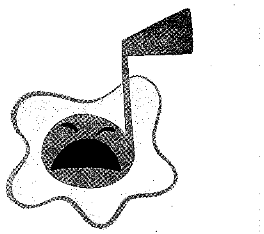
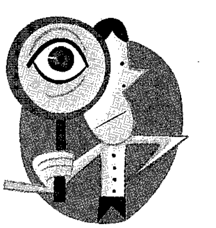
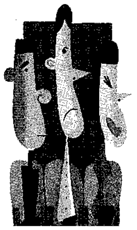
Picture this: You step right up to your local movie theater's indoor ticket window and are greeted by a smiling, clean-cut cashier who doesn't ooze attitude. She exclaims, "Good evening; how are you?" You reply, "Fine. One ticket, please, for *Cabin Boy 2*." There's not a line in sight as you hand your ticket to another amiable employee and stroll into the theater; many center-aisle seats are vacant—plush velvet ones that recline and allow a full three feet of legroom. The curtain rises to reveal an awe-inspiring field of white stretching from one end of the theater to the other. An ad for the Will Rogers

The Ten Best in Manhattan



Theater and Song Heard When Seated	Screen (Size, Whiteness)	Seats (Comfort, Legroom, Views)	Concession Stand (Variety, Prices)	Queue (Length, Sanity)
Cineplex Odeon Ziegfeld *141 W. 54th St.* *"High Hopes," Frank Sinatra*	*A New York institution, the 52' x 22'7" screen recently lost its title as the city's biggest to one at Sony Theatres Lincoln Square (see below).*	*They recline somewhat and are relatively comfortable, but many seat bottoms are bent, so you're subtly aware that you're sliding off yours throughout the show.*	*The long line converges with the line for the women's room. After this kind of buildup, Raisinets ($2.17) and vats o' popcorn ($3.95) seem anticlimactic.*	*Insane. Usually it heads down 54th Street and swings north on Sixth Avenue, wrapping around the Alliance Capital building.*
Cineplex Odeon Beekman Theatre *1254 Second Ave., at 65th St.* *"Mona Lisa," Nat King Cole*	*Smaller than the Ziegfeld's but still bigger than most out there, it comes in at 33'7" x 16'.*	*The best in the city; they rock with your every movement. Lanky people in the full-recline mode enjoy almost twelve inches between their knees and the seat ahead of them.*	*The $2.75 Diet Coke was slightly watered down, and the popcorn consisted in large part of unpopped kernels.*	*In* Annie Hall, *Diane Keaton arrives too late at the Beekman to see a Bergman film and Woody is irritated. Expect a modest queue on weekends.*
Sony Theatres Astor Plaza *1515 Broadway, at 44th St.* *"Summer Wind," Frank Sinatra*	*A .357 Magnum looks like a cannon here on a screen measuring 52' x 20', a shade smaller than the Ziegfeld's.*	*Semi-reclining and fairly comfortable, but many are stained and their springs shot.*	*It's a standard ice-cream-and-nachos kind of stand. But $2.59 for a Sabrett hot dog? Stop by a cart on the street before you go in and save $1.59.*	*Buying tickets and finding a decent seat are never problems; films like* Drop Zone *and* The Professional *rarely sell out, unless 1,500 action-film fans suddenly get the urge to invade.*
Sony Theatres Paris *4 W. 58th St.* *"You Are So Beautiful," Joe Cocker*	*At 26' x 16', this screen is yet another that puts the postage-stamp-size screens in many of the hellplexes to shame.*	*Seemingly new seats whose thin cushions and metal blocks offer little in terms of comfort. You'll resent any person over six feet tall who sits in front of you because of the almost nonexistent incline.*	*The cappuccino maker instilled confidence until the clerk pointed to the machine and said with a laugh, "Oh, yeah, that . . . it's broken . . . and we only serve espresso anyway." A cup is $1.75.*	*The queue can be a killer, because the theater occasionally has a citywide exclusive on films. Merchant-Ivory's* Jefferson in Paris, *which opens March 31, will play only at the Paris.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas *30 Lincoln Plaza, near W. 62nd St.* *Brahms*	*The tiny screens, ranging from 15' x 8' to 20' x 10', wouldn't do justice to* Jurassic Park, *but they tend to suit the theater's Miramax-dominated schedule.*	*Only a crash-test dummy would be comfortable in the narrow but clean seats. And the nearly level floor hardly maximizes one's view.*	*Where else can you get smoked salmon and a Kurowyky Polish ham (both next to a sign that reads simply "$6")? The salmon on rye ($6 each) sells like crazy on weekends.*	*Sometimes, there's an impressive ticket buyers' queue outside. At a recent screening of* Red, *the amusement-park-like maze meant to control the holders' line inside was filled to capacity.*
Eastside Playhouse *919 Third Ave., near 55th St.* *"Unforgettable," Natalie Cole and Nat King Cole*	*If the 28'9" x 12'7" screen weren't placed where it was, you'd have a view of Third Avenue. The factoids in the pre-feature trivia slide show come from the* Harper's *Index.*	*The designers of the theater scattered the seats in a demented configuration: The gap between your seat and your date's can be about six inches.*	*Cappuccino ($2.50), espresso ($2), and, when they're in stock, Klondike ice-cream bits ($2.75).*	*There's never a queue, and a freestanding marquee outside contains such helpful hints to would-be patrons as A MAN OF NO IMPORTANCE FINAL WEEK.*
Cineplex Odeon Chelsea Cinemas *260 W. 23rd St.* *"Cryin'," Aerosmith*	*The nine screens range from 25' x 11' to 38' x 18'; you could do worse.*	*An obstructed view is impossible because of the smartly staggered seats and the slope of the floor. The sound isn't great from the side seats; you wouldn't want to see* Immortal Beloved *here.*	*Prior to show time, a clerk heads down the aisles, stewardesslike, pushing a bicycle-wheeled cart flying a plastic flag that reads POPCORN, SODA, CANDY.*	*On summer days, ticket buyers are treated to the stench of sugary baked goods blowing out of a nearby doughnut shop's air vent. Once inside, ticket holders are roped into a holding pen.*
Sony Theatres New York Twin *1271 Second Ave., at 66th St.* *"With or Without You," U2*	*Both screens are a healthy 30' x 14'9", and there's nary a bad seat in the house; even the customarily undesirable seats on the sides are tolerable.*	*In newish condition, the reclining, plush seats would render even* Star Trek: Generations *a little more watchable.*	*They've really jumped on the we-use-canola-oil bandwagon. Expect the following: "Do you want some popcorn? It's healthy!" Expensive too—a large popcorn will set you back $4.18.*	*Heavily contingent on the film, but if the same one's showing on both screens, expect smooth sailing. In colder months, the people on line always look as if they've just returned from Vail.*
Sony Theatres Village VII *66 Third Ave., at 11th St.* *"When a Man Loves a Woman," Michael Bolton*	*The screens, ranging from 20' x 10' to 26' x 15', are spotless and white, inspiring a joyous—if generic—moviegoing experience in mall-like surroundings.*	*The seats are non-reclining and non-squishy but thankfully stain-free. Their unfortunate placement ensures manic bobbing and weaving in order to attain the best view.*	*The three drink sizes are priced between $2.17 and $2.78, a way of inducing you to go for the large. The cappuccino maker must be the same kind as the one at the Paris; it, too, was "broken; sorry."*	*You are forced to wait for your film directly outside the theater doors, hearing the dialogue, score, and crowd reaction—usually at the all-important finale.*
Sony Theatres Lincoln Square *1992 Broadway, at 68th St.* *"Secret," Madonna*	*All nine screens are sizable and blindingly white. The new screen in the theater that Sony has named "Loews" is, at 65' x 26', tops in the city.*	*The soft, staggered seats are close to perfect for an afternoon siesta, and there's an ample incline.*	*A concession stand is conveniently located on each of six stories; the main-lobby stand is 67' long, and it has eight selling stations.*	*The ticket holders' queue is unknown here. A tactic perhaps borrowed from Chemical Bank: Wait on a concession line for more than three minutes and Sony gives you a free small soda*

The Ten Worst in Manhattan

Theater and Song Heard When Seated	Screen (Size, Whiteness)	Seats (Comfort, Legroom, Views)	Concession Stand (Variety, Prices)	Queue (Length, Sanity)
Angelika Film Center *18 W. Houston St., at Mercer St.* *Soundtrack to* Pulp Fiction *(before a screening of* Pulp Fiction*)*	*All six screens are as small as the Angelika could get away with—ranging from a teensy 15' x 8'10" to a comparatively grandiose 22'6" x 11'2".*	*Cramped and narrow. A bunny slope has more of an incline than these floors. You could get whiplash straining to see past the person in front of you, who might as well be Hakeem Olajuwon.*	*The haughty lobby café has couscous with curried vegetables ($5), but the basement stand serves popcorn (large, $4) and soda (large, $3) in a neon glare that turns white shirts purple.*	*The management has decided that one queue will do for all six films. Disaffected slackers shove their way down the escalator en route to their film as if they were stampeding the Bowery Bar.*
Quad Cinema *34 W. 13th St.* *"The Rose," Bette Midler*	*The white thing in theater two—measuring 13'3" x 7'7"—rivals the roll-up movie screen used to show drivers'-ed films in high school. The other three screens are larger, but only just.*	*The slightly raked seats are adequate, but the cheap plastic seat backs are easily deformed by the knees of tall, frustrated filmgoers.*	*Nothing of note except the mixed nuts at $2.25 per package.*	*Don't expect much of a queue, since the Quad gets the art films only after they've opened somewhere else. People tend to catch things here before they finally disappear onto video.*
Cineplex Odeon Waverly Twin *323 Sixth Ave., at 3rd St.* *"Kiss," Tom Jones*	*Quite large (23' x 10'7" and 26' x 15'). Now, if the screens were only in a building not seconds away from condemnation.*	*Several are wobbly or just plain falling apart. An ill-chosen chair could result in a spill worthy of* America's Funniest Home Videos.	*A sign reads:* FEATURING CINEPLEX ODEON PREMIUM BLEND COFFEE *(small, $1.40; large, $1.62). When asked for a large, the clerk said, "Oh, yeah . . . it'll take me a while to brew it. You mind?"*	*According to* Webster's, *a queue isn't an "amalgamation of wayward souls, loitering and blocking pedestrians from reaching their appointed destinations." It's bedlam on Sixth Avenue.*
United Artists Criterion Theatre *1514 Broadway, near 45th St.* *"All I Wanna Do," Sheryl Crow*	*Seven of them; the one in my cinema was relatively small, and, yes, there was a large, coffeelike stain in the lower left quadrant.*	*Welcome back to grade school. For in this theater, even a short person's knees will be level with the top of the seat in front of him.*	*After I ordered a large Diet Coke ($2.75), the worker said to me of her boss, "I got to take him to the hospital. He's sick." Somehow, the Diet Coke tasted funny.*	*Since Times Square is positively overflowing with theaters, never anticipate a queue for the Criterion's roster of mostly big-budget action films and Macaulay Culkin vehicles.*
Cineplex Odeon 23rd Street West Triplex *333 W. 23rd St.* *"I'll Make Love to You," Boyz II Men*	*One decent-size screen, 34' x 15'7", can be found here; the two others both measure 27' x 15'7". They're all worthy of the B-movie horror this theater tends to show.*	*If you catch your kids eating the paint chips off the wooden seats, please call 1-800-*LEAD*-911.*	*The house special is two small drinks, a regular popcorn, and bonus M&M's for the bargain price of $7.57. The same items at a Walgreen's would be about $3.50. You lose $4.07.*	*For a movie that is a departure from the regular schlock, the outdoor queue can get pretty nasty; teenagers on line from the nearby High School of Fashion Industries try very hard to seem prêt-à-porter.*
Cinema Village *22 E. 12th St.* *"When You Wish Upon a Star," Cliff Edwards*	*Old and dilapidated, it measures 18'7" x 12'. At a recent showing of* Police Story II, *the switching of the reels was mistimed, and the screen went white for a few seconds.*	*Old, uncomfortable metal seats are actually made worse by the "reclining" feature. You may prefer to sit in the front row; the flat floor guarantees that in the other rows, you'll be staring at the back of people's heads.*	*There's reasonably priced soda ($1.50 to $2.50), popcorn ($2 to $3.50), and assorted candy bars ($1.50 to $2). The concession staff had to be pulled away from their books to wait on customers.*	*Don't plan on arriving* too *early, as you can't purchase your tickets very far in advance. Then it turns into a bit of a madhouse.*
United Artists Movieland 8th Street *6 E. 8th St.* *Heart Shaped Box," Nirvana*	*Comparable with the Quad's (a dubious distinction); the four range in size from 12'6" x 7' to 14'6" x 8'.*	*Non-reclining, with legroom just a fantasy.*	*A possible correlation to audience excitability: sugar-saturated Hi-C ($2.75 for a large).*	*Poor little 8th Street. It's narrow and cranky, and anyone waiting outside is bound to get in a fight with a passerby.*
86th Street East *10 E. 86th St.* *Tempted," Squeeze*	*The expansive screens are the only acceptable aspect of this crumbling theater caught in a seventies time warp.*	*Torture devices. You might consider paying an extra $8 to buy the seat in front of you and use it as an ottoman to sling your legs over.*	*Trail mix and dried apricots are $2.50 the bag, and the $2.75 Hebrew National hot dogs slow-cooked on steel rollers haven't been grilled to death.*	*There's never a queue, but you pay for that convenience by putting up with sticky floors and the distraction of sounds from the film next door.*
ony Theatres 4th Street Showplace *38 E. 34th St.* *I'd Do Anything for Love (But Won't Do That)," Meat Loaf*	*The screens are Imax-size compared with some of the others on this list—ranging from 23' x 11' to 30' x 15'.*	*The antiquated seats have hard metal backs and space-stealing cup holders. When they recline, tall people have zero legroom.*	*Under a tinsel-like light fixture, you'll find Clearly Canadian soda ($2.45), pretzel bits with melted cheese ($2.70), and Klondike Movie Bites ($2.65)—a veritable smorgasbord.*	*The queue rarely swells, and there's a spacious lobby to loiter in before the show starts.*
ony Theatres incoln Square *992 Broadway, at 68th St.* *Lady," Kenny Rogers*	*If Las Vegas could be rolled into a six-story complex and FedExed to the East Coast, this would be it. Each screen is flawless, but the murals featuring stars from the forties are cluelessly camp.*	*Since there aren't any center aisles, you're effectively trapped for the duration of the show if you choose to sit in the favored middle seats.*	*The food-court-like concession stands carry such unexpected fare as Fruitopia ($2.24) and lemon ice ($2.45); all that's lacking is a 24-hour, all-you-can-eat steak buffet.*	*The only queue here is the one formed by overzealous employees to welcome you; four accosted me in five minutes. They're as annoying as the perfume spritzers at Bloomingdale's.*

The Best and Worst in Brooklyn and Queens

Theater and Song Heard When Seated	Screen (Size, Whiteness)	Seats (Comfort, Legroom, Views)	Concession Stand (Variety, Prices)	Queue (Length, Sanity)
THE BEST IN BROOKLYN **Sony Theatres Oriental** *1832 86th St., Bensonhurst* *No music*	*The landmark theater has been hacked into three theaters, all with semi-grand screens; the largest is 37' x 17'.*	*Old and creaky, but you have an excellent chance of scoring some extra legroom in one of the upper cinemas (in what used to be the theater's balcony), and the raking is splendidly steep.*	*The prices hardly fall, nor does the quality increase, outside Manhattan. A large popcorn was $3.84, and turning slowly on a sharp spike was one lonely, shriveled hot dog.*	*A negligible factor when seeing a picture in the hinterlands. The rarity of a queue (and low ticket prices) gives outer-borough cinemas a certain appeal.*
THE WORST IN BROOKLYN **Cineplex Odeon Alpine Theatre** *6817 Fifth Ave., near 69th St., Bay Ridge* *"Pride (In the Name of Love)," U2*	*Measuring 37' x 16'7", the screen isn't awful for a Brooklyn theater, but it's in desperate need of that stuff that makes it white.*	*White block letters from A to Z are affixed to the side of the disgusting brown aisle seats. They haven't aged well, and they're dirty. When I sat down on one, a small dust cloud rose.*	*Bulk food—trail mix and yogurt pretzels—is a lofty $6 per pound. The soft-pretzel bites with cheese ($2.71) looked as if they'd begun their incarnation as pretzels during the Bush administration.*	*Ticket holders waiting in the lobby were allowed to smoke. It's one of the worst crowds, with scores of children busying themselves with video games in the lobby. One child yelled, "Ma, I lost my quarter in Street Fighter."*
THE BEST IN QUEENS **United Artists Continental Theater** *70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills* *"Coming Down (Drug Tongue)," the Cult*	*Three screens; the one in my theater measured 34' x 15'2" and, as I was assured by the projectionist, is fully flame-retardant.*	*Not very cushiony, but clean. The psychedelic rug is what really caught my eye: Like a* Magic Eye *book, it practically pulsated with a 3-D image.*	*The concession stand, with staples like popcorn and nachos, features the newly popular "Fruit by the Foot," a wallpaperlike fruit snack (12 feet for $2.25).*	*Not a problem. When and if there is a queue, there are plenty of cafés, shops, and restaurants along Austin Street for diversion.*
THE WORST IN QUEENS **United Artists Astoria Sixplex** *28-60 Steinway St., Astoria* *"All I Want for Christmas Is You," Mariah Carey*	*Walls have been thrown down the middle to divide formerly massive screens; this method was employed at Brooklyn's Oriental, but the Sixplex isn't nearly as opulent.*	*Terrific raking in the former balcony's theaters, but my legs were crushed up against the seat ahead of me. A crew was fixing aisle floor lights during one film's opening moments.*	*Yet another clerk begging you to kill yourself faster: "Don't you want a large? It's only 25 cents more." Nachos and hot dogs, but also lemonade, fruit punch, and grape drink (large, $2.75).*	*Orderly and moved along by thick-necked guys with crew cuts and Mag-Lite flashlights. Among patrons, a plenitude of big hair and ruby lipstick.*

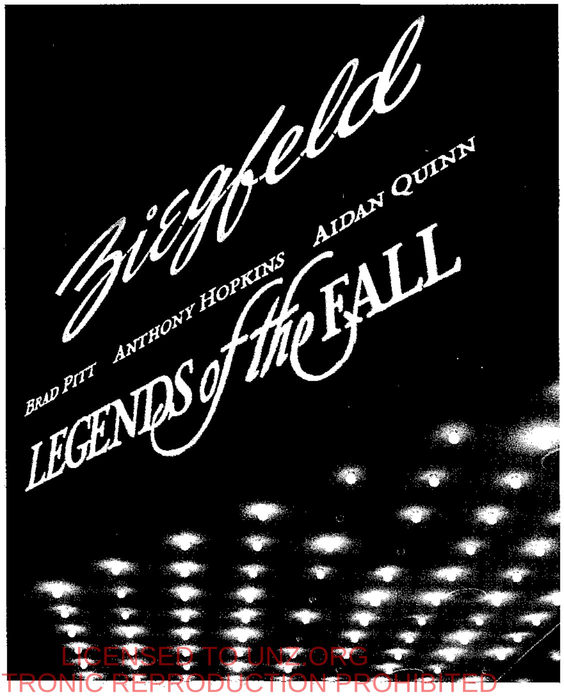
Institute flashes onscreen, but fine print on the bottom reads, TIN-CAN-WIELDING THEATER EMPLOYEES FORBIDDEN TO SOLICIT DONATIONS FROM MOVIEGOERS. The lights dim, and you begin to sing along with the trailer, "Thank you for coming to Loews . . . sit back and relax . . . enjoy the show!"

Dream on. (Besides, Sony dumped the catchy jingle when it finally got rid of the Loews logo last year.) As New Yorkers know all too well, the act of going to the movies can be a teeth-grinding ordeal. You shell out $8 for the ticket—the highest price in the country—and risk spending two hours in an untidy room with broken seats, miniature screens, obstructed views, watery soda, fuzzy audio, and a patronizing trivia slide show. If that's not bad enough, try going to an evening film the weekend it opens. Even the much-ballyhooed MovieFone advance-purchase service can't guarantee good seats or seats together.

When it comes to seeing movies, many of us are creatures of habit who don't stray far from home. But on the occasion that we are commanded to meet pals in unfamiliar territory—when that unabridged version of *Spartacus* is being exhibited at all too few locations—we gamble, praying we won't be seated in a sticky, musty closet next to any felons-in-training. It is because of the built-in risks associated with the art of filmgoing that *New York* has come up with the definitive list of the ten best—and ten worst—theaters in Manhattan.

As for Brooklyn and Queens, we've located the single best and worst theaters in each of those boroughs, even if finding the best was starting to feel a bit quixotic. Many theaters exhibited symptoms of neglect, and those built recently, like the United Artists Crossbay II in Ozone Park, are one-story cinder-block structures that could easily handle any overflow from Rikers Island. But then, plenty of theaters in Brooklyn and Queens offer $4 or $4.25 matinees seven days a week, and their evening admission charges max out at $7.50.

The four factors we concentrated on were screen quality, seats, concession stands, and the queue. Nirvana wasn't reached at any of the theaters in our sweep—not one earned a perfect score in every category, and, similarly, the worst theaters didn't necessarily score abysmally all the way across the board. On the ten-best chart, the Ziegfeld came out the winner, and those that follow are progressively less splendid. On the ten-worst list, the Angelika Film Center, despite its superior mix of independent films, was the *very* worst, and the rest are progressively less objectionable. Sony's shiny new Lincoln Square theater made both lists; sure, it's got the biggest screen in New York, but there's something eerily antiseptic about the place. It should also be noted that we avoided the true art houses in compiling this list. Hardcore cineasts have no choice when that obscure Godard happens to turn up; they'll go regardless of the kind of shed they're forced to watch it in. We also chose not to include Sony's new Imax theater. Perhaps one day, most films will be shot in the Imax format, and every theater will have a colossal screen and require that you wear the 3-D headgear. Until then, how many 35-minute films about crustaceans and eels will New Yorkers want to queue up for? ▬



Photograph by Steven Freeman.

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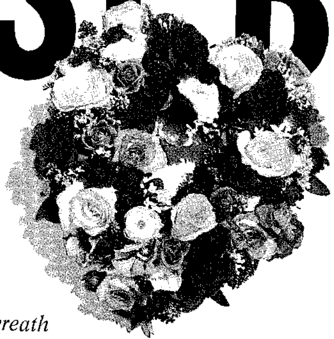
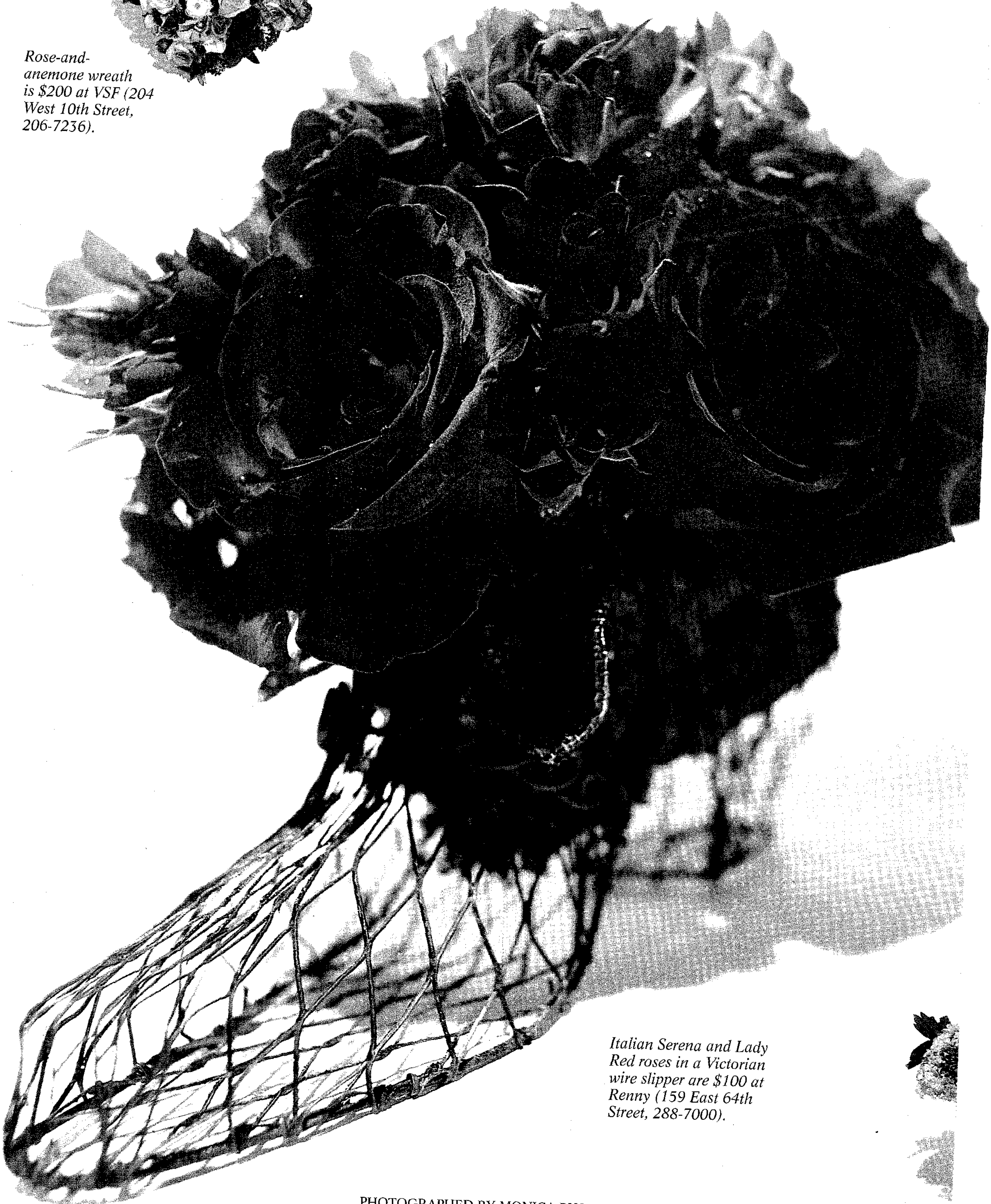
BEST BETS

Flowers, yes; predictable sappiness, n

BY CORKY POLLAN



Rose-and-anemone wreath is $200 at VSF (204 West 10th Street, 206-7236).



Italian Serena and Lady Red roses in a Victorian wire slipper are $100 at Renny (159 East 64th Street, 288-7000).

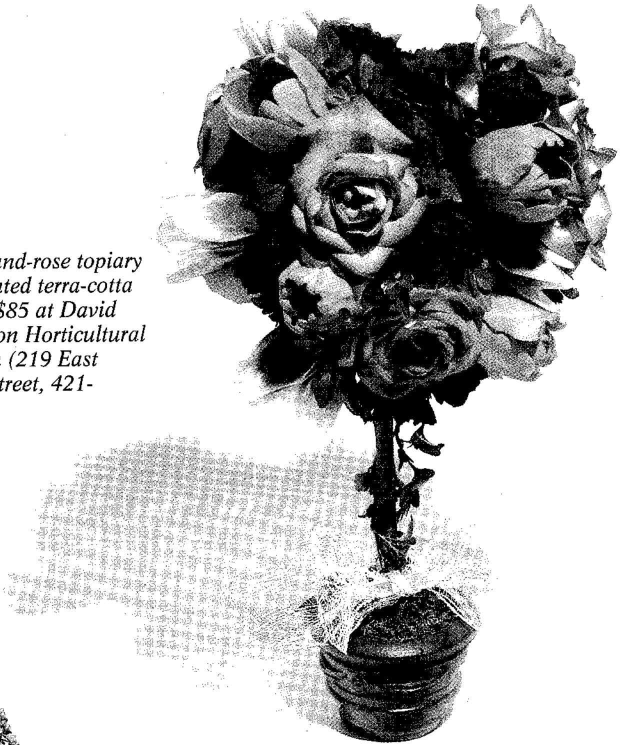
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MONICA BUCK
FOR NEW YORK

fresh take on Valentine's Day 1995.

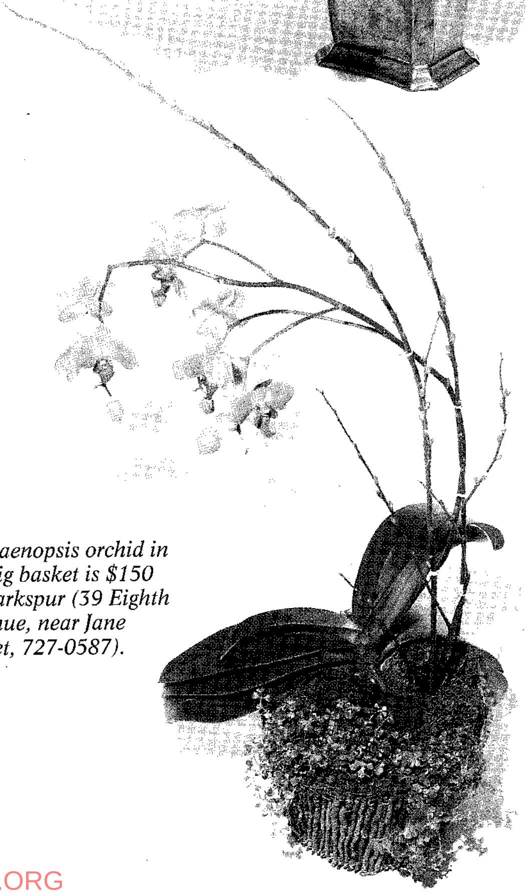
Anemones, parrot tulips, and French lilacs in a glass vase are $75 at Larkspur (39 Eighth Avenue, near Jane Street, 727-0587).

Roses, muscari, and viburnum in an ivy-and-moss-covered wire basket are $150 at Castle Pierpont (401 East 76th Street, 570-1284).

Dutch tulips in a bronzed urn are $100 at Oppizzi & Company, Ltd. (818 Greenwich Street, near Jane Street, 633-2248).

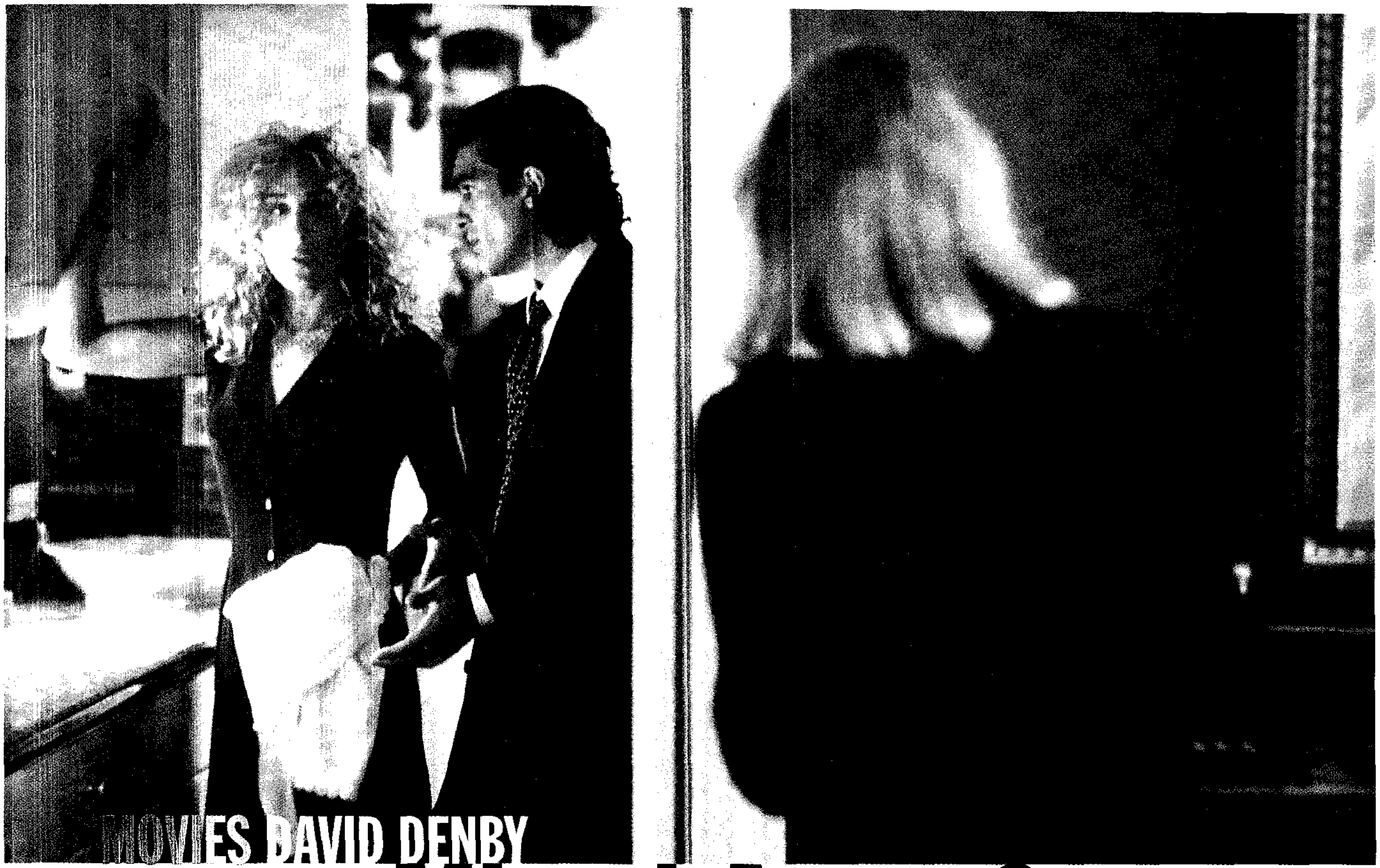


Tulip-and-rose topiary in painted terra-cotta pot is $85 at David Madison Horticultural Design (219 East 60th Street, 421-8110).



Phalaenopsis orchid in a twig basket is $150 at Larkspur (39 Eighth Avenue, near Jane Street, 727-0587).

Roses, hyacinths, calla lilies, viburnum, and fresh strawberries in a berry basket are $75 at VSF (204 West 10th Street, 206-7236).



Sarah Jessica Parker and Antonio Banderas in *Miami Rhapsody.*

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Miami Angst?

'Miami Rhapsody' unconvincingly transplants New York guilt to a pink-and-blue city; Pasolini's 'Mamma Roma' is as splendid as its legend.

Miami Rhapsody, DAVID FRANKEL'S FIRST FILM, is a flagrant copy of mid-period Woody Allen, but that's the least of what's wrong with it. Imitativeness, I think, is a pardonable fault in a new director. A more pressing difficulty is that the picture isn't very good. *Miami Rhapsody* begins with Louis Armstrong singing Cole Porter under plain titles; and then Sarah Jessica Parker, as the heroine, Gwyn, looks right into the camera—addressing her gynecologist, who is offscreen—and tells us, in rueful-glib style, what is wrong with her family. She then makes self-deprecating remarks and such jokes as "It's a good rule of thumb never to be older than your gynecologist." We are in Woodyland, all right, but a plumply mediocre and depressed Miami version of it, where second- and third-best are good enough. Parker delivers her lines clearly and with a comic's emphasis, but the jokes just pop out as if they had nothing to do with her. They sound like . . . lines.

Gwyn, it turns out, has a cute boyfriend (Gil Bellows), a zoologist who handles chimps but isn't one himself; he wants to marry her, but everyone in Gwyn's family—her mother, father, sister, brother—is cheating, and Gwyn is too dismayed by all these infidelities to get hitched. But wait a second. Everyone is cheating? Isn't that a rather mechanical situation? It's an idea, perhaps, for a standup comedy routine ("and then I went to see my brother, and he introduced me to his mistress . . ."), but it's too skeletal an idea for a movie. It would work dramatically only if we got involved with the different people and saw what was at stake in the relationships, and if the various elements in the milieu added up and explained the emotional allure of adultery (as they did in *Shampoo*). But Frankel, 35, who has worked extensively in television, just skips along from one person to the next, and he makes so little contact with some of the actors that their behavior seems entirely arbitrary.

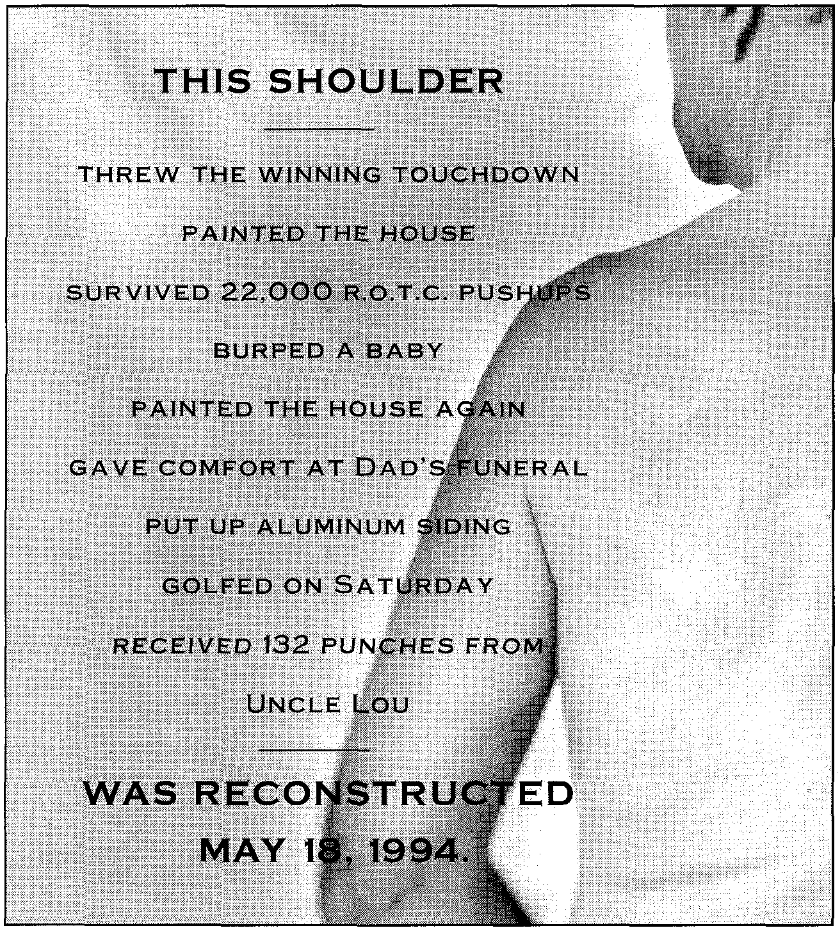
Carla Gugino, who plays Gwyn's fleshy, dark-haired sister, simpers and giggles as she abandons her new husband for an unappealing old boyfriend; and the ferrety Kevin Pollak, as Gwyn's brother, rattles off cheaply cynical remarks and seems like a lesser Ray Sharkey, who used to play tense no-goods with an alert intelligence. If Frankel wanted to expose Gwyn's family as shallow and greedy, the shallowness of his treatment of them makes the whole thing seem like a setup. Paul Mazursky, as the hypocritical dad who mourns the loss of his wife's love while cheating himself, adds some heavyset melancholy. Mia Farrow, however—who may be present to take the sting out of the charge of Woody imitation by this sheepish acknowledgment of it—is dreamy, vague, and disconnected, and her alleged mad fling with Antonio Banderas, a Cuban-émigré male nurse, is a bust. These infantile pleasure-seekers not only lack conscience, they lack consciousness. They seem to have emerged from a diminished gene pool—that is, from a bad sitcom. Banderas, speaking his English more clearly than in *Interview With the Vampire,* is the only grown-up among them, but Frankel and cameraman Jack Wallner don't photograph him well, and we can't see his eyes, his most arresting feature. A man without eyes can't be a great seducer.

Photograph by Michael P. Weinstein/Hollywood Pictures.

The movie is set in a pastel-pink-and-blue Miami, a city the movie conceives (explicitly) as an alternative to Los Angeles. But the tone of generalized anxiety and self-deprecation doesn't seem to fit the prosperous, sunshiny milieu. Where does Gwyn's guilt come from? From New York, maybe? There's nothing supporting her attitudes, and so the imitation Woodyisms stick out: The tone is Woody's without Woody's roots. Sarah Jessica Parker gets off some decent one-liners, but in *Miami Rhapsody,* one thing happens and then another, and none of it matters emotionally, so the petty narcissism grows rancid and trivial. In between the jokes, you may look away from the screen in embarrassment. The next time out, David Frankel needs to move toward realism—or all the way into farce. At the moment, he's still in television.

AT THE BEGINNING OF **Mamma Roma,** ANNA Magnani, a retired prostitute, shows up at the country wedding of her ex-pimp, driving three pigs before her and roaring with laughter. This great Pier Paolo Pasolini film from 1962 (playing at Film Forum) has an outsize sense of life's pleasures and dangers—the glory and terror of life lived at the utmost—that shrivels our pathetic contemporary cinema to nothing. The whole tragedy of Mamma Roma is there in the opening scene (which is staged as a blasphemous Last Supper)—the prostitute's exuberant release from bondage, her love of children, the pimp's resentments. Mamma Roma is a feisty, street-smart woman who means well but goes too far in her reactions, and Magnani plays her with the full power of her thick and vibrant Michelangeloesque torso, her strut and intimidating temper, her roof-raising laughter. Pasolini's view is essentially tragic: Our doom grows out of our healthiest and most vital instincts. After a long, sordid history as a streetwalker (and we get to see how she handles clients in a few stunning sequences), Mamma Roma wants to join the middle class and raise her 16-year-old son as a respectable man. In the person of ugly-beautiful non-actor Ettore Garofolo, the son has moments of shambling grace, but this country boy, transported to the Rome suburbs, is overwhelmed by city freedoms and pleasures, and he sinks rapidly. Some of this movie is carelessly done (the ending is rushed), but there are great sequences throughout and a poetically expressive use of the camera (as well as some Christian symbolism that seems arty and overformalized—the abiding Pasolini vices). In this movie Pasolini said his farewell to Neo-Realism. What followed, in the years before his death in 1975, was a mix of avant-garde formalism and Catholic/Marxist mysticism. He never again achieved the power and emotional directness of *Mamma Roma,* a memorial of the great director he could have become.

RATHER THAN READ TO THE CHILDREN, I EScaped the house last week, shouting, "Bye! I've got to see that Guatemalan documentary," and headed for the local sixplex, where, hoping for a swank, nasty thriller, I settled in at **Bad Company,** which is definitely not about Guatemala. Alas, I got to enjoy my night of liberty very little. *Bad Company,* which was written by Ross Thomas and directed by someone named Damian Harris, is about CIA agents, rogue CIA agents, and ex–CIA agents, and it's the kind of naïvely sinister movie in which the sleek and vicious characters come very close to one another and say quietly and with great distinctness, "You're going to feel more pain than you ever have in your life." If I'm not mistaken, Ellen Barkin, coming in even closer, also uttered the words (to Frank Langella) "I don't want to fish. I want to fuck." The integrity of the movie, I believe, will not be seriously compromised if I tell you that they did both. *Bad Company* is too dreary to qualify as enjoyable trash. It remains to be said, however, that Spalding Gray, too mischievous to go straight, plays a wealthy corporate head as a neurasthenic whiner in pajamas who needs a good slap across the kisser now and then. Some of the other people on the set should have been treated the same way.



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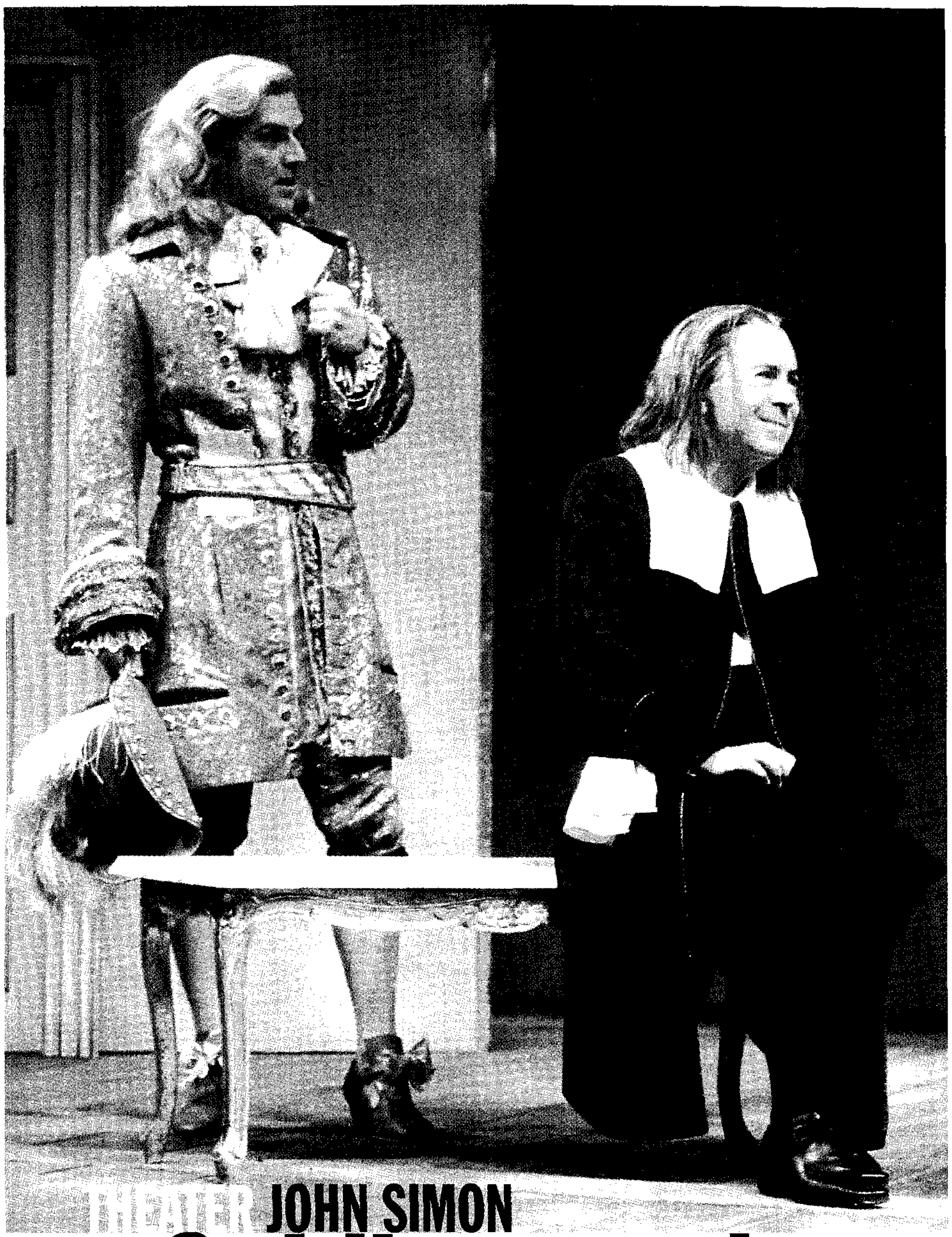


Malcolm Gets and Brian Bedford in *The School for Husbands;* opposite page, Bedford and Suzanne Bertish in *The Imaginary Cuckold.*

THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Sublime and Ridiculous

A dazzling production of two Molière comedies—which make piddling new plays seem more so.

The Molière Comedies ARE RELATIVELY EARLY works by the master: *The School for Husbands* (1661) and *The Imaginary Cuckold* (1660). Neither of them is top-drawer Molière, but this genius had good stuff in the lower drawers too.

In the former play, Sganarelle, a foolish old codger who wants to marry his young ward, Isabelle, is thwarted when, with himself as unwitting accessory, she marries her young swain, Valère; her sister, Léonor, responds to the kindly and permissive treatment of her guardian, Sganarelle's older brother, by agreeing to marry him. In the latter play, a different Sganarelle thinks his wife is cheating on him with Lélie, Célie's lover—who thinks Célie has gone and married the ludicrous Sganarelle. Célie, too, believes that Lélie is carrying on with Sganarelle's wife, and, furious, agrees to marry the rich man her blustering father has picked for her. In the end, thanks to a sensible maid, everything sorts itself out.

There is not so much to either play, but each contains comic characters truly observed, provocative plot twists, and, above all, Molière's exquisite verse, dazzlingly rendered into heroic couplets by Richard Wilbur, who makes Molière flawlessly bilingual—as witty, crisp, and melodious in English as in French. Michael Langham has directed with consummate finesse and inexhaustible resourcefulness, taking only the liberty of turning the petty Parisian bourgeoisie of *Cuckold* into what looks like a company of itinerant mountebanks, their wagon parked somewhere in rural France. This, however, gives Douglas Stein a chance to design an even more delightful set than the one for *School,* which minimalizes a city square a bit too much. (And if there had to be a *pissoir* in either play, that's the one it should have been in.)

Brian Bedford is superb as the loutish Sganarelle, a little less spontaneous as the despotic one. The supporting cast speaks verse with relative ease for American actors, though the rhymes may at times be thumped a bit too hard. Everyone passes muster, although the two young women are somewhat lacking in grace and suasion, and there is no good reason for Suzanne Bertish to play the sprightly Lisette as a bent-double crone. But it all works, as it will with a linchpin as playful as Bedford, who is also as solid as bedrock.

Ann Hould-Ward's good-humored costumes are tart or demure, spicy or insipid, as required, and caressingly lighted by Richard Nelson. There is nothing roundabout about this Roundabout production: It is as nimble as it is direct, as poisedly *en pointe* as it is drolly to the point.

What makes Molière so great is his universality—that even in a less brilliant rendition than Wilbur's he would speak to all of us. What makes the rest of the plays covered here so much smaller is their not even trying to reach beyond a coterie or in-group (showbiz, Jewish, homosexual, whatnot) where they can bask in sycophantic audience response.

THE OXFORD HISTORIAN THEODORE ZEITLIN QUOTES IN HIS latest book, *An Intimate History of Humanity,* the Franco-Algerian actress Charlotte Kady: "Being an actress means drawing nourishment from the variety of life." A useful piece of advice seldom heeded here-

Photographs by Carol Rosegg.

abouts, as witness **After-Play,** the first stage offering by the actress and stand-up comic Anne Meara.

After-Play is about as narcissistically inbred as theater can get. It concerns an "in"-restaurant dinner shared by two New York–spawned couples: Marty and Terry Guteman, transplants to the West Coast and mostly performers; and Phil and Renee Shredman, obdurate New Yorkers and mostly showbiz writers, whom the Gutemans are currently visiting. Plays with a single restaurant table to anchor them tend to be notoriously adrift. To give the proceedings metaphysical weight, there is the waiter, Raziel. Raziel (which means "secret of God" or "angel of mysteries") is, according to rabbinic lore, the author of *The Book of Raziel,* wherein all celestial and earthly knowledge is set down. For Miss Meara, this translates into being black, probably homosexual, gifted with supernatural medical and meteorological powers, and, most amazingly, being able to function as waiter and bartender both at once.

The Gutemans and Shredmans have just taken in a show (hence *After-Play*) that disgusts the jaded Shredmans (the shredders, get it?) and delights the sentimental Gutemans (the "good folks"). Much of Miss Meara's intermissionless 90-minute play consists of a heated debate over this fictitious opus, in the course of which Renee reveals her witty bitchiness, Phil his sneering sardonicism, Terry her analysand's psychobabble, and Marty his buffoonish bonhomie. As if this were not surfeit enough, we get an auxiliary couple, Matthew and Emily Paine (name self-explanatory), putting in a brief but grisly appearance as internecinely Strindbergian duelers whose grief over a son dead from AIDS introduces a jarring bid for deeper relevance. Raziel watches over all, solicitously, ironically, and (like all else here) phonily.

Why are the characters so unbelievable? Because they are a compendium of clever but self-indulgent clichés of, for, and by show business, and nothing else. Also because *After-Play* is all foreplay, and no play. And, above all, because a structure of piled-up one-liners, however artful, is about as enduring as a card castle. You know the French expression *un mauvais quart d'heure* ("a nasty quarter of an hour")? Well, Miss Meara hits you with six of them: Seldom have 90 minutes felt closer to eternity.

Amid fine production values, Barbara Barrie, Merwin Goldsmith, Larry Keith, Rue McClanahan, Rochelle Oliver, Lance Reddick, and John C. Vennema shine, and David Saint's direction adds further sparkle. But, as one character remarks, "the whole evening is turning into an extended root canal." Yet a lot of people were laughing; perhaps there was a dentists' convention in town.

PHYSICAL BEAUTY MATTERS. THE GREEKS and Romans knew it; so, through the ages, did artists. The performing arts have always (except, apparently, now) known it; Hollywood made its reputation on it, and not on that muscle-bound statuette called Oscar. Unjust? No doubt, since we are not endowed with it according to our deserts; but then, intelligence is equally unjustly, and even more charily, distributed. Still, fairness of face and figure withstands the assaults of the feminists, the egalitarians, and the envious; it may be only skin-deep, but skin counts. Ask any skeleton you happen to run into.

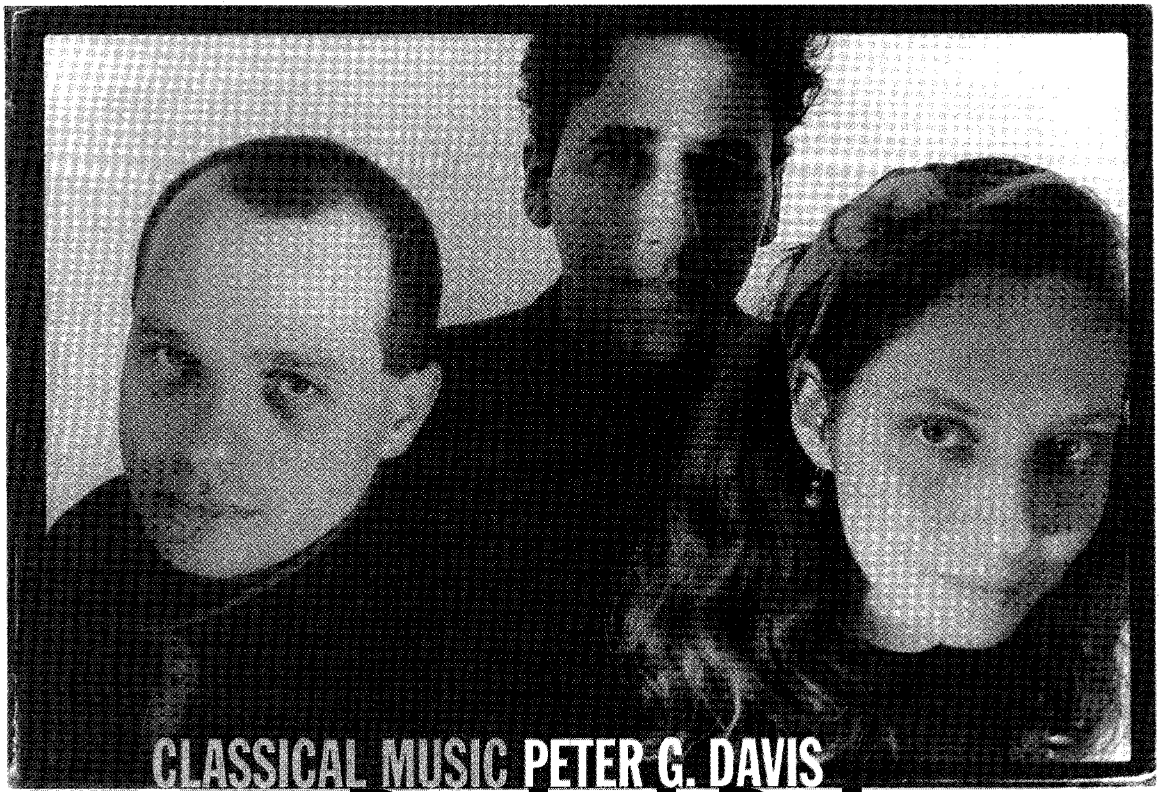
So now we have a flimsy, fallible little musical, **Body Shop,** by Walter Marks, which nevertheless gets some things right. It tries to be *A Chorus Line* for strippers, but falls well short of that. Marks, who wrote the book, lyrics, and music, is no triple talent—barely a single one. *Barely,* by the way, is the operative word here. *Body Shop* is about Tiffany Silver (née Silverstein), who runs the homonymous strip joint somewhere in the boondocks, and her five "girls." Samantha, the headliner, is a graduate of porn flicks; Leanne is a serious, dedicated ecdysiast; Doris, the quasi-virginal daughter of a strict, devout mother and sexually molesting father, is herself an unwed mother; the black, spunky Keisha is putting herself through law school; Angeline is saving up for a costly operation to rid her of an unwelcome secret dangling between her thighs. To them, Tiffany is a fair but hard taskmaster, who proclaims, in a fairly hard-to-take lyric: "Sometimes they give me pleasure,/ Sometimes they make me sad,/ Sometimes they even remind me/ Of the kids I never had."

There are two high-scoring songs here, "Class Act" and "A Matter of Time," both sung by Susan Flynn (Tiffany), who has the best voice in the show. The other songs (not-so-high Marks) encompass everything from New Age to rap with a pasticheur's zeal. But even good orchestrations by Deborah Hurwitz, perkily gaudy scenery and costumes by Tim Goodmanson and Franne Lee, respectively, resourceful choreography by Tony Stevens, and savvy direction by Sue Lawless add up to only a nylon—not silk—purse.

There is, however, a nifty cast, except for Russell Goldberg, who needlessly caricatures a talent-scouting filmmaker. Donna Drake (Leanne) has the sexiest face and feet, not to mention her feats of athletic prowess; Marine Jahan (Angeline) is the lithest and deftest dancer; PaSean Wilson (Keisha) is all-round adorable; Beth Glover (Samantha), the most amusing; and Jodi Stevens (Doris), the most touching and prettiest, though the choice is difficult. One minor disappointment: The best breasts are the only ones not bared. Well, show business, like life, has always been full of frustrations.

Missing Persons IS CRAIG LUCAS'S REVISION OF his first play, which did not need overhauling so much as hauling off to the nearest dump site. Missing persons, indeed! There is not one rounded, unlopsided, believable human being in sight. The conceit here is to mix up present and absent (or dead) characters and have them interact, the absent ones visible and audible only to those currently thinking about them as they pop up from every nook and cranny. This might not be so confusing if the unreal characters did not perform real actions, such as breaking through a locked door, and if the supposedly real characters occasionally bordered on recognizable reality.

As presented by the Atlantic Theater Company, which always abounds in thespians trying to make up for their lack of talent and looks with stridency (e.g., Mary McCann) or mannerism (e.g., Jordan Lage), this smirkingly pretentious play—boasting more literary references than a litter of cats could drag in—has only two virtues: an imposing set by David Gallo and Lauren Helpern and an honest performance by Mary Beth Peil, pitifully wasted on cutesily campy goings-on. ■



CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

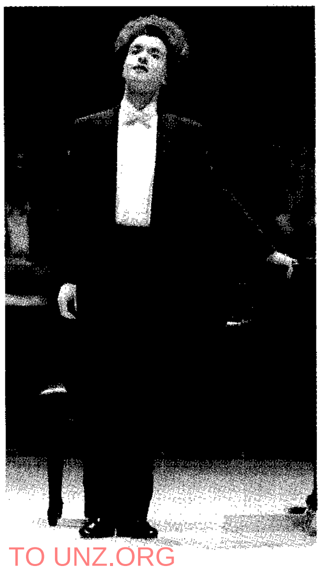
Recital Relays

From Carnegie Hall to the Kitchen, the 92nd Street Y to Columbia's Miller Theatre, an overabundance of offerings.

Spit Orchestra creators David Lang, Michael Gordon, and Julia Wolfe (above); Evgeny Kissin (below), the 23-year-old master of Carnegie Hall.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE WINTER WEEKS IN NEW YORK that drives concert junkies crazy, when every evening raises the prospect of six or more tempting events. That blurred figure you saw rushing by at intermission was no doubt some obsessive creature, hurrying off to catch the tail end of another not-to-be-missed happening across town. Not being much of a concert-hopper myself, I stuck to my original seven choices, more than enough to remind me of the extraordinary depth and variety of the city's musical life.

My first stop was Carnegie Hall, where Russian pianist **Evgeny Kissin** was giving the sort of old-fashioned celebrity recital that one rarely encounters nowadays. The hall was crowded, the stage seats were filled, and the music was very serious—works by Haydn, Beethoven, Franck, and Brahms, a magisterial program that any keyboard titan might have played in Carnegie Hall 80 years ago. And Kissin looked like an old master, too, the only famous pianist I know who radiates the assured aura of such departed legends as Rubinstein, Arrau, or Horowitz—the last of the Romantics, it seems, and he is only 23. When just a teenager, Kissin appeared quietly on the scene, as if in response to some need. He has never won a flashy competition, his career has not been created by record-company hype, and he has been given few hard-sell personality profiles. Lots of people, apparently, just love the way he plays the piano.



Whether or not Kissin can continue to fulfill what is beginning to look like a lonely mission remains to be seen. At the moment, other pianists are his superior in the classical repertory, and his way with Haydn (Sonatas Nos. 30 and 52) and the young Beethoven (*Moonlight Sonata*) tends to sound too fussy and self-regarding. But when he bathes the Franck *Prélude, Choral et Fugue* in floods of gorgeous organlike tone or illuminates Brahms's finger-breaking *Paganini Variations* with such dazzling virtuosity and high musical drama, Kissin is just about incomparable.

Few musicians can launch major careers simply by appearing and announcing themselves as Kissin has done, and that is where organizations like Young Concert Artists help. The YCA's 34-year track record in discovering, grooming, and presenting important young talents is impressive (Murray Perahia, Emanuel Ax, Dawn Upshaw—the list goes on), so I arrived at the 92nd Street Y for a recital by soprano **Kyoko Saito** with high hopes. Already an experienced song recitalist with formidable mentors (coaching with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Gerard Souzay, and her accompanist of the evening, Dalton Baldwin), Saito easily commands the vocal gestures that give proper light, shade, and poetic feeling to a tasty program of songs by Gounod, Debussy, Chausson, Poulenc, Korngold, Strauss, and three senior Japanese composers. Her attractively soft-grained timbre and intelligent interpretations get the job done, but a fair amount of cloudy tone, slippery phrasing, and other signs of a flawed method indicate that there is still work ahead before YCA can claim another winner.

Although the city's new-music scene has loosened up in recent years, the traditional dividing line between uptown academics and downtown experimentalists has not been entirely erased. A brilliantly played two-piano concert by **Frederic Rzewski** and **Ursula Oppens** in Columbia University's Miller Theatre at midweek made the point, even if Rzewski was never a true card-carrying uptown composer, despite his early close associations with such important post-

Photographs: top, Rahav; bottom, Christopher Lee.

Webern figures as Dallapiccola, Stockhausen, and Nono. He has covered a lot of stylistic ground since I first heard him play one of his pieces 40 years ago at Harvard—an impassioned teenage rhapsody with a strong flavor of Brahms, if I remember it correctly. Rzewski soon moved on, but some of the same Romantic grandeur infuses his recent music, much of it propelled by socialist-political concerns and all of it good to hear. The new work he played with Oppens, *Night Crossing With Fisherman,* is typically flamboyant, a masterly blend of formal design and stream-of-consciousness improvising that explores the dramatic and coloristic possibilities of two pianos to the limit.

Meanwhile, downtown at the Kitchen, composers David Lang, Michael Gordon, and Julia Wolfe—the folks responsible for the Bang on a Can new-music festivals—unveiled their latest creation: **Spit Orchestra.** The agenda of this 35-member ensemble conducted by Brad Lubman is to play works by downtown composers with roots in folk, rock, jazz, noise, world music, and other alternative musics, and who, we are told, will "retune, redefine, and reinvent the orchestra for the twenty-first century." In spite of all the militant declarations of independence, there was nothing on the Spit's first program so outrageous or shockingly far-out that it could not have been played by a mainstream ensemble like the American Composers Orchestra, which performs in Carnegie Hall and welcomes music of all stylistic persuasions. Still, the Kitchen seemed to be an appropriate setting for the in-your-face sonic grunge and improvised cacophony of Eliot Sharp's *Racing Hearts,* as well as the more soothing New Age sequence of *Harmonic Series Chords,* by art-rocker Glenn Branca, a much calmer composer today than he was in 1982 when the late John Cage branded his aggressively insistent music "fascist." I couldn't detect much musical interest in scores by Julia Wolfe and Lois V. Vierk, although I was intrigued to note that Rzewski and Oppens had also played a piece by Vierk the evening before at Columbia University. Perhaps uptown and downtown music have become interchangeable after all.

The Kitchen may be just the place for composers to muck around and hurl garbage against the wall to see if any of it sticks, but the Juilliard School, academia by definition, has loftier aims. This year's **Focus!** festival filled the entire week, six concerts devoted to the legacy of Anton Webern and those composers who, for better or worse, were influenced by him. Since that means nearly every important musician who has set pen to paper during the 50 years since Webern died, Juilliard had to narrow its choices down to Igor Stravinsky, Luigi Dallapiccola, Pierre Boulez, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Milton Babbitt, Peter Westergaard, Morton Feldman, György Kurtag, and Sofia Gubaidulina. Even that generous representation left more than enough time to perform virtually the complete Webern, whose response to the gigantic orchestral apparatus of Mahler, Strauss, and other late Romantics led him to become a paradigm of compositional concision.

I envy those who could stay the full course of what was clearly a well-planned event, the sort of valuable musical project that sharpens perspectives, expands perceptions, and, for all I know, changes lives. Alice Tully Hall was filled for the final concert, which featured three of Webern's most exquisite choral pieces sung by the aptly named New York Virtuoso Singers: *Entflieht auf leichten Kähnen, Das Augenlicht,* and his last completed work, the Cantata No. 2. It was also an inspired idea to perform Webern's prismatic instrumentation of the *Ricercar a 6* from Bach's *Musical Offering* followed by *Offertorium* for violin and orchestra by Sofia Gubaidulina, an ecstatic score that pays homage to both Bach and Webern.

Space is running out and my report has only reached the weekend, which began with a kiddie matinee at the John Jay Theatre presented by the Metropolitan Opera Guild: **Marita and Her Heart's Desire** and **The Amazing Adventure of Alvin Allegretto,** a double bill composed by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center's education director, Bruce Adolphe. Whether these works will succeed in helping opera-innocent children grow up into sophisticated Met-going adults is hard to say, although the premise behind *Alvin Allegretto* is certainly ingenious. In the town of Harmony, where everyone sings instead of speaking, little, misunderstood Alvin decides to talk, a rebellious act that eventually teaches his parents that "everyone needs their [*sic*] own song." The idea of communicating naturally and meaningfully in song is, of course, central to opera, a fact made clear by Sarah Schlesinger's friendly libretto and Adolphe's appealing score.

My week ended where it began, in Carnegie Hall, as the Cleveland Orchestra under Christoph von Dohnányi's direction wound up a four-concert visit to New York with a performance of Alban Berg's **Wozzeck.** Dohnányi's lucid approach to the opera is familiar from his London/Decca recording, and most of the cast, headed by Franz-Josef Kapellmann in the title role and Hildegard Behrens as Marie, is also well known. What made the evening special was the chance to hear one of the country's great orchestras play such a complex, overwrought, and, one might even say, awesomely overwritten masterpiece. The Clevelanders' instrumental bravura made it all sound easy, and Dohnányi was in firm control of the score's intricate dramatic and musical constructs. A grand finale would have been even grander if only more of the work's searing emotional power had registered. ■

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TELEVISION **JOHN LEONARD**

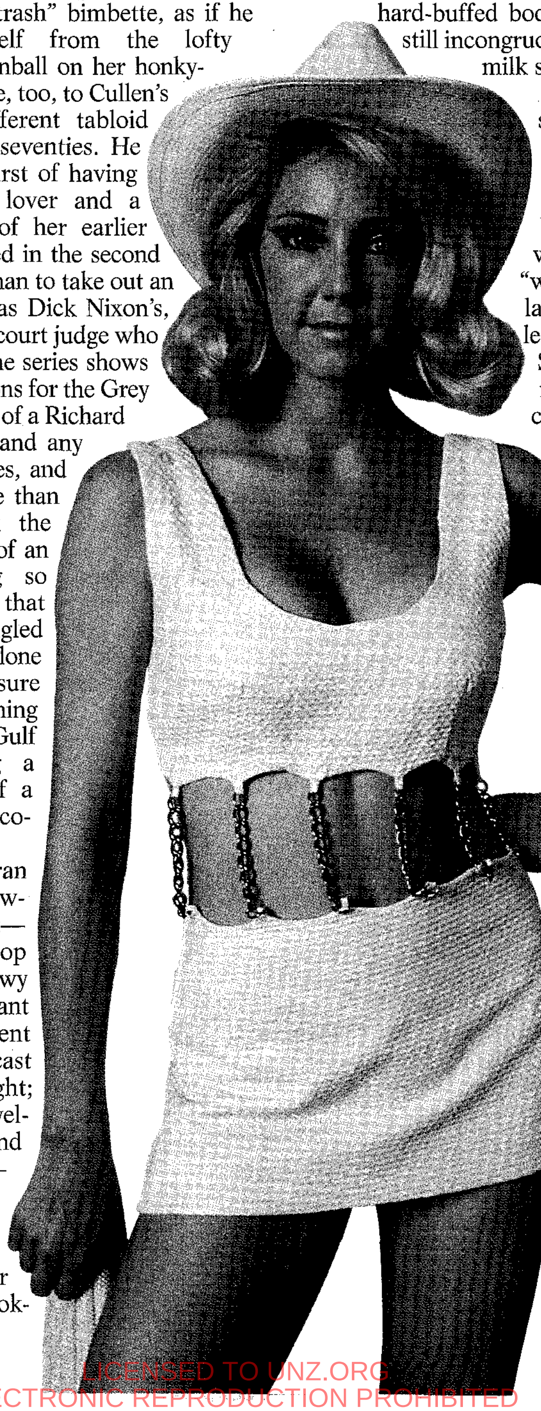
American Gothic

From the boondocks: bad behavior from the lowlifes in 'Texas Justice,' virtue from the Waltons; in 'Talking With Peggy Noonan,' a star is born.

Dennis Franz, Peter Strauss, and Heather Locklear in *Texas Justice.*

WE ARE ASKED BY THE GAUDY DOCUDRAMA miniseries **Texas Justice** (Sunday and Monday, February 12 and 13; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) to believe that there was some sort of class angle to the passionate snits and murderous tantrums of the Fort Worth marriage of T. Cullen Davis, the petrodollar plutocrat, and Priscilla Hatcher, the “trailer trash” bimbette, as if he had lowered himself from the lofty boardroom to play pinball on her honky-tonk. And a class angle, too, to Cullen's acquittal in two different tabloid murder trials in the seventies. He was accused in the first of having murdered Priscilla's lover and a daughter from one of her earlier marriages, and accused in the second of having hired a hit man to take out an enemies list as lurid as Dick Nixon's, including the divorce-court judge who did him wrong. But the series shows Cullen spending millions for the Grey Poupon legal mustard of a Richard “Racehorse” Haynes and any number of private eyes, and even witnesses—more than enough to flummox the prosecution, in spite of an FBI sting involving so many federal agents that they could have bungled Waco. Poor Priscilla, alone in her stately pleasure dome, beside a swimming pool the size of the Gulf of Tonkin, wearing a miniskirt the size of a sneeze, popping Percodan painkillers.

But not even veteran TV director Dick Lowry's energetic craft—crosscutting a lollipop light with a shadowy menace; stippling vacant faces with a truculent twinge and the pale cast of surprising thought; piling on airplanes, yellow roses, uranium, and surveillance tapes—can obscure the fact that everybody in this mini-series is a lowlife, from Peter Strauss as Cullen, looking uncomfortable under a cowboy Stetson, to Dennis Franz as Racehorse Haynes, looking ridiculous, to Heather Locklear as Priscilla, hanging out in nothing much between her hat and her boots, and raising a question about the difference between eros and aerobics. While it's impossible not to like Heather, whose sheen is undiminished from the bygone flimflam of *Dynasty* and *T. J. Hooker* and the fleshpots of *Melrose Place*, such a hard-buffed body attached to such a sunflower face is still incongruous, like a *Playboy* Playmate sucking up a milk shake. Never mind.



Never mind, either, Bill Smitrovich, Susan Walters, and the rest of the chorus. *Texas Justice* belongs to that school of television melodrama in which when the rich behave badly, it's somehow Elizabethan, and maybe even Greek. Whereas when the poor behave badly, we call it “wilding.” From a New England father-in-law in an earlier marriage of my own, I learned different. Looking down (from the Siege of Londonderry) at my bog-Irish mug, he said: “The trouble with this country is that the peasants have money.”

UPLIFT OF THE TV WEEK: IN **The Walton Wedding** (Sunday, February 12; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), the Waltons reunite to make us feel bad, once again, about our own families. Not only is the writing Walton (Richard Thomas) marrying a U.S. ambassador's daughter (Kate McNeil) whom he met at the Algonquin, but Pa (Ralph Waite) is involved in a political scandal, Ma (Michael Learned) is reading Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique,* and Grandma (Ellen Corby) refuses to divulge her Civil War secret. It will not surprise you that these difficulties are resolved before the Blue Ridge nuptials, in time for the birth of Patsy Cline Walton. What may surprise you is that they still know how to jerk a tear. . . . A tear is also jerked by **Tad** (Sunday, February 12, and other dates; 7 to 9 P.M.; the Family Channel), in which Kris Kristofferson as Abe Lincoln and Jane Curtin as Mary Todd Lincoln (I'm not kidding, and they're not bad) reenact our national Passion Play, with a Lit-

Photographs: left, Timothy White/ABC; center, Bob D'Amico/ABC.

Rascal (Bug Hall) in a traumatized White House waging his own civil war. Proof of earnestness: Ernest Kinoy (*Roots*) wrote the script, and Rob Thompson (*Northern Exposure*) directed, and the usual expert consultants nitpicked. If *Tad* seems a bit of a sneak peek at what the Disney theme parks will do to American history, the story itself is fool- (and sugar-) proof. . . . In introducing **The Cinder Path** ("Masterpiece Theatre," Sundays, February 12, 19, and 26; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13), host Russell Baker is understandably testy about class warfare and the slaughter in the trenches during World War I, but in this dramatization of Catherine Cookson's historical romance, it is, of course, the war that makes a real man out of an aristocratic weakling (Lloyd Owens), empowering him to dismiss his unfaithful wife (Catherine Zeta Jones) in favor of her younger sister (Maria Miles) and to gun down his working-class nemesis (Anthony Byrne). Well-mounted twaddle, though Miles is delicious.

FOUL PLAY OF THE TV WEEK: WHILE THE SECond installment in the new batch of "Cracker" TV movies, **The Big Crunch** (Tuesday, February 7; 9 P.M. to midnight; A&E), lacks the political resonance of last month's *To Be a Somebody,* it's equally absorbing, with the self-destructive forensic psychologist Fitz (Robbie Coltrane) suspicious of a cult of Christian fundamentalists instead of Nazi skinheads. Just who seduced, impregnated, and then murdered 17-year-old Joanne Barnes, leaving Stephen Hawking graffiti all over her naked body? It's another look into Fitz's lapsed Catholicism, as well as the glad occasion of his finally bedding Detective Sergeant Penhaligon (Geraldine Somerville), who seems as pleased as he is at this invasion of her "Panhandle.". . . John Thaw returns as the music-loving, beer-guzzling Oxford copper in the first of three new **Inspector Morse** episodes of "Mystery!" Last season, he left Oxford for Australia. In *Death of the Self* (Thursday, February 9; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), he leaves for Italy. Maybe they have used up their exteriors. Anyway, Morse, too, is suspicious of a cult—of rich Encounter Groupies instead of Christians. Among them is an opera singer trying to cure herself of stage fright. So, besides terrific footage of Vicenza and Verona and clever chitchat about Carmen and Tosca as mothers, we also get to see a sadly thickened Morse fall haplessly in love again.

TALK-SHOW MINI-SERIES OF THE TV WEEK: IN **On Values: Talking With Peggy Noonan** (Fridays, February 10, 17, and 24), the former Reagan and Bush speechwriter chats up Father Richard John Neuhaus, Michael Lerner, and Bill Moyers on "Faith"; Barbara Dafoe Whitehead, Anne Lamott, and Stanley Crouch on "Family"; and Shelby Steele, James Q. Wilson, and Daniel Patrick Moynihan on "Freedom." What she'd like all of them to agree on is that everything since the sixties has been not only downhill but less than Judeo-Christian. Though everybody is too polite to engage an angry issue, a star is born nevertheless. I miss that literary persona Noonan invented for her memoir, *What I Saw at the Revolution*—a weakness for the sarcastic, a bratty Irish appetite for grudge, with some class animus for seasoning—but her kinder, gentler public-TV persona of a perplexed frown, a dazzling smile, and a haughty toss of a Grace Kelly head is equally compelling, and a welcome antidote to the yakkies who can't be bothered by anybody else, or those who, like, say, David Frost, overbite their guests, burrowing into them as if they were grain bins.

ON THE OCCASION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the liberation of Auschwitz, "Nova" sends a Dutch Jewish Canadian professor of architecture into the archives of the former Soviet Union to find **Nazi Designers of Death** (Tuesday, February 7; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13)— engineers and architects complicit in the planning, and the contracting for construction, of those "improvements" at the prisoner-of-war camp that turned it into a mass-death factory, including gas chambers, bigger ovens, and body chutes. We hear their names; we look at their blueprints. ▬

DRAMATIC IMPROVEMENT IN TREATMENT FOR THINNING HAIR AND BALDNESS FEATURED IN RECENT TV NEWS REPORTS.

NY1 & Channel 9-TV have recently featured a dramatically improved treatment for men and women suffering from thinning hair and baldness. A recent issue of the international medical journal *Advances in Therapy*, men's magazines & news magazines have also featured this treatment.
90% of Dr. Lewenberg's patients have shown significant hair growth and have regrown most hair lost seven years prior to treatment and some hair lost longer.
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LEONORE FLEISCHER **FEBRUARY 13, 1995**

SALES & BARGAINS

Warmth week: from flannel pajamas to shearling coats to sentimental New York collectibles—plus "Chanuka on Ice."

Bound for Glory

THIS SHOP SPECIALIZES IN NEW York collectibles—new and old books and maps, prints, posters, and other ephemera. It is now offering 20 percent off a large selection of merchandise. For example: nineteenth-century prints from *Harper's Weekly* and other sources, were $15–$150, now $12–$120; large hand-colored property maps of Manhattan neighborhoods from the 1860s through 1900, were $125–$500, now $100–$400; turn-of-the-century maps of Brooklyn, were $50–$250, now $40–$200; antique postcards and stereo cards, were $2–$25, now $1–$12.50; old hotel and tourist brochures and restaurant menus, were $10–$75, now $8–$60; the new book *Great Blizzards of New York: A Photographic History of New York's Most Memorable Winter Storms* (Historical Enterprises), by Kevin Ambrose, list $19.95, here $15.95. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible. *The New York Bound Bookshop, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, Associated Press Building lobby (245-8503); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. noon–4 p.m.; through 2/28.*

The Stylings of the Lambs

THIS COMPANY MANUFACTURES SHEARLING coats for men in sizes S–XL (36–48) and women in sizes S–XL (4–16). Now there's a sale at its showroom taking 25 percent off selected styles. For men: nappa-shearling hooded anorak with fireman clips, was $599, now $450; tornado-shearling bomber jackets, were $799, now $599; notch-collar suburban three-quarter-length coat, was $895, now $671; full-length coat with shawl collar, was $1,995, now $1,490. For women: nappa-shearling hooded anorak, was $599, now $450; hooded full-length shearling, was $1,295, now $975; fox-trimmed 37-in. stroller, was $899, now $675; fox-trimmed swing coat, was $1,350, now $1,012; mink-trimmed brown merino swing coat, was $1,999, now $1,499. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; checks accepted as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final. *Denimax, 333 Seventh Ave., near 29th St., second floor (290-2600); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. till 5 p.m., Sun. 10:30 a.m.–5 p.m.; sale 2/8–2/15.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

Time at Hand

THIS SHOWROOM IS HAVING A SALE ON men's and women's famous-name-designer watches with strap or bracelet bands. The watches, retail $50–$125, here $15, are not all boxed, but they carry full warranties, with a battery-change card from the showroom valid for one year. Famous-maker retro-styled men's watches, boxed, retail $135–$185, here $40; a selection of Armitron men's and women's bracelet-strap watches, here $10 each; also watches with the official colors and logos of NFL and NBA teams, retail $14.95–$49.95, here $5–$15. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Globemark Enterprises, Inc., 230 Fifth Ave., near 27th St., Suite 1803 (725-3488); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–4 p.m.; through 2/11.*

Carpet Diem

EVERY SPRING, LONG ISLAND CARPET Cleaners has a two-for-one offer: Pay the higher cleaning fee of one rug or wall-to-wall carpet and have another one done free ($50 minimum on paid orders); there's no limit to the number of rooms or rugs. The same offer applies to upholstered furniture. *For the five boroughs, call Long Island Carpet Cleaners, Inc. (718-383-7000); Nassau and Suffolk (516-483-6900); Westchester and Rockland (914-328-0127); lower Connecticut and northern New Jersey (800-635-0058); Mon.–Fri. 8 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.–1 p.m.; through 2/28.*

Less Is Menorah

SINCE 1905, THIS STORE HAS BEEN SELLING Judaica and books of Jewish interest; now it is holding a sale on English-language books (all hardcover titles are 20 percent off list) and menorahs in a wide variety of materials, now 30 percent off: a boxed brass menorah, was $14.95, now $10.47; gold- and silver-plated menorahs, were $55–$75, now $39–$53; gold- and silver-plated Tree of Life menorah, was $135, now $95; glass menorah, was $200, now $140; contemporary sterling-silver menorah, was $810, now $567; sterling-silver reproduction of a seventeenth-century Italian menorah, was $900, now $630. There's also a colorful group of children's figural menorahs, such as a three-car trolley, was $39.95, now $28; "Chanuka on Ice" menorah with penguins, seals, and polar bears, was $60, now $42. Outside on the sidewalk is an old-style pushcart filled with clearance books, now 25 cents–$1. A.E., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *J. Levine Co. Books & Judaica, 5 W. 30th St. (695-6888); Mon.–Wed. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m., Fri. till 2 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 2/16.*

Rompers Room

GOOD-BYES IS A POPULAR NEIGHBORHOOD resale shop for children's used clothing, equipment, and toys, and it is now offering 20–50 percent off its one-of-a-kind merchandise in sizes newborn–6. For example: Oshkosh B'Gosh overalls in denim, corduroy, and so on, were $10–$12, now $5–$8; rompers by Gap and others, were $10–$14, now $5–$7; tops by Benetton and others, were $8.50–$12, now $6.50–$10; cloth baby carriers, were $16–$24, now $10–$14. Also, a wooden Simmons crib, was $199, now $169. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Good-Byes, 230 E. 78th St. (794-2301); Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 10:30 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

O Caftan! My Caftan!

THIS SHOWROOM SALE HAS VERY LOW prices on sleepwear, lingerie, and bras from several designers. Pluto cotton and cotton-flannel garments are made in Belgium. Most come in size M (10); some are available in S (6/8) and some in L (12). Pajamas, retail $130–$180, here $60; gowns, retail $100–$200, here $50; robes, retail $125–$300, here $70; also, a caftan of textured opaque cotton, size XXL (fits up to size 24), retail $190, here $60; about 100 samples of Simone Pérèle bras from France, most size 34B, retail $65–$95, here $20; panties, most size S, retail $40–$60, here $10. Cash only; all sales final. *Pluto, 183 Madison Ave., entrance at 40 E. 34th St., Room 1406 (679-4024); Tues.–Thurs. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; 2/7–2/9.* ■

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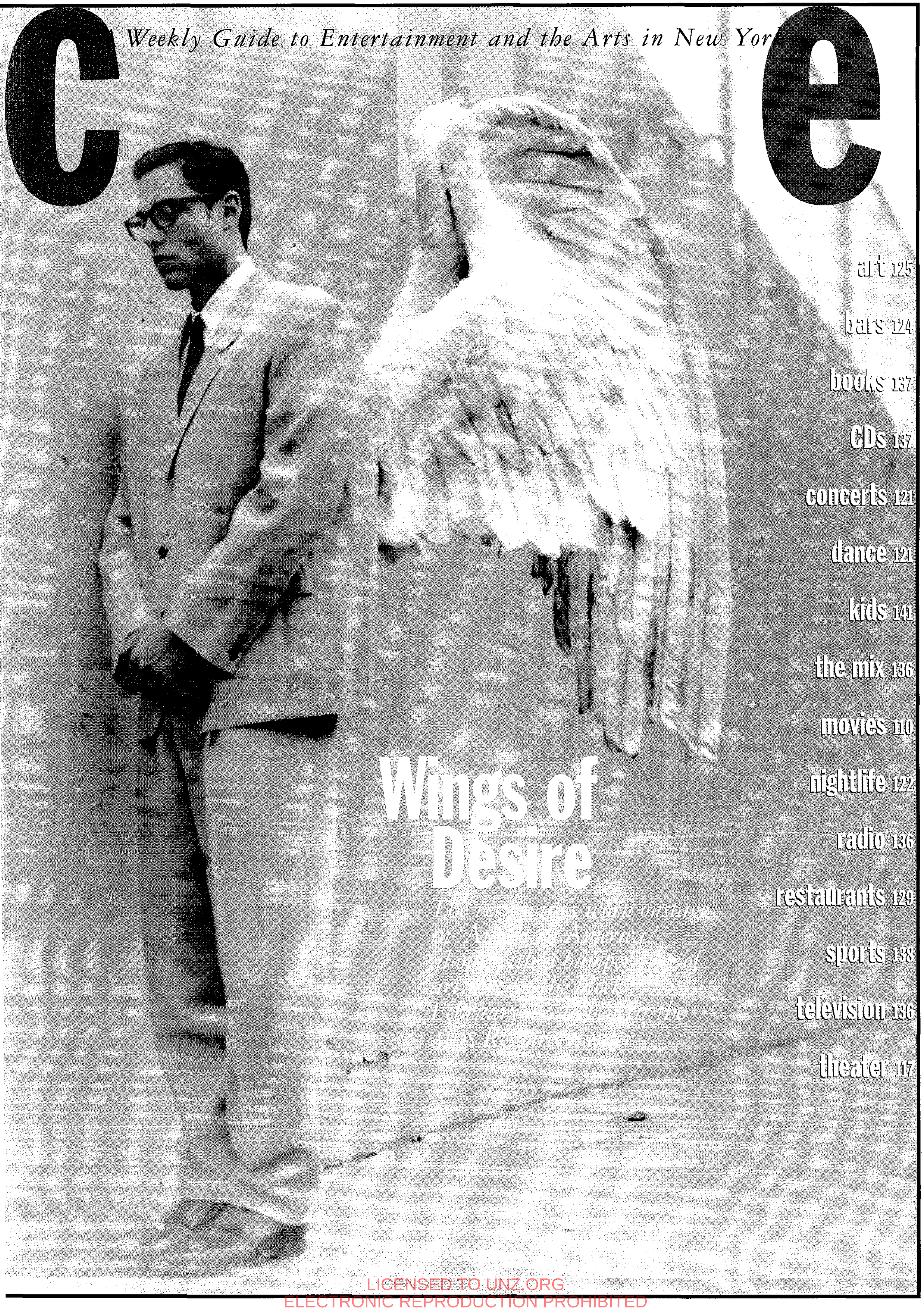
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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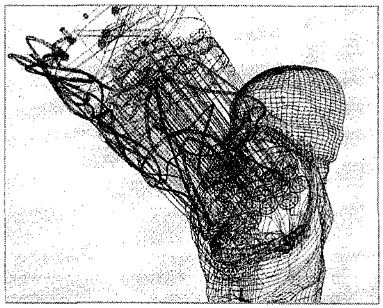
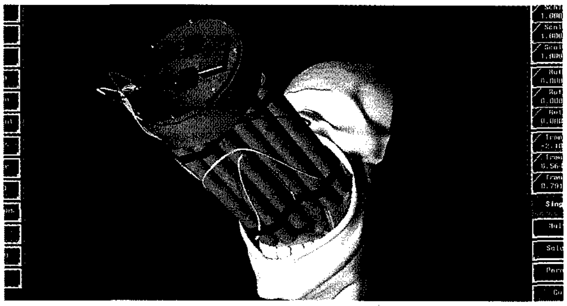
Wings of Desire

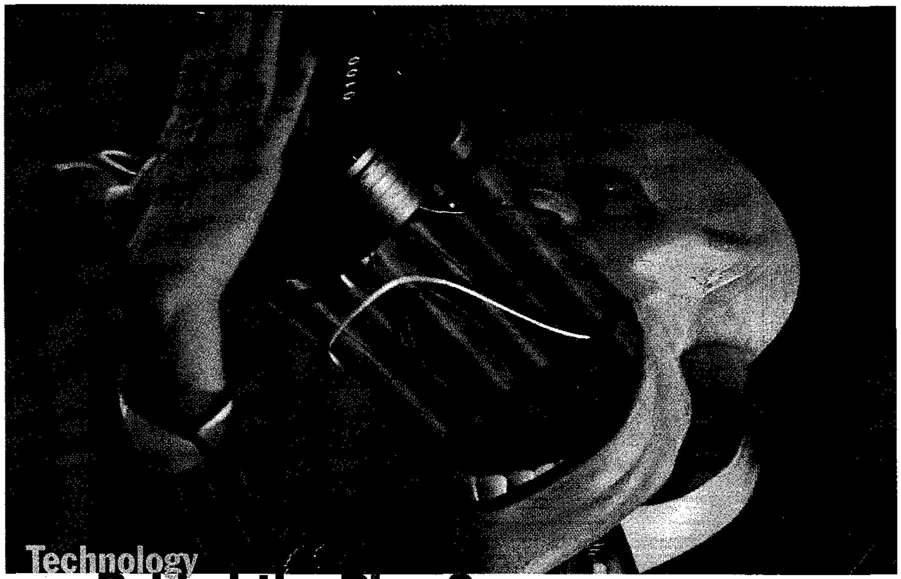
The very wings worn onstage in 'Angels in America,' along with a bumper crop of art, are on the block February 15 to benefit the AIDS Resource Center.

movies

Shallow Grave...DiCaprio Saddles U







Technology

Behind the Blue Screen

Most of the most memorable movie special effects of the past decade—the morphing in 'T2,' Forrest Gump chatting with presidents, the cartoons-come-to-life effect of 'The Mask' (above)—are the work of George Lucas's Industrial Light & Magic and Skywalker Sound. Workshops helmed by their employees will explain how they do it; go at the risk of having your illusions destroyed forever. February 10–12 at Lincoln Center. See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.'

New Films

Bad Company—Laurence Fishburne is a former CIA operative called upon by the Company to infiltrate a private industrial-espionage group headed by Frank Langella. He's just looking to do his job until the shady operation's second in command (Ellen Barkin) gives him grander—and more profitable—ideas. Directed by Damian Harris. (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Village 23rd St. West Triplex Embassy II–IV; Sutton; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six.*

★**Before Sunrise**—A young American, Jesse (Ethan Hawke), and a French student, Céline (Julie Delpy), meet on a train and spend a night in Vienna talking about the droopy subjects—parents, boredom, love affairs, death—that self-serious young people always talk about. Charming and often funny and sweet, this meeting of privileged soul mates, directed and written (with Kim Krizan) by Richard Linklater, has a grave delicacy, evoking Eric Rohmer at times, but with a softer, warmer American hopefulness. Hawke has a soft touch of mustache and beard, like a suburban Galahad, and Delpy, pale and slender with golden hair, has the atavistic beauty of a princess in a tower. They are lovely together. Their characters haven't been pulled into careers yet; they don't have political passions or even a strong sense of rebellion, and they know that they are faintly comical. The movie suggests that even if you have nothing to rebel against, it's still hard to become a human being and not (the eternal worry of intelligent youth) part of the machine. Hence the soulfulness, untested by experience—soulfulness that, in this case, is a form of grace. (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Billy Madison—Though Adam Sandler's strangely amusing song in *Mixed Nuts* didn't gain much attention before the movie disappeared, he has another chance to leave his mark on the big screen with this vehicle. Here he plays a spoiled rich kid who must go back to school and complete all the work from first to twelfth grade in six weeks in order to gain his inheritance and win the respect of his father (which is the sort of thing that people who are gaining an inheritance have the time to be concerned about). Directed by Tamra Davis. (1 hr. 28 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; National Twin; First and 62nd St. Cinema; 86th St.; New Coliseum; 62nd and Broadway.*

Boys Life—A compilation of three short films about young men coming to terms with their sexual orientation, *Boys Life* is well made, well acted, funny, and happily free of the angst that usually typifies the portrayal of gays in movies. All are notable first and foremost as promising and entertaining debuts, rather than for any strides they may make in advancing onscreen portrayals of gays. That's just a bonus. (1 hr. 30 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Boys on the Side—Yet another movie in which two women *don't* have a lesbian relationship. This one centers on a group of friends taking a car trip across the country, talking, joking, bonding, and laughing (but not loving). With Whoopi Goldberg, Mary-Louise Parker, and Drew Barrymore. Directed by Herbert Ross. (1 hr. 55 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Brother Minister—The Assassination of Malcolm X—Doubtless, this well-reviewed documentary has received a boost in attendance due to the charge that Qubilah Shabazz, the daughter of Malcolm X, was trying to hire an assassin to kill Louis Farrakhan. But it deserves attention in its own right, raising numerous questions about the assassination and the facts surrounding it. Especially interesting for the clips of Malcolm X and other historical footage, this work by director Jack Baxter is, at the very least, thorough in talking to everyone available who might have something to add. (1 hr. 55 min.; NR) *57th St. Playhouse.*

Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair; but it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sellout. Why care about this guy? What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. There's too much contempt—contempt joined strangely with self-exculpation. With Chazz Palminteri and Tracey Ullman. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Cinema 3.*

Clerks—In Kevin Smith and Scott Mosier's defiantly and at times hilariously low-rent Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. The guys are guys and nothing but guys. They play roller hockey and curse a lot and they talk coarsely of women, whom they

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Photographs courtesy of Industrial Light & Magic

"A MASTERPIECE OF TERROR!

'SHALLOW GRAVE' Has The Startling Impact That 'PSYCHO' Had 35 Years Ago. It Leaves You Gasping For Air And Finally, Grinning With Malicious Glee."

– Stephen Farber, MOVIELINE

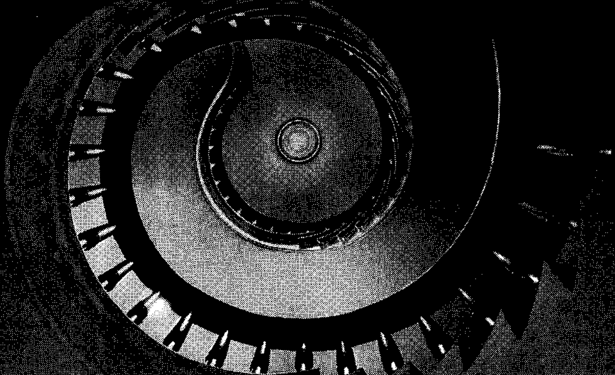
"A SAVAGELY DARK COMEDY.

There Is A Dash Of Hitchcock Suspense, Coen-Brothers' Style And Joe Orton Wit. The Whole Thing Is A Hypnotic Blend Of Mirth And Malice."

– Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

What's a little murder among friends?

SHALLOW GRAVE



FILM FOUR INTERNATIONAL IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE GLASGOW FILM FUND PRESENTS A FIGMENT FILM KERRY FOX CHRISTOPHER ECCLESTON EWAN McGREGOR "SHALLOW GRAVE" PRODUCTION DESIGNER KAVE QUINN MUSIC BY SIMON BOSWELL EDITED BY MASAHIRO HIRAKUBO DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY BRIAN TUFANO B.S.C. WRITTEN BY JOHN HODGE PRODUCED BY ANDREW MacDONALD DIRECTED BY DANNY BOYLE

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nevertheless desperately need. A series of blackout comedy sketches shot mainly from the customer's point of view, *Clerks* is naggingly funny, a kind of talented-slacker demo tape. What comes next? (Denby; 11/7/94) (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Death and the Maiden—In Roman Polanski's adaptation of Ariel Dorfman's international theatrical success, Ben Kingsley gives a brilliant performance as a Latin American doctor who may be hiding his past as a torturer for a brutal military regime. Kingsley cloaks himself in conventional locutions and good-guy body language; all his character wants is not to be drawn out of his sheath of mediocrity. The person drawing him out is Sigourney Weaver, who plays a former victim of torture into whose hands he has fallen. Now that she has the upper hand, will she become a torturer herself? The material, with its drama of sadistic and ethical instincts at war, its undertone of erotic loathing, is right up Polanski's alley, and he makes their intimacy fearfully exciting and unclean. Weaver's performance, though, is misconceived: She is physically powerful but flat and unconvincing. (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Paris Theatre.*

★**Disclosure**—This intelligent and entertaining thriller is not really about sexual harassment: Director Barry Levinson and screenwriter Paul Attanasio have reshaped Michael Crichton's material into a fascinating movie about the paradoxes of modern paranoia. Tom Sanders (Michael Douglas)—an ace electronics engineer—loses the promotion he had hoped for to an old girlfriend (Demi Moore). The day she's promoted, Meredith improbably jumps Tom in her office, and when he pulls away, she accuses him of harassing her. What's going on—lust or calculation? What the movie promises, it delivers: narrative speed and tension, teasing ambiguity, a complexly enfolding structure of hints and appearances with as many corners and levels as an M. C. Escher drawing. With Donald Sutherland and Dennis Miller. (2 hrs.; R) *Waverly; 23rd St. West Triplex; Criterion Center; New York Twin.*

Dumb and Dumber—A crude, wallowing-in-the-mud, occasionally very funny comedy about two men who don't have a clue. Nothing works for these guys (Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels). Unlike that other ninny, Forrest Gump, they don't receive love or respect; when they lose, they really *lose,* and they fall all the way into humiliation. With his chipped front tooth, monk's bangs, and sizable jug ears, Carrey bears some resemblance to Moe, the great slobbo of the Three Stooges. Spazzing around the sets, he may also remind you of the young, many-elbowed Jerry Lewis. But Carrey has a physical volatility that is all his own. (Denby; 1/16/95) (1 hr. 47 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Criterion Center; 59th Street East; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Olympia Cinemas.*

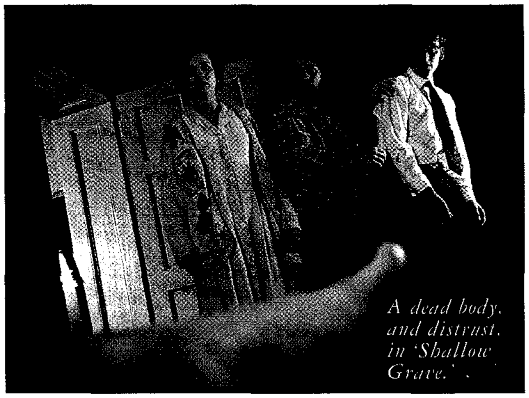
Heavenly Creatures—Based on the true story of the Parker-Hulme affair, this is the story of two girls who meet in New Zealand and develop an intense friendship that goes dangerously awry. Written and directed by Peter Jackson, it's an exceptionally ambitious movie that takes wild visual leaps when delving into the imaginations of the two girls and succeeds almost every time. It captures the vivid unreality of their insular and ultimately murderous world. One of the best-reviewed movies of the year, with stand-out performances by Melanie Lynskey and Kate Winslet as the girls. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Highlander—The Final Dimension—In what's billed as the final chapter and "a direct sequel to the first *Highlander*" (in other words, just put *Highlander II: The Quickening* out of your mind), Connor MacLeod (Lambert) faces down Kane, the Master of Illusion (Mario Van Peebles). Directed by Andy Morahan. (1 hr. 34 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; 23rd St. West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Columbus Circle; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Talent

Digging *Shallow Grave*

For Danny Boyle—the director of *Shallow Grave,* a tough little thriller about three thoroughly unlikable roommates who become increasingly paranoid after stumbling upon a suitcase stuffed with cash—playing nasty has paid off. Since word of the Scottish film hit these shores, Hollywood has been coming on hot and heavy. "They took us out to dinner last night at Mortons, which is quite famous, I believe," Boyle says by phone from Los Angeles. "Us" is he, producer Andrew MacDonald, and writer John Hodge, a trio determined to stick together and not be swayed—cushy dinners notwithstanding—by the lure of money. "To be honest," he says, "we could do our next movie, *Train Spotting* [the story of heroin addicts, budgeted at $1.5 million], for $4 million because *Shallow Grave*'s done really well in the U.K. and Australia. You could raise the money on the strength of that. And it would be a disaster. There's no way you can think there's that amount of people who are going to want to watch it." That ability to keep things in their proper perspective also works in reverse: The making of *Shallow Grave* (opening February 10 at Village Theatre VII and Lincoln Square) involved an ambitious indoor set, the largest ever built in Scotland. It houses the characters' terrific apartment, complete with a roomy attic perfect for drilling holes to peep down on roommates. "It was *so big,*" says Boyle. "When it was half built, everybody thought, myself included, 'Oh no, what have we done? This is going to look like we set the film inside a stadium.' And that's the really good thing about a low-budget film. You can't change your mind when you make a bold decision because there's absolutely no way out." **MICHAEL GILTZ**


A dead body, and distrust, in 'Shallow Grave.'

★**Hoop Dreams**—An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. Though graced by much sweet struggle and several euphoric moments, *Hoop Dreams* is nevertheless tragic in its implications. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *Quad Cinemas; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Immortal Beloved—No movie about Beethoven (Gary Oldman)—or Homer or Michelangelo or Shakespeare—is likely to be anything less than kitsch, since the genius's work is sure to outclass whatever interpretive context the filmmaker can provide for it. Some subjects really should be left alone. Having said that, it should also be added that this movie (written and directed by Bernard Rose) is nothing like such florid miseries as *Song Without End* (the life of Liszt). Parts of it are stirring, even moving, and Oldman is a fiery, sullen Beethoven. This is kitsch of a high order. (Denby; 1/9/95) (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First and 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

In the Mouth of Madness—"Forget about Stephen King" is one of the recurring jokes in this movie about a mysterious author whose books are even more successful—both in sales and in their effect on readers. King just gives them sleepless nights, but *this* missing writer has written a novel that wreaks havoc on the lives of everyone who reads it. Sam Neill is the insurance investigator who has to track the author down. Directed by John Carpenter. (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Astor Plaza; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

The Jerky Boys—Hey, liver lips. Yeah, you, jerky. Watch this movie and you'll catch the feature debut of John G. Brennan and Kamal Ahmed, two guys who turned obnoxious prank phone calls into a cottage industry. Shut up; I'm talking. Their two albums contain a handful of truly funny moments, sure, but can they be funny when they're *not* placing prank phone calls? And can they act? I just hope they're putting some of their paychecks in the bank, you hear what I'm saying, jerky? (1 hr. 22 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy I; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum.*

★**The Last Seduction**—The new neo-*noir* thriller directed by the talented John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) moves with the devastating energy of its viciously inventive dark lady—a lying, cheating tramp named Bridget Gregory, played by the amusingly tough Linda Fiorentino. Before it goes sour at the end, most of this little movie is fast and exhilarating—not radical in form like *Pulp Fiction* but erotically ravenous, exceptionally witty, and impressively knowledgeable about all the dirty deals and low maneuvers that keep a corrupt world going. (Denby; 10/31/94) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton.*

Legends of the Fall—Edward Zwick of *Glory* directs this very old-fashioned tale from a Jim Harrison novella—think miniseries, not masterpiece. It tells the story of three brothers—Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, and Henry Thomas—who all fall in love with the same woman (Julia Ormond, which makes it understandable). Their passion is played out against the backdrop of World War I and a towering, daunting father (Anthony Hopkins) who fights against conformity and embraces nature. The sort of movie where decades pass and everyone looks virtually the same; it's marked the box-office coming-of-age for Pitt. (2 hrs. 13 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea Cinema; 34th St. East; Movieplex 42; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Little Women—Filled with generosity and high ethical and feminist sentiment, this latest adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's classic novel is about a mother and four daughters surviving in hard times; it's about the endurance of goodness; and it's so beautiful that one wishes it were more interesting.

Photograph by Dominic Turner/Gramercy Pictures.

If only the longings of the March family were shaded by darker impulses; if only the feminist consciousness of the mother (Susan Sarandon) were sullied by doubt or error; if only the men (including Christian Bale and Gabriel Byrne) weren't always so gentlemanly. It's a lovely movie, but also a complacent one. But Gillian Armstrong cast the right actresses, especially Winona Ryder as the ardent and ambitious heroine, Jo. With Trini Alvarado, Samantha Mathis, Christina Ricci, Eric Stoltz, and Claire Danes of *My So Called Life*. (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; PG.) *Movieland 8th St.; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. The flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th St. East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Plaza.*

A Man of No Importance—Albert Finney stars as a bus company employee in a small town who stages theatrical productions and has a crush on the handsome driver he works with. He seems too old to deal with the feelings he has, and his attempts to meet someone in a bar prove quite unsuccessful—though not as disastrous as his staging of Oscar Wilde's scandalous *Salomé*. Slight. With Brenda Fricker. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza.*

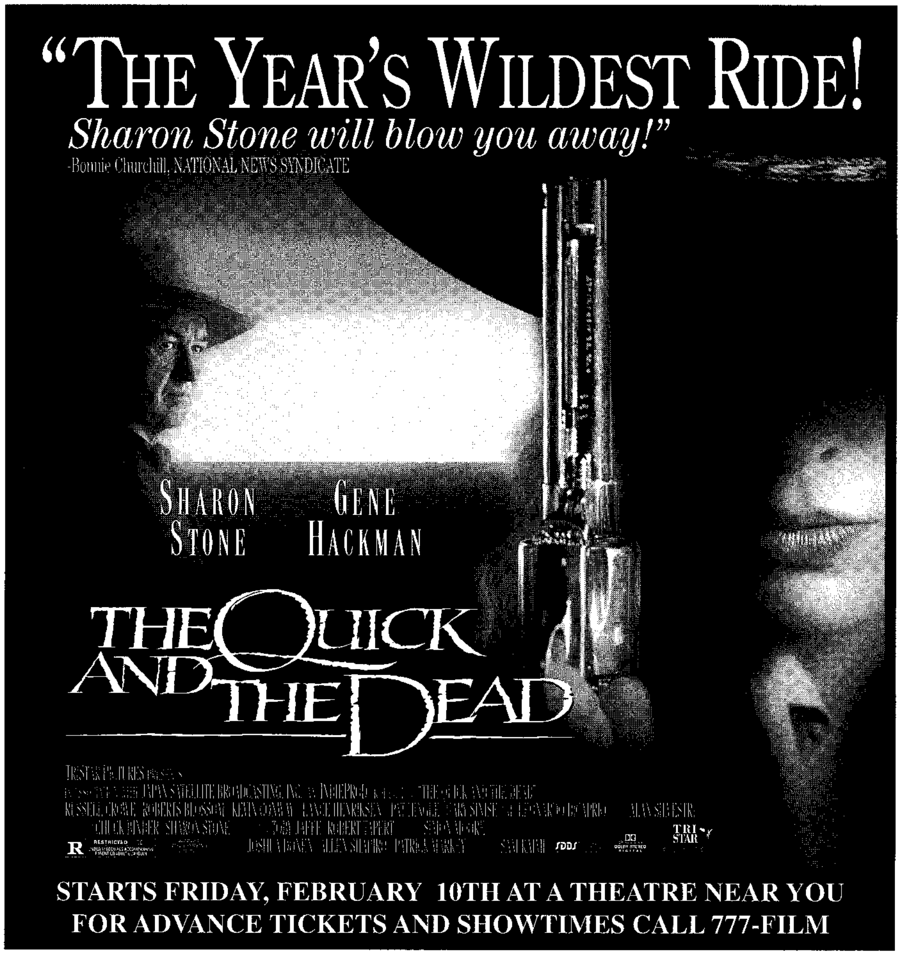
Martha and Ethel—A documentary by Jyll Johnstone and Barbara Ettinger about the nannies Martha and Ethel. Though employees, nannies become intimate members of the families they work for; this film uses extensive interviews and archival footage to show the impact these two had on the children for whom they served as surrogate mothers, friends, and disciplinarians—not to mention how they dealt with the parents they were asked to displace. (1 hr. 20 min.; G) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Miami Rhapsody—Gwyn (Sarah Jessica Parker) gets engaged to her boyfriend Matt (Gil Bellows of *The Shawshank Redemption*), and all she wants is a sweet, old-fashioned relationship just like her parents have. But then she finds out just how sweet that relationship is: Mom (Mia Farrow) is fooling around with Grandma's male nurse (Antonio Banderas), Dad (Paul Mazursky) is doing more than booking flights with his travel agent, Gwyn's brother is leaving his pregnant wife to move in with the wife of his business partner, and Gwyn's newlywed sister is catching up on old times with an old boyfriend. They get all the action, but Parker gets all the good lines in this romantic comedy by writer-director David Frankel. With Kevin Pollock. (1 hr. 35 min.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th St. East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave; Lincoln Square.*

Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle—A droll look at Dorothy Parker and her morose, but mordantly funny, life. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Campbell Scott, and Matthew Broderick. Directed by Alan Rudolph. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Plaza.*

Murder in the First—The final days of Alcatraz are illustrated in this true story about Henri Young (Kevin Bacon), an inmate whose lawyer (Christian Slater) brings to light the degrading living conditions of the prisoners living under a brutal prison warden (Gary Oldman). While director Marc Rocco's *Where the Day Takes You* was muddied, this is merely obvious, with unsurprising performances and a sanctimonious air throughout. (2 hrs. 2 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

Nell—Raised in isolation by a hermitlike mother, Jodie Foster is a "wild child" who speaks a language that seems entirely of her own devising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Retrospective

France's *First* New Wave

Director Marcel Pagnol was an early champion of modern movie technology, writing in 1933 that "the silent cinema is dead, the theater is dying." His earthy films are noted for their influence on the technique-be-damned school of neorealist directors like Vittorio De Sica and Roberto Rossellini. A MOMA tribute featuring *Le Schpountz* (above) and others February 10–February 28.

when she's discovered by concerned folk Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson. They have divergent ideas about what's best for Nell: Neeson sees her as a natural wonder that shouldn't be sullied and wants to leave her alone; Richardson wants Nell locked up so she can be studied like some freak. Directed by Michael Apted. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Baronet/Coronet; Regency.*

★**Nobody's Fool**—An affecting chronicle of life in a dim burg where people stay forever, grimly attached to the boarded-up houses, the old bar, the lone diner. Paul Newman is Sully, forever unsettled, a lifelong screwup who lives as a boarder in the house of his former teacher (Jessica Tandy) and flirts with the wife (Melanie Griffith) of his sleazy, deadbeat boss (Bruce Willis). The movie is set Thanksgiving-to-Christmas, the season of joy, and Sully comes to terms with his past, forgiving his long-dead father and accepting forgiveness from his son. Director Robert Benton, displaying a gentle yet steady touch, achieves the mix of acerbity and sweetness, wit and sentiment, that eluded him in such earlier down-home films as *Nadine* and *Places in the Heart*. (Denby; 1/16/95) (2 hrs. 30 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Guild 50; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

★**Pulp Fiction**—Director Quentin Tarantino is in the editing room for the next few weeks editing his segment of the anthology film *Four Rooms*. Meanwhile, this movie has just become the highest grosser in Miramax history (surpassing *The Crying Game*) and can expect more bucks on the way once the Oscar nominations come in. When it hits $100 million, it will certainly rank as one of the most edgy critical and commercial successes since *Midnight Cowboy* won the Best Picture Oscar in 1970. (Denby; 10/3/94) (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th St. Six.*

Queen Margot—Isabelle Adjani stars in this bloody tale of passion, romance, and the seductive power of revenge. Directed by Claude Berri. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. (2 hrs.; NR) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

The Quick and the Dead—Sharon Stone is the Woman With No Name in this Clint Eastwood-style western about a mysterious, laconic woman who wanders into the town of Redemption looking for trouble. A good cast, with Sam Raimi hoping to break onto the A-list of directors with this high-profile gig. With Gene Hackman, Russell Crowe, and Leonardo DiCaprio. (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Ready to Wear—Trivial. Robert Altman's worst movie since those earlier overstuffed parties *H.E.A.L.T.H.* and *A Wedding*. (2 hr. 12 min.; R) *Lincoln Plaza.*

Red—There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. Kieslowski con-structs his movies with ineffable moments and with tiny visual motifs touched by grace. Yet the avant-garde techniques cannot conceal an extraordinarily weak dramatic sense and some very hoary ideas about women. (Denby; 11/28/94) (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; 68th St. Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Secret of Roan Inish—Young Fiona Coneelly comes to the Irish seaside to stay at her grandparents', where she hears the family legends and slowly watches them come to life; the hard part is convincing everyone else. A gentle tale of magic realism and storytelling by the usually acerbic director John Sayles. (The highlight of his last movie, *Passion Fish*, was a hilarious monologue centering on anal probes.) Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Written by Sayles, based on Rosalie K. Fry's novella *The Secret of Ron Mor Skerry* (which doesn't seem that much harder to pronounce than *Roan Inish*). (1 hr. 42 min.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square.*

Shallow Grave—See essay. Written by John Hodge. Directed by Danny Boyle. (1 hr. 32 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Square.*

★**Strawberry and Chocolate**—Tomáz Gutiérrez Alea's film is mainly set in an old Havana apartment building whose chipped and gnarled walls offer a nostalgic reminder of the old Spanish Baroque colonial city—sinfully decadent glories, out of place in the austerely functional Communist state. In this peculiar ruin, three characters who seem stranded from a Tennessee Williams play—a flamboyant and intelligent gay artist (Jorge Perrugoría), a retired prostitute (Mirta Ibarra), and a handsome young (male) virgin (Vladimir Cruz)—fall in and out of love and long for greater freedom. The movie doesn't have much of a story, but it's a touching plea for friendship, sex, and art. If the revolution isn't going to succeed, the movie seems to be saying, couldn't we at least have a little more of the old Cuban spirit of live and let live? (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza.*

★**To Live**—Largely set in a small city in the north of China, it begins in the forties when Chiang Kai-shek is still in power, and takes a couple (Ge You and Gong Li) and their family and friends through the civil war, the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, and into the seventies. Director Zhang Yimou is willing to admit that Communist idealism really meant something once, that the state forged a new kind of cooperative personality capable of kindness and generosity. But the revolution betrayed everyone, broke everyone's heart. It's a harrowing, comic, and spellbinding film. (Denby; 11/21/94)(2 hrs. 5 min.; NR) *Village East; Angelika 57.*

Vanya on 42nd Street—Over the years, Andre Gregory performed *Uncle Vanya* for select groups of friends. He, Wallace Shawn, and others explored the text again and again (using a David Mamet adaptation), finding new levels to the story that only repeated performances with a cohesive cast can bring. When one of the principals died, they decided to capture it on film and called Louis Malle. (1 hr. 59 min.; PG) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Wooden Man's Bride—Unexpected plot twists are the main pleasures of this Chinese drama, so the less you know the better. But if you're still reading, it's about a beautiful young woman heading for her marriage to a wealthy heir when the processional is attacked by the Whirlwind Bandits. She is whisked away and the groom-to-be accidentally kills himself when preparing to rescue her. A rough peasant, Kui, saves her through his courage, but the woman is forced to marry anyway . . . to a wooden likeness of her dead groom. Though director Huang Jianxin doesn't have quite the eye of his contemporary Zhang Yimou, this is a well-acted, low-key drama of considerable merit. 2/8–2/21. In Mandarin Chinese. (1 hr. 53 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Madness of King George; The Secret of Roan Inish; Heavenly Creatures; Clerks; A Man of No Importance; Strawberry and Chocolate.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Nell; Bullets Over Broadway.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) Through 2/16: "Super Jackie: The Best of Jackie

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

Chan" (see "Museums, Societies, Etc.").

Essex—275 Grand St. (982-4455) *Higher Learning.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Higher Learning; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Boys Life; Martha & Ethel; Hoop Dreams; Red; White; Blue.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Miami Rhapsody; Queen Margot; Pulp Fiction; Dumb and Dumber; Murder in the First; Bad Company; Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; Immortal Beloved; Death and the Maiden; The Last Seduction; Before Sunrise; Boys on the Side.* Opening 2/10: *Shallow Grave; The Quick and the Dead.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Demon Knight; Disclosure.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Little Women; Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Immortal Beloved; Demon Knight; Before Sunrise; Boys on the Side; The Jerky Boys.* Opening 2/10: *The Quick and the Dead; Billy Madison.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Boys on the Side; Pulp Fiction; Highlander—The Final Dimension; In the Mouth of Madness.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Madness of King George; Nobody's Fool; Miami Rhapsody; Higher Learning; Boys on the Side; In the Mouth of Madness.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book; Disclosure; Bad Company; Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Legends of the Fall.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Nobody's Fool; Little Women; Murder in the First.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *To Live.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *In the Mouth of Madness.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Nell; The Madness of King George.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Vanya on 42nd St.; Hoop Dreams.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Queen Margot; Miami Rhapsody; The Jerky Boys.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Higher Learning; Murder in the First; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber; The Professional; Boys on the Side.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *In the Mouth of Madness.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Secret of Roan Inish.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Jerky Boys.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Pulp Fiction; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Bad Company.*

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *Brother Minister: The Assassination of Malcolm X.*

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Dumb and Dumber.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Nobody's Fool.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Demon Knight; Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Legends of the Fall; Highlander; Murder in the First; Higher Learning; Dumb and Dumber; Mouth of Madness.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Demon Knight; Interview With the Vampire.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Death and the Maiden.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Bad Company.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *The Adventures of Priscilla; The River Wild; Frankenstein; Junior; Oleanna; Eat Drink Man Woman.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Legends of the Fall.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Legends of the Fall.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Little Women; Pulp Fiction; Immortal Beloved; Richie Rich; Before Sunrise.* Opening 2/10: *The Quick and the Dead; Billy Madison.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Murder in the First; Higher Learning.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Boys on the Side; Disclosure.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Legends of the Fall; Higher Learning; Dumb and Dumber; Murder in the First; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Boys on the Side; In the Mouth of Madness.*

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Red.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Demon Knight; Far From Home.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Bad Company; The Jerky Boys.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Nobody's Fool.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Immortal Beloved.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Columbus Circle—2 Gulf+Western Plaza, Broadway and 61st St. (247-5070) *Highlander.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Jerky Boys; Murder in the First; Higher Learning; Pulp Fiction; Bad Company; In the Mouth of Madness.*

When the Stars Went to War
Hollywood and World War II
Roy Hoopes

Books **Author Roy Hoopes details the exploits of well-known and minor movie actors alike during World War II, touching on the Hollywood Canteen, war-bond drives, and, of course, combat. Crammed with friendly anecdotes and unsparing accounts of those who *didn't* rise to the challenge. (Random House; $25.)**

Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Tsahal; Madness of King George; Red; A Man of No Importance; Ready to Wear; Strawberry and Chocolate.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Little Women; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Before Sunrise; The Secret of Roan Inish; Martha & Ethel.* Opening 2/10: *The Quick and the Dead.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Nobody's Fool; I.Q.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Highlander; The Jerky Boys; Higher Learning; In the Mouth of Madness.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Highlander—The Final Dimension; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Dumb and Dumber; Demon Knight.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Nell.*

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Demon Knight.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison.*

Thalia—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sarraounia; Sankofa.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Legends of the Fall; Boys on the Side; Murder in the First; Demon Knight; Bad Company; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Dumb and Dumber; The Jerky Boys; Highlander; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Highlander; Boys on the Side; The Jerky Boys; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Demon Knight; Bad Company; Dumb and Dumber; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Richie Rich; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *The Jerky Boys; Nell; In the Mouth of Madness.* Through 2/9: *Murder in the First.* Opening 2/10: *The Quick and the Dead.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Boys on the Side; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Boys on the Side; The Jerky Boys; Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Bad Company; Demon Knight; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Dumb and Dumber; Disclosure; Street Fighter; Richie Rich; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *The Jerky Boys; Boys on the Side; Before Sunrise; Murder in the First; Jungle Book; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Nobody's Fool; The Last Seduction.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Boys on the Side; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Boys on the Side; Legends of the Fall; The Madness of King George; Red; Miami Rhapsody; Richie Rich.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Demon Knight; Highlander; Higher Learning; In the Mouth of Madness; Dumb and Dumber.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Higher Learning; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys; Highlander—The Final Dimension.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Highlander—The Final Dimension; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *The Jerky Boys; Demon Knight; In the Mouth of Madness; Highlander.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Legends of the Fall; Miami Rhapsody; Murder in the First; Bad Company; Death and the Maiden; Dumb and Dumber.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Legends of the Fall; Boys on the Side.* Through 2/9: *Dumb and Dumber; Murder in the First.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Higher Learning; The Jerky Boys; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Bad Company.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Before Sunrise; Dumb and Dumber; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side.* Through 2/9: *Highlander; Disclosure.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison; Quick and the Dead.*

Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *In the Mouth of*

Photograph by Jonathan Gross.

Madness; The Jerky Boys; Highlander.

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Death and Maiden; Jungle Book.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Highlander; Higher Learning; In the Mouth of Madness; Jerky Boys; Bad Company; Demon Knight.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Higher Learning; Boys on the Side; Mouth of Madness; Jerky Boys.* Through 2/9: *Highlander; Dumb and Dumber.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison; Quick and the Dead.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *The Madness of King George; Death and the Maiden; Murder in the First; The Jerky Boys; Boys on the Side; Miami Rhapsody.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; The Jerky Boys.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Demon Knight; Bad Company; Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys; Highlander; Dumb and Dumber.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Dumb and Dumber; The Jerky Boys.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Little Women; Boys on the Side.* Through 2/9: *Immortal Beloved.* Opening 2/10: *Hoop Dreams.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Higher Learning; In the Mouth of Madness.* Through 2/9: *Highlander.* Opening 2/10: *Hoop Dreams.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Bad Company; Legends of the Fall; Dumb and Dumber; The Jerky Boys; Boys on the Side.* Through 2/9: *Houseguest; Demon Knight; Disclosure.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Highlander—The Final Dimension; Higher Learning; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Madness of King George; Miami Rhapsody.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; Miami Rhapsody; Death and the Maiden; Disclosure; Little Women; The Madness of King George.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys; Highlander.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Nobody's Fool; Disclosure; Nell; Demon Knight.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Legends of the Fall; Murder in the First; Disclosure.* Through 2/9: *Death and the Maiden; Demon Knight.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; Before Sunrise.* Through 2/9: *Dumb and Dumber.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Legends of the Fall; Miami Rhapsody; Nobody's Fool; Before Sunrise; Boys on the Side; Murder in the First.* Through 2/9: *Death and the Maiden; The Last Seduction.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *To Live; The Lion King; Death and the Maiden.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Disclosure; Demon Knight; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Richie Rich.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Higher Learning; The Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness.* Through 2/9: *Highlander.* Opening 2/10: *The Quick and the Dead.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Murder in the First; The Jerky Boys.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Nobody's Fool.*

Utopia—187–02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool.*

Staten Island

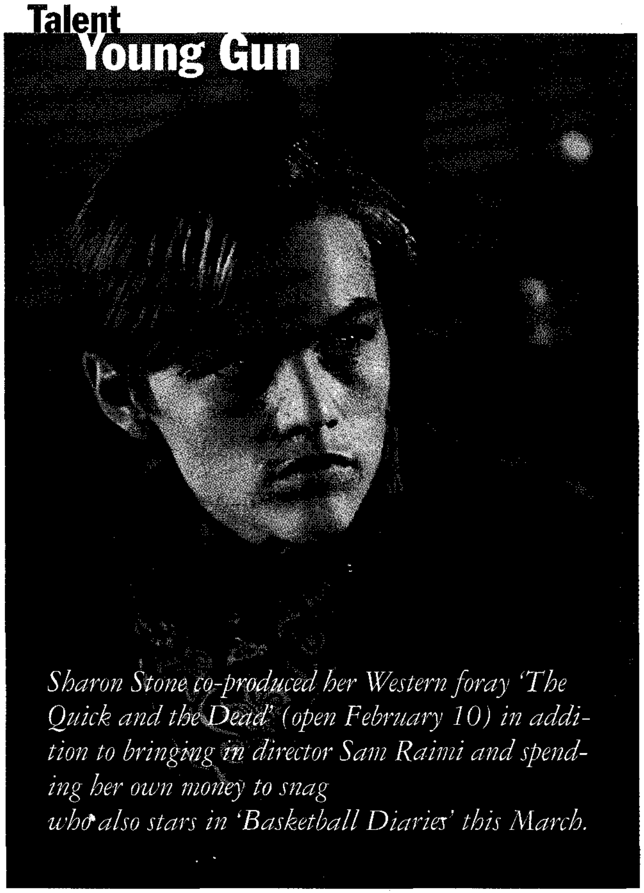
Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Boys on the Side; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jerky Boys; Murder in the First; Legends of the Fall; Jungle Book; Pulp Fiction; Richie Rich.* Opening 2/10: *The Quick and the Dead.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Higher Learning; Boys on the Side; Jerky Boys; In the Mouth of Madness.* Through 2/9: *The Last Seduction.* Opening 2/10: *Hoop Dreams.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *The Jerky Boys; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Highlander; Dumb and Dumber; Boys on the Side; Miami Rhapsody; Little Women.* Through 2/9: *Death and the Maiden; Murder in the First; Houseguest.* Opening 2/10: *Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead.*

Talent
Young Gun



Sharon Stone co-produced her Western foray 'The Quick and the Dead' (open February 10) in addition to bringing in director Sam Raimi and spending her own money to snag who also stars in 'Basketball Diaries' this March.

Photograph by Murray Close/Tri Star Pictures.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 2/12: "The Films of Dario Argento." The Italian master of horror films that are long on atmosphere and sensuality and short, perhaps, on logic. But logic be damned when movies can be as sensually beautiful and yet horrifying as these. 2/11: *Four Flies on Grey Velvet* (1972) and *Suspiria* (1977). 2/12: *The Cat o' Nine Tails* (1971) and *Two Evil Eyes* (1990). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—2/10: *A Man Escaped* (1956). 2/11: *Pickpocket* (1959); *23rd Psalm Branch* (1966); and *Mouchette* (1966). 2/12: *Au Hasard Balthazar* (1966) and *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne* (1944). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Film Forum—Held over: *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965). Through 2/7: *Mamma Roma* (1962). 2/8–2/21: *The Wooden Man's Bride* (1994). See also "Movies." Through 2/9: "The Warhol Factory." Highlights include *Henry Geldzahler* (1964), with an excerpt from *Empire* (1964), on 2/7; *The Loves of Ondine* (1968) on 2/8; and *Vinyl* (1965), with Edie Sedgwick, and *Lonesome Cowboys* (1968) on 2/9. 2/10–3/16: "Buster Keaton 100," a thorough and thoroughly amusing retrospective of the deadpan comic. 2/10–2/13: *The Navigator* (1924); *Cops* (1922), *The Playhouse* (1921), and *Convict 13* (1920). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—2/10–2/12: "A Tribute to Industrial Light & Magic." Workshops led by the creative talent at George Lucas's ILM and Skywalker Sound use clips and demos to show how they achieve their cutting-edge special effects. Sound effects are explored on 2/10, visual effects on 2/12, and both on 2/11. $10. Through 2/23: "Nelson Pereira Dos Santos: *Cinema Novo*'s 'Spirit of Light.' " A tribute to the director who has been at the forefront of Brazilian cinema—as both an artist and a source of social consciousness—for the last 40 years. *Rio, Northern Zone* (1957) on 2/7. *Hunger for Love* (1968) and *The Thief* (1982) on 2/9, 2/10, and 2/12. *Gold Mouth* (1963) on 2/8 and 2/10. *How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman* (1971) and *The Alienist* (1970) on 2/14 and 2/15. "Movies for Kids." 2/11 and 2/12: "A Screenplay in Progress: *Satchmo's Gang*," in which audience members get to participate in directing the flow of the story. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

French Institute—2/14: *Café au lait* (1993). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Harlem Victoria V—See also listing under "Movies." *Ashakara.* 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—2/10 and 2/11: *Deserts* (1994). The premiere of a video work by Bill Viola that combines visuals with the music of Edgar Varèse's *Deserts.* Introduced by the filmmaker. Through 2/28: "Seven by Rossen." A look at the angry and socially conscious writer, director, and producer Robert Rossen, responsible for some of Hollywood's most appealing anti-heroes. Much of Rossen's work stands the test of time because cynicism ages more gracefully than other worldviews. Think of him as a sharp-eyed flip side to Frank Capra: He, too, recognizes the black hearts of people but—unlike Capra—doesn't always find reason for hope. 2/7: *The Roaring Twenties* (1939) and *They Won't Forget* (1937). 2/9: *The Sea Wolf* (1941) and *Johnny O'Clock* (1947). 2/10–2/28: A tribute to the French director Marcel Pagnol, one of the early influences on neorealism and whose childhood memoirs served as the basis for *My Father's Castle* and *My Mother's Glory.* 2/10 and 2/12: *Marius* (1931) and *Fanny* (1932). 2/10 and 2/13: *César* (1933). 2/11: *Harvest* (1937). 2/11 and 2/13: *The Baker's Wife,* perhaps his greatest film and certainly the starting point for anyone who hasn't seen Pagnol before. A return engagement for selections from "Alan Clarke: Television on the Edge." *Psy-Warriors* (1981) on 2/7. *Christine* (1987) and *Elephant* (1989) on 2/7 and 2/12. *Road* (1987), on 2/10 and 2/12. *Contact* (1985) on 2/13. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); free with museum admission.

Super Jackie: The Best of Jackie Chan—Through 2/16. A look at the essentials of Asian superstar Jackie Chan. Wildly fun, with physical, even *beautiful,* action sequences that will leave the most jaded *T2* addict clamoring for more. Go early: With double bills costing only $7, these semi-annual Hong Kong festivals inevitably sell out. *Operation Condor* (1991) and *Super Cop* (1992) on 2/12 and 2/14. *Project A* (1983) and *Project A II* (1987) on 2/9 and 2/13. *Police Story* (1985) and *Police Story II* (1988) on 2/7 and 2/16. *Drunken Master* (1978) and *Drunken Master II* (1994) on 2/8 and 2/11. *Dragons Forever* (1988) and *Island on Fire* (1991) on 2/6, 2/10, and 2/15. Cinema Village 12th St., 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $7.

Vild Oates…Silver Streak…Searchin'

Preview
Sixties Soundtrack

***Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller,* the baby-boomer-nostalgia revue par excellence, is clearly one of the most bankable concepts to hit Broadway this decade: Wouldn't *you* invest in a show featuring "Love Potion #9"? Above, from left, Brenda Braxton, B. J. Crosby, DeLee Lively, and Pattie Darcy Jones dancing all around the floor with their love torches burning. At the (newly refurbished) Virginia Theatre.**

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Nathan Lane, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews; opening 2/14 at 6:45. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Susan Egan plays the girl; Terrence Mann plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Helen Reddy stepping into shoes previously filled by Carole King and Petula Clark. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock and roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Dark Wed. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 min.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradual turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nicholas Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield (!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman. $45–$55. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Vanessa Williams has scored a personal triumph in the title role and extends her run (yet again) through the end of February. The show is based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $35–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel recently notched its 3,200th performance, sturdy as ever. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its seventh year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, nearing the 3,000 mark and edging into seventh place among the longest running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The School for Husbands/The Imaginary Cuckold—Actor Brian Bedford—a Tony winner for his performance in Molière's *The School for Wives* in 1990—stars in a Molière double bill at the Roundabout. In *The School for Husbands,* he plays the overbearing guardian of a beautiful young woman who tries to keep her tucked away so he can marry her himself, while she does everything she can to reach the man she really loves. In the farce *The Imaginary Cuckold,* Bedford is half of a middle-aged bourgeois couple entangled with

Photograph by Craig Schwartz/Jay Thompson.

young lovers in a series of complications and jealously vivid misunderstandings. Translated by Richard Wilbur; directed by Michael Langham. With Suzanne Bertish, Remak Ramsay, David Aaron Baker, Patricia Dunnock, Cheryl Gaysunas, Reg Rogers, and the ever-rising Malcolm Gets. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Exceptions: 2/15, and 2/18 at 2 and 7:30; 2/14, and 2/17 at 7. Through 3/12. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvingly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94) Though she remains with the show until July, Close will take a two-week break 3/7–3/19. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Camping With Henry And Tom—Robert Prosky, Ken Howard, and John Cunningham as Thomas Edison, Warren G. Harding, and Henry Ford in Mark St. Germain's fantasy of what the conversation might have been like on a celebrated series of camping trips shared by those three pillars of the new American century in the early 1900s. With costumes by last year's Tony winner Ann Hould-Ward (*Beauty and the Beast*), which is itself reason enough to buy a ticket. Begins previews 2/7 for a 2/20 opening; $27.50 until then, $37.50 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Talent Fits All Sizes

After Heidi Landesman won her first Tony for scenic design, says Ann Hould-Ward with a laugh, "she said nobody called for a month—they all assumed she'd be too busy." Big success has its dangers, but Hould-Ward, who won last year's costume-design Tony for *Beauty and the Beast's* translation of Disney animation into three-dimensional stage space, hasn't allowed it to interfere with the true pleasures of her craft, which might be described as thinking in fabric.

This week, Hould-Ward returns to the more intimate atmosphere of her Off Broadway roots with *Camping With Henry and Tom,* Mark St. Germain's fantasy of what the talk might have been like on a series of actual camping trips shared at the beginning of the American Century by Thomas Edison (Robert Prosky), Warren G. Harding (Ken Howard), and Henry Ford (John Cunningham). As a starting point for her designs, the costumer, with director Paul Lazarus, dug up original newsreel footage that had been stored unseen in the National Archives for more than 70 years, adapting the clothes of historical characters to reflect the playwright's particular spin on his fictional ones. For Hould-Ward, everything hinges on discovering "the journey the actor is being called on to make," which simply entails "flexing different sets of muscles" on and Off Broadway. Although, apparently, not *that* different: "An actor and designer have to be as serious about how a cook turns into a teapot," she says, "as Ken Howard is about becoming Warren Harding." RANDALL SHORT

The Compleat Works Of Wllm Shkspr (abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, who did well with it at Serious Fun! in 1993. Previews begin 2/10; opening 2/27. Tues., Sat. at 8; Wed and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3. $19.95 through 2/28; $25 thereafter. Westside Theatre, 407 West 43rd St. (307-4100).

Holiday Heart—A 12-year-old girl struggles to survive an inner-city childhood with the help of her (unconventional) guardian angel. By Cheryl L. West. Directed by Tazewell Thompson. $40. Now in previews; opens 2/21. Through 4/9. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I at City Center, 131 West 55th St. (581-1212).*

I Sent a Letter to My Love—A musical set in a small town during the fifties, it follows the paths of a brother and sister who try to find romance in the personals column of their local paper. Marks the theatrical debut of singer-composer Melissa Manchester. Book by Jeffrey Sweet; music by Manchester; lyrics by Manchester and Sweet. Directed by Pat Birch. With Bethe Austin, John Hickock, Robert Westenberg, and the incomparable Lynne Wintersteller. $27.50–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. In previews; opening 2/8. Through 2/19. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Jack's Holiday—It's a busy February for Mark St. Germain, who opens not only a straight play (*Camping with Henry And Tom*) downtown this month but also this A.S. (After Sondheim) musical about a serial killer on the loose. Music and lyrics by Randy Courts; book and lyrics by Mr. St. Germain. $35. Previews begin 2/10; opens 3/5. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, Wilder Theater (279-4200).*

Oedipus at Colonus—In the Pearl Theatre Company's production of the middle, rarely performed play of Sophocles' Theban Trilogy, Robert Hock is featured as the blind king who comes to spiritual transcendence through suffering. Directed by Shepard Sobel. $15–$20 during previews beginning 2/3; $20–$25 after the 2/12 opening. Tues., Thur., and Fri. at 8; Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 3/18. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place off First Ave. (598-9802).*

The Old Lady's Guide to Survival—In a new comedy by Mayo Simon (screenwriter for Judy Garland's last film, *I Could Go On Singing)*, June Havoc—onstage 79 years and counting—comes to grips with old age, the affliction memorably described by Everett Sloane in *Citizen Kane* as the only one you don't look forward to being cured of. With Shirl Bernheim as Shprintzy. Directed by Alan Mandell. $30-$35. Now previewing: Tues. at 7; Wed.—Sat. at 8; mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theater, 130 West 44th St. (997-1780).*

Silence, Cunning, Exile—A new play by Stuart Greenman about the life of Diane Arbus, the photographer who, inspired by Joseph Mitchell's profiles of small-time eccentrics and grotesques in *The New Yorker*, made them her subject—and opened up a hole or two in her own soul as well. Directed by Mark Wing-Davey, who also staged Howard Korder's scathing *The Lights* at Lincoln Center season before last: *this* guy's no stranger to urban horror. $25. In previews beginning 2/7: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. Sun. at 3; opening 2/19. *Public Theater, Martinson Hall (260-2400).*

The Truth Teller—A comedy from the ever-prolific Joyce Carol Oates concerns Hedda, the daughter of an affluent family who creates havoc when she makes a surprise visit to the upstate home. Other family members are called Nora, Maggie, Tiny, and Biff. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $25 in previews; $32.50–$35 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opens 2/9. *Circle Rep, 159 Bleecker St. (239-6200).*

Uncle Vanya—Tom Courtenay plays the title role in Circle in the Square's staging of what is, perhaps, Chekhov's most poignant and affecting play—not his most polished, but for that very reason commanding a rude pathos uniquely its own. Also featuring Amanda Donohoe (star of *L.A. Law*) as Yelena, and directed by Braham Murray, a respected British artist making his Broadway staging debut. $45. In previews for a 2/23 opening; Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun a 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

After-Play—Four old friends reunite for an evening out to the theater and dinner, during which—naturally—they hash over past events and mak some surprising revelations. The playwriting debu for Anne Meara, one half of the husband-and-wif comedy team Stiller & Meara. Directed by Davi Saint. With Barbara Barrie, Merwin Goldsmith Larry Keith, Rue McClanahan, Rochelle Olive Lance Reddick, and John Vennema. $30 Tues.–Sun. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhatta Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, W. 55th St. betwee Sixth and Seventh Ave. (581-1212).*

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ive that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter i steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critic

Photograph by Joan Marcu

Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Andrew, My Dearest One—A new comedy by Mary Mitchell, it focuses on two lonely New Yorkers (Brenda Smiley and Jason Tyler White) living on the edge of isolation. They meet when one—a tense, anxious woman who was once a percussionist for the New York Philharmonic—begins making a series of late-night prank calls to people selected randomly from the phone book. When she reaches a lonely young artist, they strike up a conversation and begin speaking regularly on the phone. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/12. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 West 42nd St. (279-7200).*

Beauty's Daughter—A one-woman show from Nuyorican graduate Dael Orlandersmith. In it, she plays Diane, a poet with a dark angel for her muse, as well as numerous other characters. Directed by Peter Askin. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (840-3074).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25–$40. Wed. at 5 and 8; Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 5. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Body Shop—A musical about six dancers working in a small-town joint and how their lives and the life of the owner are turned upside down by a Hollywood director. Book, music, and lyrics by Walter Marks. Directed by Sue Lawless. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on...well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. Extended through 2/26. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Hapgood—The New York premiere of Tom Stoppard's play about the head of a British government espionage agency who becomes entangled in a web of intrigue, family duty, twins, and nuclear particle physics. Already well-received in London, it's directed by Jack O'Brien and stars, naturally, Stockard Channing. With Clifton Davis, David Lansbury, Brian F. O'Byrne, Yaniv Segal, Josef Sommer, David Strathairn, and Michael Winther. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/19. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 6. Opened: 8/18/94. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Loot—Joe Orton was writing plays about homosexual lust, prosthetics, and necrophilia back when those subjects were thought to be, you know, unusual. The Independent Theatre Company's production of his best-known script begins 2/8 and runs through 3/18. Wed.–Sat. at 8. $12, TDF accepted. *House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. south of Houston (353-3088).*

The Merchant of Venice—Whether one considers it patently anti-Semitic or simply too richly complex to be fodder for simple-minded debate, it's inarguable that Shakespeare's play provides one of his most challenging and intellectually interesting roles. Taking on Shylock is Ron Leibman, who reached a new career high playing another controversial Jewish figure—Roy Cohn—in *Angels in America.* Directed by Barry Edelstein. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 2/26. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Missing Persons—A new, substantially rewritten version of Craig Lucas's 1981 piece about a woman and her family trying to come to terms with one another and the past. Directed by Michael Mayer, who helmed the well-received production of *Angels in America* in Chicago, the first stop on its national tour. $22–$28. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. at 2. Through 2/25. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (645-1242).*

Mr. Budhoo's Letter of Resignation—The Bread and Puppet Theater is up to its usual tricks, this time directed at the International Monetary fund. $10. 2/8–12 at 8. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Avenue between 9th and 10th Sts (254-1109).*

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—After nine years, the long-running Off Broadway show *Nunsense* has metamorphosed into this sequel, which continues the tale of the Little Sisters of Hoboken and their attempts to mount a talent show. Written and directed by Dan Goggin. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/21/94. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Opening

Saul (Andrew Polk) and Maggie (Barbara Gulan) discuss the subtler points of psychosocial linguistic hegemony—no, really—in 'The Truth Teller,' a new comedy of ideas from novelist Joyce Carol Oates. Opening Thursday at Circle Rep.

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Public Enemy—Kenneth Branagh's play about a young man obsessed with James Cagney. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/28/95. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect.. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., between 7th and 8th St. (307-4100).

The Sugar Bean Sisters—Three women living amongst the swampland and sugarcane fields of Watchalahoochie, Florida (the boonies, basically), await the twenty-fifth anniversary of a UFO landing in their backyard. Written by Nathan Sanders and directed by Evan Yionoulis. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butler off. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, **81 Christopher St.;** then a reception at **147 Waverly Place,** with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(279-4200)*

Vita and Virginia—A delicious and absorbing duologue Eileen Atkins has extracted from the letters between Virginia Woolf (Atkins) and Vita Sackville-West (Vanessa Redgrave). You will find it easy to gather into your hearts Vita, Virginia, Vanessa, and Eileen in a delirious *ménage à quatre,* for all four of them are articulate charmers, perceptive and impassioned, witty and mischievous, and damn good company. "Effortless luxury" best describes these performances, by turns thrilling, hilarious, and wrenching as we follow almost two decades of correspondence and friendship. Like the two writers, the two actresses are perfect foils for each other. Zoe Caldwell has directed simply and stylishly on Ben Edwards's English-countryside set. Don't assume this to be an academic exercise about two literary lesbians; it is the glowing conjuration of a world of love and wisdom, banter and profundity, sunlight and sadness. (Simon; 12/5/94) $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

You Should Be So Lucky—A new home and an extended run for Charles Busch's latest romp, a typically outrageous tale of a West Village electrologist whisked away on a Cinderella-type adventure. Written by Busch; directed by Kenneth Elliott. With Nell Campbell, Julie Halston, and Stephen Pearlman. $35–$37.50. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Young Man From Atlanta—The Signature Theatre Company continues its season devoted to the works of Horton Foote with the world premiere of this show about a couple confronting the death of their only child. Directed by Peter Masterson. With Ralph Waite, Devon Abner, Christine Burz, Frances Foster, Carlin Glynn, Seth Jones, Michael Lewis, and James Pritchett. $15. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/26. *Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. (279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

The Black Doctor—A romantic melodrama written by African-American Ira Aldridge, one of America's greatest 19th-century Shakespearean actors. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/12. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

The Cherry Orchard—With the former Soviet Union obviously undergoing a dramatic transformation, it seemed appropriate for the Jean Cocteau Repertory to stage a new production of Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*, under the direction of Eve Adamson. $24. Thurs.– Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 3/3/95. *Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Dancing at Lughnasa—Brian Friel's bittersweet, Chekhovian memory play about a family of sisters wasting away their lives in the provinces, here called County Donegal. Directed by Steven Keim. $10. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/19. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 11th Avenue at 23rd St. (924-8699).*

Dylan Thomas: Return Journey/The Truman Capote Talk Show—Two one-man shows starring Bob Kingdom, who received strong notices in Great Britain, not to mention the patronage of Anthony Hopkins (who directed *Dylan Thomas*) and Eric Clapton (who decided to be one of Kingdom's producers). $25. **Thomas:** Tues. and Thurs. at 8; Sat. at 6. **Capote:** Wed. and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 9; Sun. at 7. Through 2/11. *Perry St. Theater, 31 Perry St. (307-4100).*

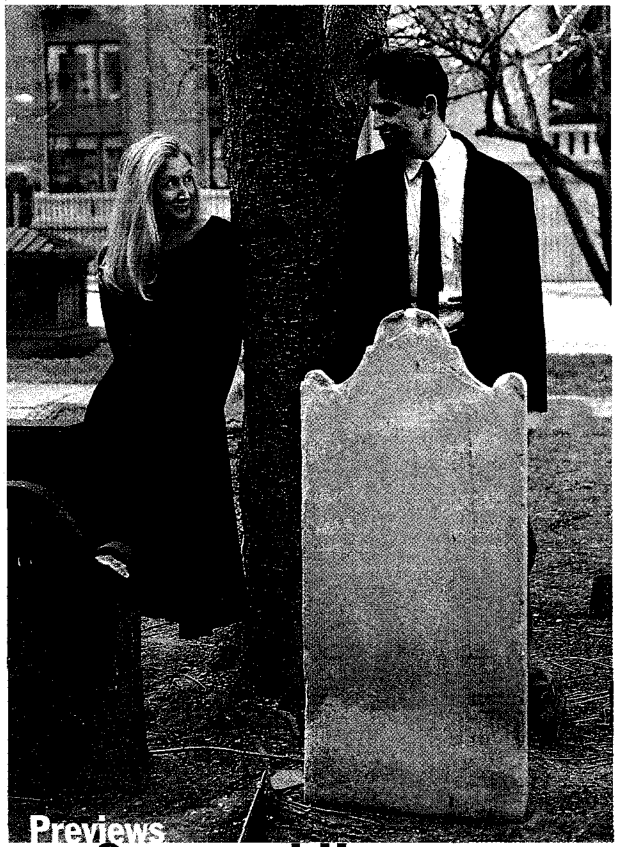
Five & Dime Theatre—The Waterline Theatre company presents an evening of one-act plays: David Wells' *Hypnotherapy*; Darko Tresnjak's *You, Me, Our Apartment and Our Problems;* Jack Garrett's *A Poet, a Lawyer, a Promontory;* and *The Russian*, by "Eileen Noon and Mrs. O'Leary's Volunteer Fire Department". $10. 2/6–7 and 13–14 at 8. *Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. west of Seventh Ave. (714-8138).*

Gardenias in Winter—The lives of five women are altered when their sister suffers a massive stroke. Written and directed by David Wesner. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/26. *Lamb's Little Theater, 130 West 44th St. (768-9117).*

The Green Turtle—In Patrick Gabridge's new drama, two elderly people meet each other in a diner and attempt to "only connect"—easier said, it turns out, than done. Directed by Michael MacKenzie Wills. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Through 2/18. *The Theater Row Theatre, 424 West 42nd St. (473-4473)*

Henry VI—The Theatre for a New Audience follows last season's *Titus Andronicus* with an even more ambitious staging of Shakespeare's three-part epic with the same design team and a cast of 22. It's been distilled into two evenings by director Barry Kyle. Both parts (*Part I: The Contention* and *Part II: The Civil War.)* are now in previews; they premiere on 2/25 (*Part I* at 2 and *Part II* at 8). Through 4/8. Call for detailed performance schedule. *Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

I've Got the Shakes—A new theater piece by Richard Foreman, in which Madeline X feels certain she is destined to teach but doesn't know exactly what to impart. Don't expect a straightforward narrative; expect striking images and moments and a sense of theater à la Robert Wilson. Foreman has received numerous awards and encomiums, including six Obie Awards and recognition for his "outstanding record of accomplishment" by the National Endowment for the Arts. With Jan Leslie Harding, Mary McBride, Rebecca Moore, and Michael Osano. An Ontological-Hysteric production. $10–$15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/9/95. *Ontological at St. Marks Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 East 10th St., second floor (533-4650).*



Graveyard Humor

Playwright Nicky Silver is still on the roll that began with last season's *Pterodactyls: Raised in Captivity* features Bernadette and Sebastian, reunited after their mother is killed by a flying showerhead. Funny? Improbably, yes. Previews at the Vineyard Theatre start Thursday.

Kidnapped—Tyrone and Marylee, direct descendants of Daniel Boone and Betsy Ross, are time travelers drawn together in this dark comedy by their mutual love and contempt for the moral wilderness that surrounds them. Written by Sean O'Connor; directed by Jude Schanzer. Music by George Bonds. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/11. *Miranda Theatre, 259 West 30th St. (268-9829).*

Living in Pieces—A darkly comic play written by and starring the "intensely charismatic, sexy, and smart Julie Flanders." Directed by Stephen Jobes. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 5. Through 2/12. *One Dream Theatre, 232 West Broadway (274-1450).*

Mr. Shakespeare and Mr. Porter—In the Medicine Show company's revue, five Shakespeare plays meet 32 songs (a number of them unpublished) by Cole Porter. Directed by Barbara Vann; musical director, Sandra Sprecher. $10. Fri., Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3, through 3/4. *Medicine Show, 552 West 53rd St. (262-4216).*

Much Ado About Nothing—A new version of Shakespeare's tale; directed by Brenda Lynn Bynum. From the Oasis Theatre. $15. Thur.-Sat. at 7:30; Sun. at 5. Through 2/19. *Playground Theatre, 230 East 9th St. (673-3706).*

Napoli Milionaria—In Naples during World War II, the poor but honest family of Gennaro Joive learns to survive by trading on the black market. But when Joive returns from a German labor camp, he finds his family transformed by greed: His son is a thief, his daughter is a tramp consorting with soldiers, and his wife has grown rich through sordid dealings. Written by Eduardo De Filippo, one of Italy's most popular playwrights. This first English translation of the play is by Tori Haring-Smith. Directed by Robert Hupp. From the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Thur.-Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. (677-0060).*

Off Off Off . . . But Still on Broadway—An evening of new performance work by Nicky Tamrong, Bill Bartlett, and Wendy Davidson. $10. Fri., Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, through 2/12. *Soundance Studio, 4th floor, 385 Broadway south of Canal St. (941-6457).*

One Woman Shoe—David Sedaris, the apartment-cleaning NPR commentator, has collaborated with his sister Amy on a new show. In it, no one is allowed to receive any government assistance (welfare, food stamps, and such) until she learns to put on a one-woman show. Directed by Mike Napier. $12. Mon. at 8; Thur.–Sun. at 10. Through 2/18. *La MaMa, 74A East 4th St. (475-7710).*

Strange Snow—A revival of Stephen Metcalfe's drama about a Vietnam vet torn apart by his memories of the war (not to mention alcohol), and the sister and other veteran who become drawn into his destruction. Filmed as a movie called *Jacknife*, with Robert De Niro and Ed Harris. Directed by Mark McKenna. With Carl Cohen, Paul Navarra, and Diane Rooney. $10. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/11. *Pelican Studio Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave., at 46th St. (979-0263).*

30,000 Pigs Roamed the City—A new musical comedy with (and this gets complicated) book by Bill Baumer and Ed Stevens; music by Dean Meyers; lyrics by Meyers, Stevens, and Baumer; and directed and choreographed by Michael Piatkowski. $15. Thur. and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3:30. Through 2/11. *Wings Theater, 154 Christopher St. (627-2960).*

Too Clever by Half—The satire by Ostrovsky, dealing with every device dear to nineteenth-century comic Russian playwrights: colorful roguery, the insolence of office, pure love, and rich widows. Presented by The Actors' Company Theatre. $15. 2/6 and 2/13 at 8. *The Players 16 Gramercy Park South (645-8228).*

Uncle Bob—A new two-character play written by Austin Pendleton. With George Morfogen and Adam Stein; directed by Kelly Morgan. $12 in previews; $20 after opening. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. *Mint Theater 311 W. 43rd St., fifth floor (315-9434).*

Waterfall/Reflections—The Yara Arts Group present an interweaving of American and Ukrainian women's family histories, myths, ancient songs and contemporary poetry. Developed in Kiev in collaboration with folk singer Nina Matvienko Directed by Virlana Tkacz. $12. 2/12 at 3:30. *L MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

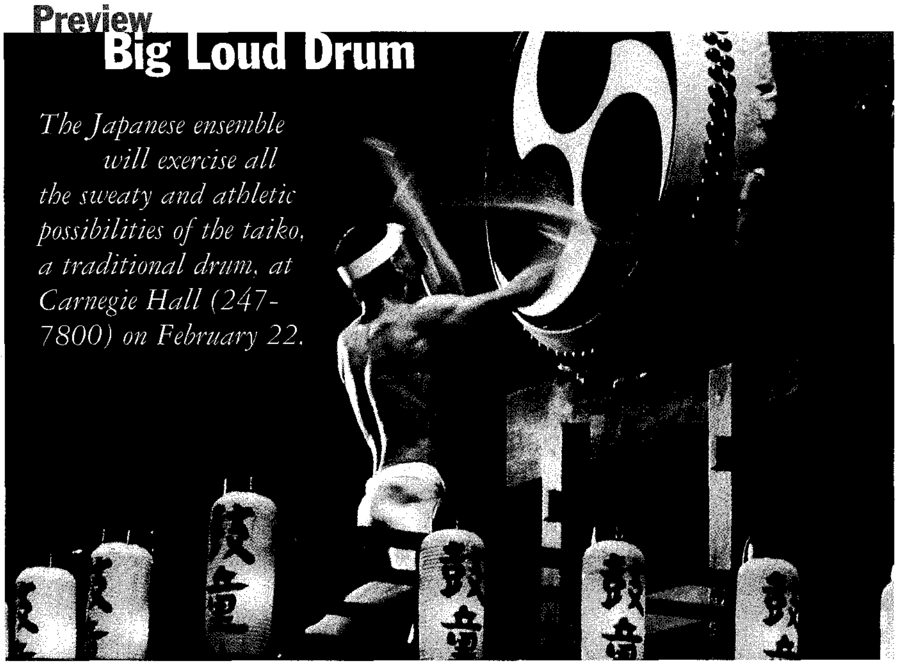
Wordfire Festival 95—A three-week program of new solo theater pieces. Featured: Susan Miller's *M Left Breast*, Patricia Scanlon's *Just Beneath My Skin* and Emmet Foster's *One Morman Show*. *Ohio Theater Space, 60 Wooster St. (966-9290).*

Photograph by Carol Roseg

in concert

New York Festival of Song...Jazzdance

Preview
Big Loud Drum



The Japanese ensemble will exercise all the sweaty and athletic possibilities of the taiko, a traditional drum, at Carnegie Hall (247-7800) on February 22.

Classical Music

Tuesday, February 7

New York Philharmonic—Brahms's Symphony No. 4 and *Tragic Overture* and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 will be performed. Kurt Masur conducts; Helen Huang is the pianist. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 7:30; $12–$65.

Keyboard Conversations: Jeffrey Siegel—"Franz Liszt: A Soul in Conflict," featuring the B-minor Sonata, *Grand Galop Chromatique*, and *Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen*. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $15.

Chamber Music Society Artists/Orion String Quartet—David Golub and Gary Hoffman collaborate with the quartet in tonight's performance of works by Mozart, Shostakovich, and Schubert. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 7:30; $18 and $28.

Wednesday, February 8

Tokyo String Quartet—Performing the Beethoven String Quartets. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$30.

Thursday, February 9

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts a performance of works by Liszt, Beethoven, Ravel, and others. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15-$45.

Bernard Levasseur and Noel Lee—The French-Canadian baritone and pianist Lee perform works by Debussy, Duparc, Chausson, and others as part of the "French Fin-de-Siècle" series. Miller Theatre, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $15.

Friday, February 10

Kronos Quartet—The quartet begins its residency at BAM with works by Crumb, Glass, Adams, and others. Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100), at 8; $10–$30.

New York Philharmonic—See 2/9.

Quintet of the Americas—The quintet performs works by Nielsen, Husa, Mendelssohn, and Dvořák at Weill Recital Hall. Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25.

Chanticleer—The a cappella ensemble presents "Landini and Machaut: Ars Nova in France and Italy." The Temple of Dendur in the Sackler Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. and 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; unreserved seats are $30.

Saturday, February 11

New York Festival of Song— "Les Années Folles: Paris in the '20s." This is the final concert of a three-part series designed to capture the spirit of past eras while resurrecting the song recital. The program consists of a semi-staged performance of Andre Messager's 1924 hit *L'Amour Masque* and chamber pieces of the period. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.

New York Philharmonic —See 2/9.

Kronos Quartet—See 2/10.

Samuel Ramey—Bass Ramey, accompanied by pianist Warren Jones, gives a recital of works by Handel, Mozart, Carissimi, Gluck, Schubert, Barber, Griffes, and Gershwin at Carnegie Hall. Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.

Guarneri String Quartet—Violist Steven Tenenbom is the quartet's guest for a performance of works by Mozart and Brahms. Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. and 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; $25.

Chanticleer—Performing a one-hour program in which plainchant styles of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance will be sung and discussed. Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. and 82nd St. (570-3949), at 2:30; $20.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Sunday, February 12

Israel Philharmonic—Performing works by Webern, Brahms, Bruch. Guest artist is violinist Midori. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 3; $20–$60 (sold out).

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—About half of the orchestra will participate in tonight's concert of works by Arutunian, Shostakovich, and Tchaikovsky in Merkin Hall. Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 3; $15.

Monday, February 13

Israel Philharmonic—Performing works by R. Strauss, Beethoven, and Ari Ben-Shabetai. Guest artist is pianist Yefim Bronfman. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $20–$60.

Shura Cherkassky—The pianist's only New York recital consists of works by Handel, Schumann, Chopin, Ligeti, Rubinstein, and Liszt. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$50.

Tuesday, February 14

New York Philharmonic—See 2/9; tonight's performance is at 7:30.

Wednesday, February 15

Cecile Licad—The pianist returns to the concert stage with a performance of works by Haydn, Mozart, and Ravel. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $15.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—2/6, 2/8, 2/11, and 2/14 at 8: Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. 2/7 and 2/10 at 8: Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*. 2/8 at 8 and 2/11 at 1:30: Puccini's *Turandot*. 2/13 at 8: Verdi's *La Traviata*. Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $22–$110.

Dance

Jazzdance—Danny Buraczeski's (New York premiere) pieces celebrate jazz in general and the works of Celia Cruz, Dizzy Gillespie, and Artie Shaw in particular. Joyce Theater, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (242-0800), 2/7–2/12; $27.

Les Merveilles D'Afrique—Africa & Mandingue Music Productions presents this African ensemble of 35 dancers. Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400), 2/9 at 8; $17 in advance and $20 day of show.

New York City Ballet—The repertory season continues through 2/26. Performances are every day except Monday. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $12–$60.

Photograph by Masakazu Sakomizu.

nightlife

Helmet...Willie Nelson...Lounge Lizard

Concerts

Helmet—Avant-Ozzy, anyone? Page Hamilton, guitarist for New York's million-dollar grunge band (literally: their post-Nirvana price tag was just that), comes with the perfect art-rock pedigree: Glenn Branca's guitar ensemble and jazz studies at Manhattan School of Music. Apparently, Hamilton minored in minimalism, since most of Helmet's *Meantime* sounds like the same song: bludgeoning, machine-fitted grooves that distill metal riffs down to their subatomic essence. Their new *Betty* is a bit more tuneful, but still charged with the same precision-torqued aggression that has somehow taken the world by storm, making Helmet one of the most successful New York bands since the Ramones. They play with local hardcore outfit Sick Of It All and Richmond's Kepone. 2/10 at 7:30 p.m. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St., bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (307-7171). $15–$17.*

Hole—The redoubtable Courtney Love holds New York hostage for two nights with Hole. Since, as she told *SPIN*, all Courtney has to do is lick her finger, "hold it in the wind, and shit sticks to it," *something's* got to happen. Most likely it's an awesome rock concert. With Motel Shootout. 2/15–2/16 at 8 p.m. *Roseland, (307-7171). Sold out.*

Willie Nelson—2/14 at 8 p.m. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway at 74th St. (307-7171). $50.*

London Suede—With American Music Club. 2/14 at 8 p.m. *Manhattan Center Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (307-7171). $15–17.*

Manhattan School of Music Jazz Orchestra—Music to dance and romance to, from the likes of Basie, Ellington, and Kenton. 2/14 at 6:30 p.m. *World Financial Center Winter Garden, West St. bet. Vesey and Liberty Sts. (945-0505).*

Performance

Bowie, Morrissey...Brett?

Brett Anderson (top right) has it all: bombast, bisexuality, cheekbones. This season's British glam-rocker leads The London Suede on Valentine's Day at the Manhattan Center Ballroom.

Clubland

A.K.A.—A smallish second-floor home to downtown hepsters, acid-jazzbos, and local alternarock bands. 2/8: Arnie Lawrence and the Funk Co-Elation. 2/9: Inner Urge. *77 W. Houston St., bet. W. Broadway and Wooster St. (673-7325).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes, and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 2/10: Singer/guitarist Eugene Clancy and his accordionist brother Pat hold forth. Straight outta County Armagh, they're joined by Gene's kids John and Rose on bass and fiddle. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—Roches Maggie, Terre, and Suzzy alight at the Bottom Line on 2/11, lending their voices to the Bottom Line's twenty-first-anniversary party. If you missed their Christmas performance, this is a good opportunity to catch their slightly odd, gorgeous harmonies and warm spirits live. 2/6: Ed Palermo's 16-piece big band plays the music of the late Frank Zappa, joined by Dave Samuels. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Quite cozy, for all the bare brick and low-rent rock bands. Look for the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 2/8: Motel Shootout. 2/9: Jamie Block. 2/10: Drunken Boat; Dirt Merchants. 2/11: Boston's legendary retro-punks the Lyres play garagey music for the nineties. 2/12: Shootyz Groove. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, eighteen years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. 2/7: Much Too Fantastic. 2/8: Joan Osborne. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—This week, the venue makes good on its promise to import the Windy City's best and brightest: The mighty Otis Rush, whose fiercesome guitar style has marked every guitarist from Eric Clapton to Jeff Beck, plays 2/10–2/11. 2/8–2/9: Johnny B. Moore. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 2/8: The rap band S.S.L. 2/9: Avant-funk by Screaming Headless Torsos. 2/10: Arty improv, noise, and ambience by Tong, Elliott Sharp, Sonic Youth's Lee Ranaldo, and jazz drummer William Hooker. 2/11: Acid jazz by Tuba and Brooklyn Funk Essentials. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band holds forth. 2/7: The deft avant-hip-hop combo Lost Tribe. 2/14–2/15: Loser's Lounge presents an evening of hackneyed and impassioned duets by local faves, for Valentine's day. *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—Ani DiFranco is pretty explosive for one so unplugged. Commanding the stage with just an acoustic guitar (and, more recently, a percussionist) the 24-year-old folk-punk sings and strums with a scampering ferocity—her guitar style a hyperactive offshoot of West African music and her lyrics an assertively feminist mix of riot-grrl esprit and grandmother wisdom. Despite her several-record career and ability to fill this large club at a whim, the bubbly singer has demurred on her many record label offers, preferring to distribute on her own Righteous Babe Records. She plays on 2/15. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The sharp, achingly personal singer-songwriter Freedy Johnston, whose *This Perfect World* topped many a critic's list for '94, plays on 2/7. 2/8: Terraplane with Elliot Sharp. 2/9–2/11: Downtown scenesters for a good fifteen years, the Lounge Lizards return for three weekends of noirish atmospherics and rollicking jazz abstractions, led by the lupine film star/saxophonist John Lurie. 2/13: Tenor saxophone dynamo David Murray brings in his Big Band, conducted by Butch Morris. 2/15: The Betty; J. Mascis, guitar god of Dinosaur Jr., plays solo. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—2/8: Lonnie Brooks, native of Louisiana, plays rock, blues, and "bayou funk," with his son, Ronnie Baker Brooks. Shows at 9. *1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's Indie-Rock Central or CBGB West, this is the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 2/9: Geraldine Fibbers; Num. 2/10: New Bomb Turks; Gaunt. 2/11: Juicy; Splendora; Dish. 2/15: Air Miami; Spectrum. Shows at 10 Fri.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Tom Sheehan.

and Sat., 9 Sun.–Thurs. $6–$8. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064). $.*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's most happening spots, this intimate room often hosts folk and rock artists ready for the more au courant slots on MTV. 2/8: Spiritualized; St. Johnny; Oral Groove. 2/9: The Friggs; Shirk Circus; Feed. 2/13: High Plains Drifters. 2/14: dada; Peter Sallett. 2/15: Jennifer Charles; Supple. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar—A regular Wednesday- and Saturday-night home to the rollicking hip-hop-driven Irish band Black 47, which is a lot better here after a few pints than on record or on the road. $10. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210). $.*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 2/8: The Heather Woodbury Report. 2/9: Partners; Agnelli and Rave; Bubble; The Itinerants. 2/11: Jr. Miss, who's actually a guy, has been a fixture on the anti-folkie scene for years, singing with a voice some have likened to Johnny Cash and Sugar's Bob Mould—the perfect mix for his demimonde. 2/13: The weekly "Antihootenanny," hosted by Lach. Shows nightly at 8. *94 Ave. A, at 6th St. (473-7373). $.*

Sounds of Brazil—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night Soul Kitchen, preceded by the poetry-and-rap jam "Flippin' the Script." Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. 2/10: Baba Olatunji and Drums of Passion. 2/12: "Konkrete Jungle," featuring D.J.s specializing in the new "jungle" style of techno-ish dance music, direct from the U.K. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—Jim and Alison Shaw co-lead England's Cranes, and not since the Carpenters has a brother-sister team wrought such affecting pop. The Shaws may not treasure the allusion, considering the gothic noisiness of their first two records, but on their recent Loved they're comparatively cuddly: Violin, acoustic guitar, xylophone, and even oboe find their way into the otherwise foreboding mix, and Alison's vocals are almost clear enough to understand. They play with Idaho on 2/9. 2/10: C.J. Chenier and the Red Hot Louisiana Band; Ron Sunshine and the Smoking Section. 2/11: The ever-funky Average White Band. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *Nota bene:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 2/8: Peter Salett; 22 Brides; Ruth Gerson. 2/9: Lotion. 2/10: Cowboy Mouth; Loup Garou; Slapmeat Johnson and the Titans. 2/11: New Potato Caboose En Train. 2/15: Pound; Uncle Buzz. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. *2420 Broadway, at 89th St. (740-2228).*

Blue Note—Probably the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two stars in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 2/7–2/12: Fusion soprano sax star George Howard. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 2/11: Pianist Kenny Drew, Jr., with Marvin "Smitty" Smith, and Jay Leonhart. 2/12: The elegant pianist John Hicks, with trumpeter Russell Gunn, and bassist Curtis Lundy. 2/13–2/18: Pianist Kenny Barron and bassist Paul West. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 a.m. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. Through 2/12: Claudio Roditi. 2/14–2/19: Duffy Jackson, son of Wooddy Herman bassist Chubby Jackson has played with the big bands of Count Basie, Artie Shaw, Lionel Hampton, and Illinois Jacquet. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

55 Bar—A smoky West Village watering hole where the electrified post-bop guitarist Mike Stern plays most Mondays and Wednesdays. Shows at 11. *55 Christopher St. (929-9883).*

Iridium—The artfully wacky restaurant across the street from Lincoln Center crosses Gaudi with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts formidable jazz comers in its basement. Mondays through February, "Five Star Guitars Play the Music of Charles Mingus," with a rotating roster of New York fret-burners—David Fiuczinski, Larry Coryell, Rodney Jones, David Gilmore, and others. Through 2/11: Tom Chapin leads a quartet featuring Ronnie Mathews. 2/14: Sonny Fortune Quartet, featuring pianist Mulgrew Miller. Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 a.m. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—Sundays through February, Emmy- and Tony-award-winning actor Michael Moriarty plays piano. If you miss him here, he's got an upcoming CBS-TV mini-series with Farrah Fawcett. 2/8–2/11: Pianist Steve Kuhn, bassist David Finck, and drummer Billy Drummond. 2/14: Singer Mary Cleere Haran. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. Wednesdays, jazz D.J. Ben Duncan hosts a jam session, with free eats from 10 to 11. 2/10–2/11: Arthur Taylor's Wailers. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Sardi's—Tenor saxophonist Chris Potter leads an open jam for non-pros—doctors, lawyers, ministers, and the like. 2/10 at noon. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that's liquor-license-free and so stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 a.m. Nightly jams start round about 2 a.m. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 a.m. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 2/12: The great ballad sorcerer Jimmy Scott. 2/14–2/26: Joe Bushkin Trio. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky 59-year-old institution is revered by fans around the world. This February it turns 60. Through 2/19: Art Farmer plays with Jerome Richardson, Ron Blake, Geoff Keezer, Kenny Davis, and the exciting drummer Marvin "Smitty" Smith. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 a.m. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and surprisingly avant jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 2/8–2/11: Sheila Jordan Group. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 MacDougal St. (800-831-2326).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno and many other greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's

Scene

Where the Girls Are

Lesbian Chic's fifteen minutes may have long since ticked by, but by no means should one infer that all the chic lesbians have left town. Recently, glamorous women and the women who love them have been crowding the smoky tables and cushy banquettes at No Day Like Sunday, the weekly sapphic cocktail-lounge party at Cafe Tabac's residually fabulous upstairs bar. "Oh, it's a snore," said one sardonic regular, surveying the room. "There's nothing to do but gawk at all the beautiful people." And while the ethnically and sartorially diverse crowd is indeed chock-full of lookers, the vibe is surprisingly laid-back and friendly. Raver girls in stocking caps, platform sneaks, and tight-fitting nylon skiwear drink and shoot pool alongside the silk-shirt-and-itty-bitty-backpack crowd. "We decided we had to do something because we never went out and found anything that fit us," explains promoter Sharee Nash, who started No Day with her friend Wanda Acosta. "We wanted to have a cocktail-y place that you could just come to, and if you wanted to get dressed up you could, and get a real martini in a real glass." Nash and Acosta's reputation as party promoters to watch continues to grow: The Wednesday before last, they opened Circa, a mixed lesbian-gay night, at Trompe L'oeil on Carmine Street, and they plan to follow up later this month with a women-only Monday at Zinc bar on Houston. But no matter how many impossibly stylish events they preside over, there's only one place they want to be at the end of the week. "We picked the name No Day," says Nash, "because there's no day like Sunday to do something good, to come out and enjoy yourself." **DEB SCHWARTZ**

hotograph by Catherine McGann.

series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. 2/9–2/12: John Pinette, with Marc Unger and Mitch Fatel. 2/15–2/19: James Stephens III. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 2/12: Darryll Hammond; Gregg Rogell; Greer Barnes; Dave Attell; Rick Crom, Joe Mulligan. 2/13–2/19: Larry Amoros; Ray Romano; Dave Attell; Kevin Brennen. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs., shows start at 9; Fri., at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat., at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 2/13–2/19: Sean Donnellan; Ben Creed; Rich Ramirez; Al Romero; Mike Robles; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

New York Comedy Club—2/11: Todd Barry; Eric Kornfeld; Marc Unger; Mike King. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9 p.m., with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 p.m.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 p.m. *241 East 24th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (696-5233).*

Rebar—Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *127 W. 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-Up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

West End Gate—Mondays, the Winged Nuts improvise comedy. Tues.–Wed., Bob & Mitch host a stand-up night. Sun., it's Tom Soter's Improv Comedy. *2911 Broadway (666-8687).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Beginning 2/7, guitarist and singer John Pizzarelli regales the Oak Room with swing classics in a subdued mood, helped out by his brother Martin and Ray Kennedy on bass and piano. Through 2/25. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

The Ballroom—Thur. at 6:30: Hellman's Angels. Fri. and Sat. at 6:30: Phillip Officer. $15. *253 West 28th St. (244-3005).*

Blue Angel—*Les Incroyables,* a Parisian musical revue. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Wed. at 2. *321 West 44th Street (262-3333).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt is back in business, purring her trademark numbers through 2/18. $40 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe 44—Singer Priscilla Hood on Tues, Sat., and Sun. at 6. No cover. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Cleopatra's Supper Club—*Cleopatra's Follies,* a continuous revue. $10–$15; $15 minimum. Wed.–Sun. at 9. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—Various performers nightly. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Eighty Eight's—Mondays through 3/13 at 8, Marilyn Volpe singing the songs of Cy Coleman in a show called "You Fascinate Me So." $12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

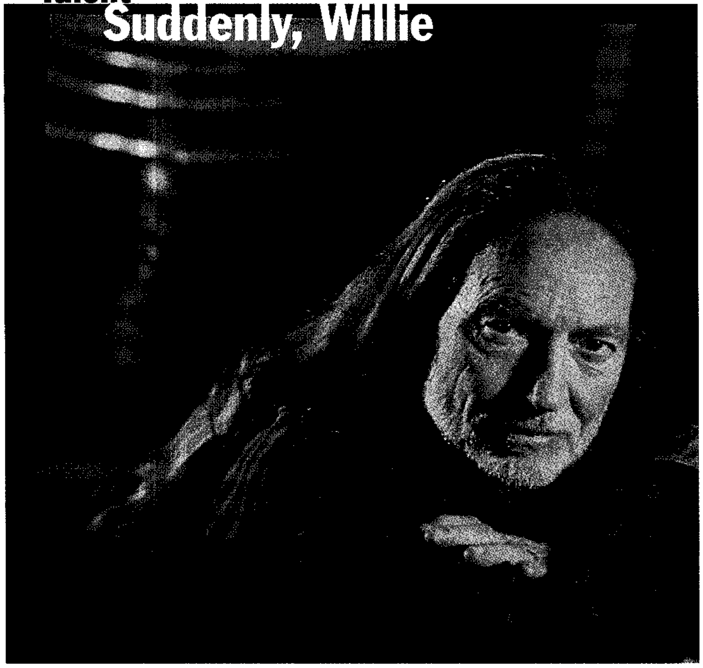
Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. Tue.–Sat.: "You Keep Coming Back Like a Song," a musical memoir of Irving Berlin. Nightly at 9 and 11. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Celebrating her fiftieth anniversary in show business, Rosemary Clooney raises the highest rafters in town through 3/4: Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quartet is in residence Fridays at 10:30 through 2/24 playing jazz and swing; this Friday, Karen Ziemba of Broadway's *Crazy For You* sits in for a Richard Rodgers medley. *234 West 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Talent

Suddenly, Willie



Outlaw, hippie, mensch, tax dodger, and classic crooner Willie Nelson is a man of many hats. No one should doubt his ballad savvy; on the recent *Healing Hands of Time,* the author of "Crazy" and "Night Life" is as deft as ever. He sings these and other standards with a full orchestra on Valentine's Day at the Beacon Theater.

Tatou—*Viva Brazil!,* a musical revue featuring The Girls From Ipanema. Wed.—Sat. nightly at 9 through 4/1. Jackets required. *151 East 50th St. (753-1144).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Bowery Bar—Finally open and already the it bar (of course). Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender for whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

The Cafe Centro Beer Bar—The marble floors lend the place all the charm of a Wall Street office lobby. And the professional crowd that gathers after work carries on as though it's at a corporate Christmas party. Young's Bitter is the highlight of the ten beers on tap. If you're tempted, make sure to call ahead for a pint; they serve it too cold. *200 Park Ave., at 46th St. (818-1222).*

C. J. Bentley's—Got a thing for a man out of uniform? This is a cop pickup bar, so don't be surprised if, mid-flirt, you discover a wedding band in the officer's hip pocket. Added bonus: Disco never died here. *7110 Third Ave., at 79th St., Brooklyn (718-745-0748).*

Dama—Man-about-downtown Jean Claude Iacoveli and three fellow Eurocharmers have opened a playroom for themselves and their elegant and oversexed young trendies—some of whom (for fun, not profit) dance nearly naked. Though unnecessary, oysters are served until 3 A.M., or until they run out. *9 Seventh Ave. So., at Carmine St. (675-2638).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping, downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

Great Jones Cafe—Must have sold auto parts in a past life. Now it's an elbow-banging, "sorry pal," putatively southwestern watering hole. Stay long enough to recover from a Cajun martini. *53 Great Jones St., nr. Bowery (674-9304).*

Les Poulets—The roar on Wednesday night at this almost exclusively Puerto Rican nightclub is welcome relief from the self-congratulatory murmur of the typical Flatiron feedery. *16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000).*

Mare Chiaro—The bartender is deaf, and the owner has been known to dance about in his underpants. The Little Italy that existed before tourists were invented. *176 Mulberry St., nr. Broome St. (226-9345).*

Oak Bar—The perfect place to take your parents, unless you're paying. What are those bird-legged ladies talking so intently to those round old men about, anyway? Jackets aren't required, but you'll feel naked without one. *Plaza Hotel, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (546-5320).*

Peter's Waterfront Ale House—Bee jerky on the bar and a regular crowd that actually eats it. Great beer selection complete with weekly specials and a hip, if harried, wait staff—don't let their silly red uniforms fool you. *136 Atlantic Ave., nr. Clinton St., Brooklyn (n phone).*

Red Strype—A downtown concept bar. Red Stripe, Dragon Stout, Ting, Hennessey, Bailey's, an Amaretto; that's it. *33 Crosby St., nr. Broome St (422-5788).*

S.T.—To the interloper this up-to-the minute Eas Village storefront will be like landing in a bar i Berlin without a working knowledge of German The huddling young giddies pack this booze-u beyond capacity and make it so crowded that no only can you taste the alienation in the air; yo can smell it. Heads up for the dartboard as yo come out of the bathroom. *634 E. 11th St. (n phone).*

Stephen's Green—Irish "football" fans camped her during the World Cup last summer because it's jus like home. *43–39 46th St., at Queens Blvd., Queen (718-786-5737).*

205 Club—A social club for hipsters. A couch, a poo table, a D.J. after 10:30, and the best pinba machine in creation first-timers feel like long time members. One tip: Get your partner to orde his or her bourbon on the rocks before you orde yours neat. The bartenders seem to feel compelle to match the level of the first drink, leaving yo with one crippling can of Makers Mark. *20 Chrystie St., at Stanton St. (473-5816).*

The Photo Fair...Modern Folk

Openings

“Contemporary Landscape: Topography and Imagination” features works by Robert Berlind, Jeffrey Blondes, Joellyn Duesberry, Mark Innerst, Jonathan Santlofer, Reeve Schley, and others (opens February 9 at James Graham & Sons, 1014 Madison Avenue).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Robert De Niro—A survey of expressionistic paintings from the seventies and eighties by this second-generation New York School artist (1922–1993); through 3/4. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Aharon Gluska—A group of mixed-media works in wood, silk, resin, and paint that incorporate enlarged copies of mug shots of Jews in concentration camps taken from the Nazis' own files; Through 3/4. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Mundy Hepburn—Constructed from homemade glass, these sculptures, some of which evoke surreal underwater flower beds, have painterly phosphor coatings and involve the use of gaseous-plasma technology; 2/8–3/11. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Roni Horn/Nayland Blake—When the artist first began making these text-based drawings in gouache and watercolor in 1984, she recorded literary quotes and references as well as her own writing. Her most recent works are based on her own writings from the book *Pooling Waters*/Video-based works from the past five years. Through 3/11. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Paul Rotterdam—New abstract paintings; through 3/11. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

Albert Urban—Color screenprints with musical and theatrical themes from the thirties and forties by this German artist (1909–1959) who began his artistic tutelage under Max Beckman and Willi Baumeister at the Frankfurt Kunstschule; through 3/18. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (772-8810).

Jon Van Vliet—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper by the former Captain Beefheart; through 3/18. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

57th Street Area

Pat Andrea—In these drawings and boxes, the artist explores a chaotic world of violence and sexuality through ambiguous juxtapositions of men, women, dogs, toys, and other objects; through 2/25. Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. (826-4210).

William Baziotes—Of these seemingly serene biomorphic paintings, the artist, who had a horror of being misunderstood, once wrote, “My work is like the Caribbean—Above the Blue Sky and Below the Blue Water—beneath the sharks . . .”; through 3/4. Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Christian Boltanski—Among the artist's new pieces are “Human,” an installation that consists of 1,000 small archival photographs of criminals and victims, Nazis and Jews, mixed together anonymously, and a work in which archival photographs have been printed on transparent vellum and delicately hung on two long nails, allowing the paper to flutter gently in air currents to produce quivering shadows on the wall; 2/10–3/11. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Earl Cunningham/Grandma Moses—Paintings by two American self-taught artists; through 3/18. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

John Duff—Recent fiberglass sculptures that refer to both man-made and natural forms; through 2/25. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Candace Jans—Still-life compositions, interiors, and architectural exteriors painted on the Sicilian island of Salina, where the artist spends her summers; through 2/25. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

R. B. Kitaj—This exhibition of recent paintings and prints coincides with a survey of the artist's work at the Metropolitan Museum (see “Museums”); through 3/4. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Jacob Lawrence—A survey of paintings from 1936 to the present by the preeminent storyteller and historian of African-American culture; through 2/25. Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave. (758-1900).

Ann Lofquist—Paintings of landscapes in Maine that concentrate on specific weather and light conditions; through 2/24. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Mary Obering/Stephanie Rowden—Paintings of concentric squares and rectangles on box constructions/Sculptures and installations that record the stories of different people in the artist's life through the use of sound. Through 2/25. Littlejohn/Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Philip Pearlstein—The compositions of the artist's unflinchingly realist figure paintings have become increasingly complex in recent years, as this show—Pearlstein's first with this gallery—demonstrates; 2/7–3/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Langdon Quin—Paintings of Italian landscapes and of figures in interiors; through 2/25. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Charles Sarka—The illustrator, who worked for *Collier's*, *Harper's*, and *Cosmopolitan* and died in 1960, made these small-scale works on paper in graphite, colored pencil, and watercolor during his travels to Egypt, Spain, Morocco, the Caribbean, and Tahiti; their subject matter includes figure and animal studies and landscapes; through 3/4. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

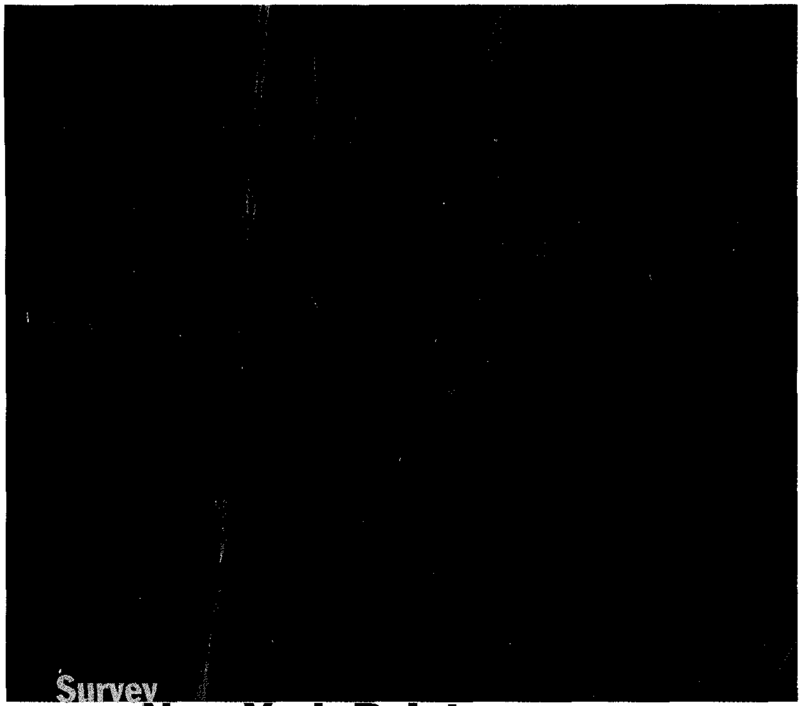
Raphael Soyer—An exhibit spanning the artist's career, with an emphasis on his Social Realist paintings of the thirties and forties; through 3/4. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Jack Tworkov/Sam Francis—A survey documenting the evolution of his paintings from Abstract Expressionism to his later reductive works; through 2/11/An exhibit of Abstract Expressionist paintings and drawings from the fifties to the early nineties, marking the artist's death last November; through 2/18. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Tom Uttech—Paintings of Canadian forests and their wildlife inhabitants; through 2/25. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Bettina Werner—Minimal paintings with textured surfaces; through 2/25. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

Helen Miranda Wilson—Inspired by the poems and pictures engraved on the windowpanes in the artist's childhood home, these recent small-scale paintings depict the rooms the artist lives in, her own body, the food she eats, and the surrounding sky and landscape; through 3/4. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).



Survey

New York Painter

This intelligently curated overview of Jack Tworkov's paintings at Andre Emmerich traces the evolution of the late artist's work from his Abstract Expressionist paintings, such as 'Barrier Series #5' (1963), above, to his minimal canvases of the seventies.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of the Andre Emmerich Gallery.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alighiero e Boetti/Richard Long—Works by both artists that have never been exhibited in the United States, including Boetti's silk embroidery of 1982 *The Thousand Longest Rivers in the World*, which made its debut in Documenta 7, Kassel, and Long's *Somerset Willow Line*, a site-specific sculpture of 608 willow branches; 2/9–4/29. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Germaine Brooks—Paintings that probe into the psychological aspects of portraiture without relying on specific narratives or subjects; through 3/4. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (941-1609).

James Brown—Recent mixed-media paintings on handmade paper; through 2/25. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway.

Thom Cooney Crawford—Built up with layers of paint and burlap, these vividly colored abstract paintings depict an opening or entry as a central image; 2/9–3/4. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Amy Ernst—Paintings and collages influenced by Surrealism and fifteenth-century Flemish paintings, by this artist whose grandfather was the Surrealist Max Ernst; through 2/25. 479, 594 Broadway (334-0909).

Luciano Fabro—A recent installation titled "Il giorno mi pesa sulla notte" ("The day weighs on me at night") by the Arte Povera artist; through 3/1. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (966-9310).

Aaron Fink/Peter Hristoff—New large-scale paintings that depict an overscaled object as a central image/New works on paper; 2/9–3/28. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Donald Judd—Minimalist sculpture made between 1963 and 1990; through 2/25. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Dennis Masback/Julie Evans—The artist has moved away from romantic landscapes to paint these new works that layer organic imagery into enigmatic fields of space/Ephemeral washes are combined with densely layered areas in these paintings that explore forms and relationships derived from nature; 2/9–3/11. K & E, 78 Grand St. (431-7783).

Josiah McElheny/Dan Peterman—The artist, who is also a glassblower, critiques and re-invents the history and mythology of glass by re-creating originals, replicas, fakes, and reproductions of glass artifacts/Sculptures made from recycled materials. Through 2/25. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Santi Moix—Abstract paintings with thick matte surfaces by a young Spanish painter living in New York; through 2/25. Black + Greenberg, 79 Grand St. (431-1670).

James Nares—The painter uses oversize flexible brushes on prepared linen to create the perfect gesture, which then seems to organically dictate a second stroke, and then possibly a third; through 3/4. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Peggy Preheim—Titled "Caul Structures," the paintings, sculpture, drawings, and photographs in this exhibit evoke various states of vulnerability prompted by the conditional nature of existence, archetypal childhood memories, and the passage of time; through 3/4. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Elsa Rady/Tristano di Robilant—Groupings of porcelain forms bolted to polyurethaned aluminum shelves that are the artist's investigation into the formal and emotional possibilities of the "still life"/Large-scale sculpture. Through 3/11. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Robert Reid—Watercolors based on the artist's recollections of his trips to the French countryside; through 2/28. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Tim Rollins and K.O.S.—The group's latest paintings were inspired by Aristophanes' classical comedies and use actual pages from the books to create a gridded background for symbols that convey the spirit of the literature; through 2/25. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Ross Rudel—Abstract but suggestively erotic wall sculptures made with stained wood, enamel paint, and stretched nylon and rubber; through 3/4. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Antoni Tàpies—In his recent paintings with surfaces textured with sand and marble dust, the Catalan artist continues to synthesize personal and universal symbols; through 3/4. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Dario Urzay—This series of primarily red paintings spanned by veinlike webs brings to mind X-rays, blood, and other bodily matter; through 2/23. Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (966-7753).

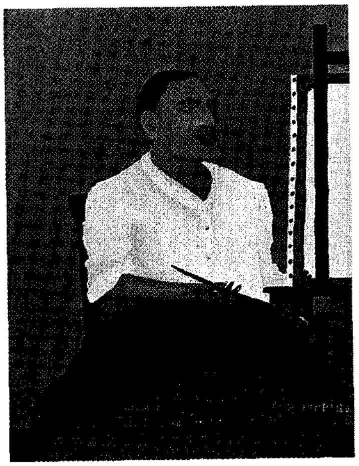
Jeffrey Wasserman—New abstract paintings that reveal traces of imagery; through 3/4. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Tino Zago—Expressionistic abstract painting inspired by the coastline of Nova Scotia; through 2/26. Keen, 423 Broome St. (966-2216).

Retrospective

Art From the Heart

For years, no one was quite sure how to classify the art of Horace Pippin. Were his colorful, stylized, but starkly simple compositions most properly the work of a folk artist, a black artist, or a latent modernist? Dr. Albert C. Barnes, who collected Pippin's paintings, described the works as having "their musical counterparts in the Spirituals of the American Negro." The illustrator N. C. Wyeth said Pippin's paintings contained "some of the purest expression I have seen in a long time" and that he would "give my soul to be as naive as he is." But by the time Pippin had his first one-man show in New York at the Downtown Gallery, in 1944, his dealer Edith Halpert thought it wise to distance Pippin from his earlier reputation. "Originally hailed as a 'primitive,' " the gallery's press release read, "his growing sophistication has gradually eliminated that label." In "I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin," the Metropolitan's somewhat abbreviated version of an exhibition that originated at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Pippin gracefully embodies all of the above and more.



The self-taught artist, who didn't start painting until he was 30, did remarkably well during his brief career, which lasted from 1930 until his death in 1946. His paintings were sought after by serious collectors—including Charles Laughton and Edward G. Robinson—and appeared regularly in prestigious museum exhibitions. Still, Pippin's achievements never lifted him far beyond his hardscrabble youth. Born in West Chester, Pennsylvania, in 1888, to a father he probably never knew and a mother who worked as a domestic, Pippin was wounded during World War I and lived a modest existence with his wife and stepson in West Chester. The figure in *Man on a Bench*, one of the last and most somber paintings by this artist whose steadfast aim was to "paint things exactly the way they are," may well have been Pippin himself, alone with a squirrel. EDITH NEWHALL

Other

Susan Leopold—A site-specific installation that challenges traditional notions about public and private space through the use of cameras, video monitors, wooden windows, and detection mirrors; through 3/4. Rotunda, 33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). Traditional and contemporary paintings, prints, paper cuts, jewelry, and pottery depicting the twelve animals of the Chinese zodiac; through 3/4.

De Montebello—9 E. 84th St. (472-1496). Sculpture by Hardy, Novatt, Tribe, Witkin; through 2/25.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). An exhibition of works from the seventies by Richard Diebenkorn, Helen Frankenthaler, Lee Krasner, Agnes Martin, Joan Mitchell, Sean Scully, and Frank Stella, guest-curated by Jeffrey Hoffeld; 2/8–3/4.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). Paintings by nineteenth-century folk artists; through 3/4.

57th Street Area

Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). Recent landscape paintings by Bierk, Dinsmore, Grayson, Levy; through 2/25.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Neo-Dada: Redefining Art 1958–1962"; through 3/18.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Paintings with floral themes by Berman, Hawley, Monafo, Tanis, Wessel, others; through 2/25.

Frumkin/Adams—50 W. 57th St. (757-6655). California "Funk" art from the sixties by Arneson, Brown, DeForest, Gilhooly, Hudon, Neri, Saul, Wiley; through 2/28.

Haime—41 E. 57th St. (888-3550). "Works on Wax" by Hutchison, Jaime-Mena, Seborovsky, Kounellis, Nelson, Martin; through 3/4.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). "Common Ground Uncommon Vision: The Michael and Julie Hall Collection of American Folk Art" comprises masterpieces from the eighteenth through the twentieth century; through 4/14.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). An exhibit of works made between 1910 and 1970 by African-American artists that will travel to the Long Beach Museum of Art, Long Beach, California; through 4/8.

Sheehan—41 E. 57th St. (888-4220). Prints from the sixties by Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Indiana, and Andy Warhol; through 3/4.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). American paintings from modernism to Abstract Expressionism by Avery, Crawford, Diller, Graham, Matulka, Weber, others; through 2/25.

Takashimaya—693 Fifth Ave. (350-0115). "Material Dreams," with works made from fabric by Gerber, Feng, Hodges, Semmes, Swanger; through 3/12.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander Editions—476 Broome St. (925-2070). New publications by Baldessari, Judd, Lawler/McCollum, LeWitt, Long, Scully, Zaugg; through 3/4.

Apex—291 Church St. (431-5270). Curated by Sam Hunter, "Transformations" features works by Mys-

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art lowski, Nagasawa, Risley, Stein; through 3/4.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Triple Feature," with works by Bocanegra, Lee, Pelosini; "Global Village" installation by Howard McCalebb in collaboration with the City Kids Foundation and Satellite Academy; through 3/4.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-1434). Works by Raimund Kummer and Osvaldo Romberg; through 4/6.

Cristinerose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). "Revealing Desire," with works by nine women artists—Elizabeth Berdann, Robin Kahn, Lauren Lekso, Carolee Schneeman, and others—whose works deal with representation of the body; through 3/11.

Karg/Baer—100 Greene St. (334-0436), by appointment only. Works by Acconci, Antoni, Barney, Burden, Gilbert & George, Kustera, Mendieta, Nauman, Rainer, Ray, Schneeman, Wilke; through 4/14.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Paintings and drawings of the city at night by Brittel, Jacquette, Katz, Kleemann, McPherson, Moore, Naujokas; through 2/28.

Thorp—103 Prince St. (431-6880). "Duck" looks at works about the anxieties of our times, by Darger, Prince, Rainer, Warhol, Weegee; through 3/11.

Other

Lannon—530 W. 22nd St. (255-7115). Paintings that use the figure as a metaphor, by Bullock, Green, Harper, Kustura, Summers, Wilson, others; through 2/26.

Morris—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). An inaugural exhibition with works by Adams, Baynard, Beyt, Dayton, H. Marden, Phelan, Ray, Storey, Therrien, Walz, Wolfe, others; through 3/12.

Storefront for Art and Architecture—97 Kenmare St. (431-5795). "Warchitecture–Sarajevo: A Wounded City," a multimedia exhibition documenting the destruction of architecture in Sarajevo; through 3/18.

Photography

Baron/Boisanté—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Sequential photographs by Laurie Anderson, Giovanni Anselmo, Anna and Bernhard Blume, Jennifer Bolande, Sigmar Polke, Not Vital, others; through 3/11.

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—The Mexican photographer's nudes in platinum/palladium and silver gelatin prints from the thirties to the present; through 3/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Susan Derges/Edward Maxey—Two series of color photograms of frogs showing the development of life from spawn to frog/Black-and-white abstractions of the American flag. Through 2/25. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Nan Goldin—New photographs made over the past two years during visits to Tokyo, Berlin, and Salzburg, and screenings of *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency* (screenings take place Thurs. through Sun. at 1, 3, and 5); through 4/16. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455). Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "William Klein: In and Out of Fashion"; through 2/26.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Toni Frissell: Four Decades of Photography"; through 2/12. . . . "A Singular Elegance: The Photographs of Baron Adolph de Meyer"; through 2/12.

dam Licht—Large-scale photographs of various everyday containers enlarged and stripped down to their elemental design; through 2/18. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

ean McNeil—Large-scale color portraits taken in cemeteries in Prague, Vienna, Paris, and New York; through 3/1. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

ay Mortenson—Large-scale photographs of the small lakes and ponds of the Hudson Highlands; through 3/4. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

enevieve Naylor—A survey of works by this photographer who worked in fashion and photojournalism and who covered the Korean War for *Look* magazine; through 3/19. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

ichard Pare—The English photographer takes his pictures of ancient and contemporary sculpture and architecture with a small-format camera, then has them digitally printed and enlarged; through 3/4. Sander, 19 E. 76th St. (794-4500).

Ben Shahn—An exhibit concentrating on the painter's photographic works, including images documenting the effects of the Great Depression in New York and the rural South and Midwest, the Alfred Dreyfuss affair, and the Sacco and Vanzetti case; 2/8–3/25. Hunter College, 695 Park Ave. (772-4068).

David Seidner—These images of meticulously posed and lighted male and female nude figures with blank facial expressions evoke photographs of sculpture while also suggesting the objectivity of medical photographs or Muybridges's motion studies; 2/7–3/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Robert Yarber—Recent photographs of nocturnal landscapes; 2/11–3/11. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Revivals! Diverse Traditions: 1920–1945." More than 160 objects by American craft artists. Through 2/26. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—CPW at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Brooklyn Museum—"Thomas Cole: Landscape Into History." More than 60 paintings by the father of the Hudson River School. Through 4/2. . . . "Grand Reserves: Rediscoveries and Recent Acquisitions at The Brooklyn Museum." Through 3/26. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

On View Fine-art-photography fans rarely get an opportunity to see so much good work in one place as they do at The Photography Show 95, which runs for three days beginning February 17 at the New York Hilton. Ferenc Berko's silver gelatin print "Trouville, France, 1937" is at New York dealer Yancey Richardson's booth.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Elaine Lustig Cohen: A Modern Graphic Designer." Through 5/23. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. . . . "Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace." Through 2/26. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, *The Last Supper Paintings.*" Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, *Worlds Envisioned.*" Through 6/18. . . . "James Coleman, Projected Images: 1972–1994." Through 3/12. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"John Constable: Drawings, Watercolors, Oil Sketches, and Paintings From a Private Collection." Through 2/12. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"Narelle Jubelin: Soft Shoulder." Mixed-media works by an Australian artist that address the effects of international commerce and travel on local culture; through 3/11. New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (998-6780).

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antoni Tàpies." The first large-scale exhibition of the Spanish artist's paintings to appear in the United States since 1977, with works dating from 1946 through 1991. Through 4/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." Through 3/5. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin." An exhibition of paintings by the black folk artist (1886–1946) that was organized by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Through 4/30. . . . "American Still Life: 1915–1950." Works from the museum's own collections of American art. Through 4/30. . . . "French Prints From the Bibliothèque Nationale." Through 3/19. . . . "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Through 2/26. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300–1450." Through 2/26. . . . "Greek Gold: Jewelry of the Classical World." Through 3/26. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Aldine Press 1495–1995: An American Homage." Through 4/9. . . . "The Collector's Eye: Gifts From the Collection of Julia Parker Wightman." Through 4/2. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Exhibition-ism: Museums and African Art." Through 3/5. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon–6; $4, $2 children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Visionary Art of Minnie Evans." Paintings and drawings spanning the years 1935 to 1981 by this self-taught artist from North Carolina whose mandalalike images of surreal creatures, multiple eyes, and beautiful women's faces were inspired by visions from her dreams. Through 4/2. 2 Lincoln Sq. (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Kandinsky: Compositions."

hotograph courtesy of the Lumina Gallery.

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The Russian artist's monumental "Composition" paintings and related works on paper executed between 1910 and 1939. Through 4/25. . . . "Jacob Lawrence: The Migration Series." The epic 60-panel work that depicts African-Americans' post–World War I flight from the rural South to the industrial cities of the North. Through 4/11. . . . "Projects: Nancy Rubins." Through 3/14. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." Through 5/9. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Photographs by Jacob Riis, who documented New York's poor and homeless in the late nineteenth century, and by the contemporary photographers Martine Barrat, Fred Conrad, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, and Jeffrey Scales. Through 9/3. . . . "Centuries of Sentiment: Valentines Past and Present." Through 2/28 . . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"An Installation of Works by Paul Cadmus." Through 2/19. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. noon–5 (Fri. to 8); $3.50, $2 seniors and students, free Fri. 5–8.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Andres Serrano: Works 1983–1993." Through 4/9. . . . "Valeska Soares: Discontinuous Teasers." Through 4/9. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed.–Fri. and Sun. noon–6, Sat. 12–8; $4, $3 artists, seniors, students.

New York Public Library—"La Fontaine." An exhibit of the French poet's books of fables, comedies, librettos for operas, and other works. Through 4/15. . . . "Peter Koch, Printer." A retrospective of works by this designer, printer, and publisher, from the "Cowboy Surrealism" of his early years in Montana to commercial and commissioned work and his increasingly innovative explorations of the uses of printing and the book form itself. Through 3/28. . . . "Garbage! The History & Politics of Trash in New York City." Through 2/25. . . . "e e cummings @100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Sam Gilliam: Recent Monoprints." Through 5/14. . . . "Emma Amos: Paintings and Prints, 1982–1992." Through 5/14. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum—"Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." Through 3/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through 3/12. . . . "From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Painting." Through 2/26. . . . "Recent Photography Acquisitions." Through 2/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed. and Fri.–Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris—"Jacob Lawrence: The War Series." Through 3/31. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 2/1 at 10 and 2: "Fine Watches, Wristwatches, an Clocks." On view from 2/11.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 2/9 at 10 "Antique and Fine Jewelry." On view from 2/2 2/14 at 1: "19th-Century European Paintings." O view from 2/10.

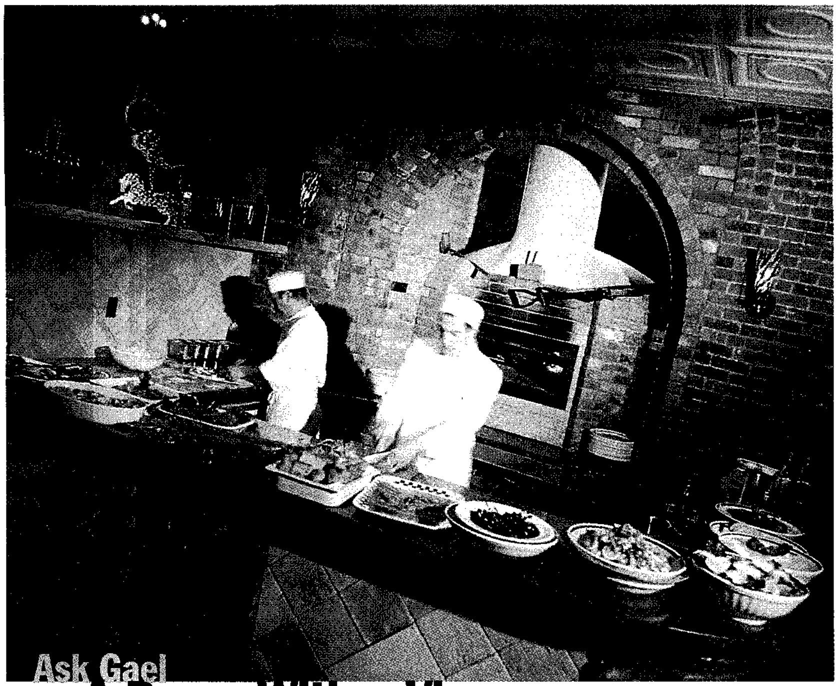
Doyle—175 E. 78th St. (427-2730). 2/8 at 10: "Englis & Continental Furniture, Decorations & Paintings. On view from 2/4.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 2/9 at 1 and 2: "19th and 20th-Century Prints." On vie from 2/4. 2/10 at 10 and 2: "Contemporary Prints. On view from 2/4. 2/11 at 10:15 and 2: "Lio King." On view from 2/4. 2/14 at 10:15 and 2 "Watches." On view from 2/9.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 2/9 at 10:30 "Modern Press & Illustrated Books." On view fro 2/4.

restaurants

ish Lips…A Revamp…Heart Cake…Old Wine



Ask Gael

A Room With a View

Whatever happened to Ponte's?

Old-timers who remember the machismo clubhouse air of Ponte's will be amazed. It's gone stylishly rustic, with bare-wood floors and rose-blush brick, giant rounds of Parmesan cheese on display, and the lights of New Jersey visible across the Hudson through large windows. Fans are just starting to trickle across the bridges, joining the usual goodfellas for wonderful grilled cuttlefish, spit-roasted pig, and decent osso buco with saffron'd risotto milanese. So far, I rate the kitchen promising. 39 Desbrosses Street (226-4621).

Manhattan

Lower New York

Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. 475 West Broadway at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. 281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Baluchis—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. 193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. 152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. 165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. 218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. 2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E). AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Streghe—At the end of SoHo's restaurant row, this Italian spot caters to all comers: old, young, hip, not. 331 W. Broadway at Grand St. (343-2080). (M) AE, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven pinot noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St., (925-1866) (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—An original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and handi-wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.

Two Eleven—Casual contemporary American fare with an occasional celebrity appearance. 211 West Broadway at Franklin St. (925-7202) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. 1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. 11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. 15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking, Ambrose,* and *Waverly* moored at the Seaport Museum. Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

televised sports. Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. 93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. 11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. Maybe old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. 387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood, very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (I) (475-9891/260-4950). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. 24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. 190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. 117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steak house with vintage posters on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post* and other nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the *Daily News*, hostess/chef/owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 P.M., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. 21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. 546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steak house just blocks away from the city's meat market. Look for the larger-than-life cow on the façade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room. You'll find a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. 56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. 319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a menu to strictly American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. 488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. 156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Crystal Fountain—Just as the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room with water that moves magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business and tourist crowd. Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Hunan Fifth Avenue—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. 323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with —surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. 10 E. 38th St. (447-1854) (M) AE, DC, V.

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. 134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., nr. 29th St. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. 14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink, made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. 500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. 424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving American fare in a relaxed atmosphere. 55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Lola—A lively entrance that gives way to a vast and airy room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. 30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theater for reliable and very current American dishes. 169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Happenings

A Double Date

The perfect romantic biathlon lurks in Gramercy Park. Follow a night at the cute, tiny Inn at Irving Place with brunch right downstairs in a private banquette at Verbena (54 Irving Place) where chef Diane Forley reinvents standards like cinnamon toast to dramatic effect.

Photographs by Steven Freeman.

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(between Sixth and Seventh avenues)
212-633-BARK
Celebrate Valentine's Day with your sweetheart in the heart of the Village. Sumptuous prix-fixe dinner, $19.95 per person, includes complimentary bottle of champagne for every couple. Serving our complete menu, as usual, until 4 a.m. Great food, great drinks, great fun. Reservations suggested. All major credit cards.

SAN MARTIN'S
143 East 49th Street
(between Lexington and Third avenues)
212-832-0888
Come celebrate Valentine's Day with us. Five-course dinner with toasting champagne. Romantic live music for dancing. $50. Regular menu available.

THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET HIDEAWAY
32 West 37th Street (between Fifth and Sixth avenues)
212-947-8940
Dine and dance the night away at The Hideaway. Share an intimate evening with your Valentine in the legendary John Barrymore's townhouse. Drinks by the fireplace, fine cuisine, dancing to live music. No cover. No minimum. Free parking. "What a find!"

TOP OF THE SIXES
666 Fifth Avenue (between 52nd and 53rd streets)
212-757-6662
Make plans to join us at the Top this Valentine's Day. From 5 p.m. to 9 p.m., we'll be serving Chef Cliff Goodman's special holiday menu. So come and enjoy the spectacular view from 39 stories above the city. If you haven't been to the Top of the Sixes lately, you're in for a real romantic treat.

VILLARD HOUSE DINING COLLECTION AT THE NEW YORK PALACE
455 Madison Avenue
(at 50th Street)
212-303-6032
The Hunt Room will feature a five-course prix-fixe dinner while pianist Peter Mintun begins his return engagement in the Madison Room. $65 per person (tax/gratuity extra). All major credit cards accepted.

SEL ET POIVRE
853 Lexington Avenue (between 64th and 65th streets)
212-517-5780
Romance your Valentine at this cozy, quaint country French bistro with old world charm. Casually elegant and very romantic. You can enjoy house specialties such as Bouillabaisse, Calves Liver a la Lyonnaise, Roasted Chicken, or Steak au Poivre.

Illustration by Barbara Maslen

Happenings

Bulletin: The Great Vineyards Are Great

Early last year, Gordon Getty, the billionaire and, as it happens, wine buff, had the idea of updating the famous Classification of 1855, which ranked the top 60 châteaux, or vineyards, of Bordeaux, with Lafite, Latour, Margaux, and Haut-Brion at the head of the list. In 140 years, the only change has been the elevation of Mouton-Rothschild to the top rank in 1973. In mid-January, panelists from Paris, London, New York, and Melbourne were flown to San Francisco, and ten of us tasted all these wines in two excellent, long-lived vintages—1990 and 1986. The four-day blind tasting (all the wines were served in numbered glasses) reaffirmed the excellence of the five top vineyards (although Mouton '90 and Lafite '86 got mixed notices) and of such acclaimed wines as Léoville Las Cases, Pichon-Baron, Pichon-Lalande, Cos d'Estournel, Palmer, and Lynch-Bages. Of these, the rich, impressive '90 Pichon-Baron and '90 Cos d'Estournel can still be found for $35 to $40. Perhaps of more interest to Bordeaux drinkers are the excellent '90s that are available for only $20 to $25—Léoville-Barton, d'Armailhac, Prieuré-Lichine, Lascombes, La Lagune, and St. Pierre. Some fine '86s, at $22 to $30, include Gruaud-Larose, Clerc-Milon, Cos Labory, La Lagune, Duhart-Milon, Grand-Puy-Lacoste, and Malescot St. Exupéry.

ALEXIS BESPALOFF

Pichon-Longueville
1990
Château Duhart-Milon
1986
Château
Prieuré-Lichine
Grand Cru Classé
1990
Margaux
Château Saint-Pierre
1990
Saint-Julien
Château
d'Armailhac
1990

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is—you guessed it—Irish. 146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-themed café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with customers' art drawn at the table. 182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC, V.

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at 6, and sails from 7 until 10. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. 44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Barclay Restaurant & Terrace—Another two-in-one treat. These two dining spots cater to the different moods of diners. The Barclay Restaurant is elegantly decorated like a traditional gentlemen's club with wood-paneled walls. The Terrace is a bit more lively and overlooks the lobby so you can view all the goings-on in the hotel. Both serve Continental fare. 111 E. 48th St., in the Hotel Inter-Continental (421-0836). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. 100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840). (M) AE, MC, V.

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. 485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St. (366-4020) (M) AE, MC, V.

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th Street at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies, and many of those same moguls are still deciding the fate of Third World countries. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet, and those are hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. It's packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

La Côte Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms painted with scenes from the Riviera. 5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC, V.

La Mangeoire—A Cote D'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of Southern France to a rustic room in midtown. 1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. For 30-odd years, André Soltner has run this consistently fine kitchen. Nobody does it better. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC.

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. 55 E. 54th St. (759-5941) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Roma di Notte—Italian fare attracts a mature crowd at this midtown spot that's been around more than a quarter of a century. 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by individual chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. 68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

Shinbashi-An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Tse Yang—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. 34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. 200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized luncheonette with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat

Photographs by Steve Wisbauer.

competition. Seven hours free parking after 5:30 p.m. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steak house serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Cite—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Dish of Salt—Classic Cantonese that serves well as a pretheater meal or a business lunch. 133 W. 47th St. (921-4242) (M) AE, CB, MC,V.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. 151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Keewah Yen—An unlikely hybrid of upscale Chinese fare and high audio technology—karaoke system and all. 50 W. 56th St. (246-0770) (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American pattern. Lots of steaks and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd, with a live band every night. 307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. 48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC,V.

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. 4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

a Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

e Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

es Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

e Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC,V.

larlowe—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. 328 W. 46th St. (765-3815) (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Marriott Marquis—American contemporary cuisine with a Broadway flair. Each dish is named after a Broadway play, so come feast on Miss Saigon or Cats. 1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (704-8900). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Nakagawa—Elegant Japanese in the heart of the theater district. Come feast on some sushi pre- or post-show. 7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Olive Garden—A chain serving basic Italian fare—but this one has been swanked up for the ever-so-sophisticated New York natives. The theater district address attracts stouthearted natives and a tourist crowd. 201 W. 47th St., (246-4517). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Pasta Lovers—Now, who doesn't? With a name that's really a rhetorical question, this spot serves basic Italian fare that draws tourists down from their hotel rooms to dine. And there are crayons on the tables for when the dinner conversation falls short of compelling. 158 W. 58th St. (582-1355). (M). AE, MC,V.

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious 1950s. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC,V.

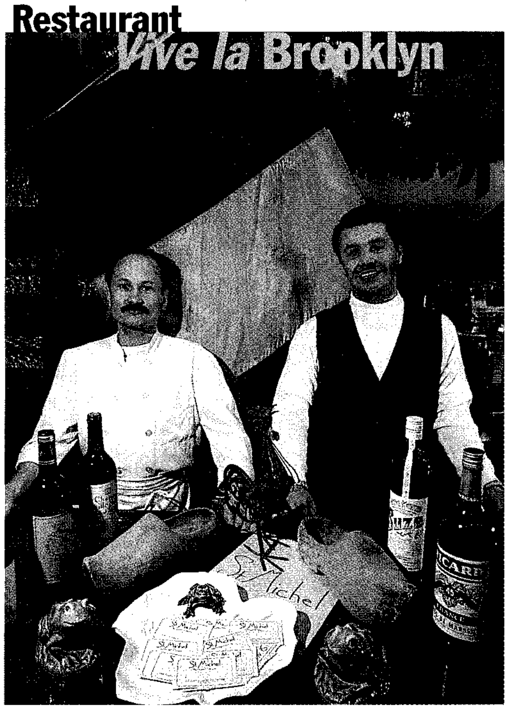
Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic and a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Rene Pujol—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Restaurant Raphael—Chef Jean-Michel Bergougnoux redefines contemporary French country cuisine for the nineties in a châteaulike setting. Stenciled floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set

Restaurant

Vive la Brooklyn



Jacques and Pascal Bettig are serving up frogs' legs and crème brûlée at St. Michel (7518 Third Avenue), the first and only French restaurant on Bay Ridge's restaurant row. "Some see the white tablecloths and say 'No. This is not for me,' " says chef Pascal, bemused by customers who draw the culinary line at his doorstep. "But French food is for everybody."

hotograph by Renato Rotolo.

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Object of Desire

A Buffet for the Bravest

The buffet lunch offerings at Bingo—live snails, fish lips, duck intestine, jellyfish, snake soup—are for the stouthearted or those with a faith in the purported health benefits of consuming viscera and vermin. (104 Mott Street.)

the tone for an intimate, romantic dining experience or a business meal. Near MOMA. 33 W. 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE, DC.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. 1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

The Sea Grill—The plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. 57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. 916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St. (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC,V.

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. 475 Park Ave. nr. 57th St. (838-1717)(M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years, a Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces will make anyone feel welcome. 240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-egg-monger. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) right on the premises. 502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC,V.

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. 112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Fontana di Trevi—Hearty Italian that's been around for 44 years. Attracts business personalities at lunch, theatergoers at dinner. 151 W. 57th St. (247-5683). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at Central Park So. (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

The Townhouse American—Continental cuisine in a classic English setting. Caters to a gay and lesbian crowd. 206 E. 58th St. (826-6241) (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. Bloomingdale's, 6th floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Le Veau d'Or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. 129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Plaza Hotel—As one might expect from the Plaza, the Edwardian Room can best be described as classic, serving continental fare to tourists and natives alike. Just don't expect to see Eloise horsing around: She checked out long ago. Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (759-3000).(E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: the ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. 140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC,V.

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobe-like setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC,V.

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($)

The Boat House Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find the kind of Italian food made only in America, some of it pretty good. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Cafe Equense—If it's not on the menu, just ask . . they'll make it. This cozy spot in the heart o Carnegie Hill likes to take care of its customers Lite Italian fare served to the ladies who lunch and the families who sup. 1291 Madison Ave., a 92nd St. (860-2300). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Grazie—A small Italian cafe that attracts both worn-out museumgoers from the nearby Metropolitan and neighborhood regulars. 26 E 84th St. (717-4407).(M) AE only.

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . *mon cheri.* And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves 1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE MC,V.

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people watchers' paradise. 768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St (717-5633). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service i this warm, intimate dining room. Servin contemporary American cuisine, this is th perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food an discreet conversation. 2 E. 61st St., in the Hote Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, th Northern Italian restaurant has a moder downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and

Photograph by Kenneth Che

cozy upstairs where the older group likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; in this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. 50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC,V.

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. 151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430) (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewellike dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC,V.

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but. . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls and all that. 680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian. . . . Good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. 1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. 1485 Second Ave., nr. 78th St. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerk chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin too. Leave with a suntan. 1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

he Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local *haute*-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. 840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

rimola—Solid Italian fare for a more mature crowd who are practically all in jacket and tie, just off work or back from the weekend. Yes, that was Woody Allen. 1226 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (758-1775). (M). AE, MC,V.

he Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. 995 Fifth Ave at 81st St. (288-5800) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

ony Di Napoli's—Family style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. 1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Trois Jean—The kind of cozy French bistro every corner needs. 154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. 584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.

Cafe Des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with its frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Cafe Luxembourg—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. Perfect before or after the cultural goings-on at Lincoln Center. 200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

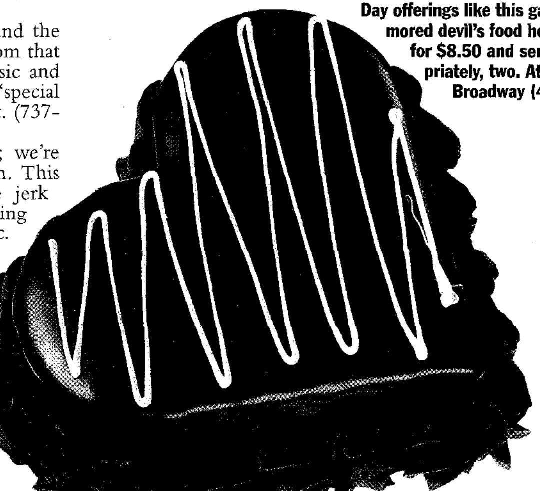
Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. 73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Fujiyama Mama—Look up "fine cuisine" in the *Yuppie Handbook* and you'll find this spot listed as No. 1. Good sushi, funky décor, and a D.J. make this Japanese restaurant a local favorite among Upper West Siders. 467 Columbus Ave., nr. 83rd St. (769-1144). (M) AE only.

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the upper west side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. 235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also Hunan Park Two at 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th Street (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dalí meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Takeout **The fourteenth is a big day for any chocolatier, and the Cleaver Company has prepared with Valentine's Day offerings like this ganache-armored devil's food heart. It goes for $8.50 and serves, appropriately, two. At 229 West Broadway (431-3688).**



Main Street—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this giant space seem cozy. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Picholine—Skillfully prepared Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM,V.

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. 72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Scaletta—A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks serves hearty Italian fare. Conveniently located across the street from those infamous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. 50 W. 77th St. (769-9191). (M) AE, MC,V.

Upstairs at Jack Sprat's—A second-story spot with an atmosphere that lies somewhere between a speakeasy's and an airport lounge's. Healthy American fare with a creative twist, but never fear—they have burgers too. 169 Columbus Ave., at 68th St. (496-9494). (M) AE, DC, DS ,MC,V.

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($)

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. 2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC,V.

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. 1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. 255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($)

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. 75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM,V.

Water's Edge—East River views through floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. 44th Drive at the East River. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tuesday–Saturday 6–11. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink plastic tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. 1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC,V.

Schlitz—Cop lunch spot; cold beer and great roast pork. Remember Newman's local in *Fort Apache, the Bronx*? 1209 138th St., at Bruckner Blvd. (no phone). (I)($)

hotograph by Steve Wisbauer.

A Puckish Auction...Looking for Dant

VICTORIA LOPEZ
CASTRO DRESS
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JACKET
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EARRINGS
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BLUEMARINE PLAY SET
ORIGINAL PRICE
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OUR PRICE
$ 80
JEANETTE KASTENBERG
JACKET
$ 450
OUR PRICE
$ 50
KAUAI HIGH HEEL SNEAKERS
$ 30
SO FUN WIG
$ 35
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VERSACE JACKET
ORIGINAL PRICE
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OUR PRICE
$ 200
LIZA BRUCE DRESS
ORIGINAL PRICE
$ 400
OUR PRICE
$ 100
ORIGINAL PRICE
$ 385
OUR PRICE
$ 100
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MOSCHINO VEST
ORIGINAL PRICE
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OUR PRICE
$ 100
PAUL SMITH
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$ 385
OUR PRICE
$ 80
Allan & Suzi
416 Amsterdam Ave.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 1002
(212) 724-7445
(212) 724-8483

Shopping **Who'd have thought that Allan and Suzi, the funky Upper West Side *haute*-vintage-clothing store, would be the first retail establishment to break the QVC barrier? *At Home With Allan and Suzi* is the ultimate in campy, retro-chic couch-potato shopping. Mondays at 9 P.M., Channel 35; Channel 57 if you're on Staten Island.**

John Leonard's TV Notes

... **It Was a Wonderful Life** (Tuesday, 2/7; 10 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is a Michele Ohayon film, narrated by Jodie Foster with music by Melissa Etheridge, that explores the misfortunes and the survival skills of six Los Angeles women who dropped out of the middle class into homelessness and refuse welfare and won't sleep in shelters for fear of rape and other mayhem, but nevertheless make do, with amazing ingenuity, in spite of divorce laws, deadbeat dads, and their own government.

Behind Closed Doors With Joan Lunden (Wednesday, 2/8; 8 to 9 P.M.; ABC) goes inside the Central Intelligence Agency. And a nuclear attack submarine. On the other hand, it goes also goes inside the homes of Tim Allen, Patricia Richardson, and the rest of the cast of ABC's sitcom *Home Improvement*. Is this funny? Or what? . . . Egged on by *Scientific American Frontiers*, Alan Alda, in **Prime Time Primates** (Wednesday, 2/8; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) learns to share with tool-using chimps. They have something to say as well about crowding. He already knew how to mate.

The Alan Alda of **The Human Language** (Fridays, 2/10, 2/17, and 2/24; 10 to 11 P.M..; Channel 13), is Noam Chomsky, egged on by Gene Searchinger, who wrote, produced, and directed this playful three-part series on how and why we talk, and what the capacity to do so has meant in distinguishing us from all the other species. I'm serious. Searchinger is playful, consulting comedians like George Carlin and Sid Caesar; location-shooting everywhere from the Ozarks to Papua New Guinea and Australia; listening in on Eskimos speaking Siberian Yupik, Papua New Guineans speaking Menya, the Warlpiri speaking Warlpiri, and tenured linguists speaking Universal Grammar. And Chomsky, whose politics have kept him off television for years, is a sort of Alan Alda or Pete Seeger or Mister Rogers, mild-mannered, open-collared, rolled-up-shirt-sleeved, looking into Deep Structure and explaining why "Colorless green ideas sleep furiously." We also hear from Stephen Jay Gould, W. V. O. Quine, Hank Aaron, Deborah Tannen, Russell Baker, and the late Lewis Thomas. Princeton psychologist George A. Miller points out that what evolution gives (like a larynx that "fell" in our throats, permitting us to make those odd sounds that combine vowels and consonants), evolution also takes away (we are consequently more liable to choking). Science with a sense of humor, filmmaking with an arty flair, lacking only a sacred word or two from a novelist or poet.

From Nicholas Lemann's wonderful book on the mass migration of 6.5 million blacks from the rural Deep South to the Northern big-city ghettos, **The Promised Land,** producer Anthony Geffen has made a five-part television series (Sunday, 2/12, 9 to 11 P.M.; Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 2/13, 2/14 and 2/15; 10 to 11 P.M.; Discovery Channel) that is dignified and moving, if somewhat slow. Still, the pacing lets us get to know the oral histories of a handful of remarkable men and women, listen to the remarkable music that sang their story (as well as an orginal score by Terence Blanchard), and admire the scenery from the Delta to Chicago. Morgan Freeman narrates with more energy than usual in such projects. This is where Richard Wright and August Wilson came from. Worth looking into if only for the opening credits of each episode: an animated version of Jacob Lawrence's narrative cycle of 60 paintings, "The Migration of the Negro," set to the civil-rights anthem "Movin' On," as recorded by gospel star Tramaine Hawkins.

Radio Highlights

"An Hour With the New York Philharmonic"—Featuring Barber's Adagio for Strings, Brahms's Symphony No. 2 in D, and commentary by music director Kurt Masur. 2/12 at 1; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—2/12 at 8: Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia*. With Samuel Ramey, Montserrat Caballe, Enzo Dara, Ernesto Palacio, Leo Nucci, Jane Berbie, the Ambrosian Opera Chorus, and the National Philharmonic Orchestra. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"The Poet's Voice"—The Unterberg Poetry Center and National Public Radio have joined forces to bring you archival recordings featuring some of the greatest poets of the twentieth century. The series, which is narrated by actress Blair Brown, is broadcast this week at 10 p.m. on 2/11 on WNYC, 820 AM. The program, which spotlights Pablo Neruda, is rebroadcast the next day at 3:30 on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—2/7: Boyce's Symphony in B-flat and Schumann's Symphony No. 2 in C. 2/8: Williams's *The Cowboys: Overture*, excerpts from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and *1941: March*; Copland's *The Red Pony Suite*. 2/9: Ferlendis's Oboe Concerto No. 1 in F and Mozart's Symphony No. 40 in g. 2/10: Carulli's Guitar Concerto in A and Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 in B-flat. 2/13: Handel's Concerto Grosso in e and Bizet's Symphony in C. 2/14: Tchaikovsky's Romeo and Juliet and Hanson's Symphony No. 2. 2/15: Beethoven's The Ruins of Athens and Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 in d. Each weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"New York and Company"—Leonard Lopate's show is broadcast live from the Astor Place Barnes & Noble on 2/6. Guests include Roger Straus (founder and publisher of Farrar, Straus and Giroux), P. D. James (on her new mystery *Original Sin*), and Moshe Arens. Among the other guests this week: 2/7: Sally Goodgold, chair o the City Club; David Falkner, Jackie Robinson's biographer; T. J. English, author of *Born to Kill* 2/8: grammarian Dr. Alan Cooper; *Perfec Husbands* author Regina Barreca. 2/9: *Nationa Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser; jazz choreographer Danny Buraczeski; Masao Miyamoto on bureaucratic Japan. 2/10: Open phones; how-to gurus Al and Larry Ubell. Every day at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

Texaco/Metropolitan Opera Broadcast—2/11 at 1:30 Puccini's *Turandot*, conducted by Nello Santi WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Vocal Gold"—George Jellinek devotes his program this week to remembering Lauritz Melchior 2/11 at noon; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

Various Artists *Come Together: Guitar Tribute to the Beatles, Vol. 2* (NYC)—With all the musicians who've orchestrated, interpreted, and lampooned its sacred texts, the Beatles catalogue might as well be the Catholic Mass. And in a year that everyone from the Carpenters to Kiss has gotten tribute records, this one (a *guitar* tribute, no less) may seem like the ultimate redundance. It's a worthy one, though, if only because the guitarists in question are so unusual: Philip deGruy rapples "Strawberry Fields" on a 17-string Guitarp; David Tronzo meditates on "Because" with an eerie slide; and Bay Area phenom Charlie Hunter plays bass, picks chords, *and* improvises through "Drive My Car"—all on the same ax, *sans* overdubs. These aren't just stuntmen, though. More than the noodly stars on volume one, these artists tend to find oblique, interesting reference points. And while there are some straightforward readings—like Robert Quine and Jody Harris's gorgeous take on "Yes It Is"—the best performances are quirky solo spots, where these gifted Beatles fans sit and play the music back in their heads, just as we all do.

The Written Word

Guy Trebay, Lisa Liebmann, and Jeff Noon—The three writers read from their work at NightLight on 2/10 at 7. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166); $5.

Caryl Churchill and Tony Kushner—Churchill, author of *Serious Money* and *Mad Forest*, reads with Kushner, Pulitzer Prize–winner and author of *Angels in America*, on 2/6 at 8. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

Robert Pinsky—The translator of Dante's *Inferno* reads from the book at the Academy of American Poets on 2/6 at 8. The Academy is located at the New School for Social Research's Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (274-0343); $5.

Ethan Canin—The author is scheduled to read from *The Palace Thief* at Endicott Booksellers on 2/8 at 8. Columbus Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (787-6300); free.

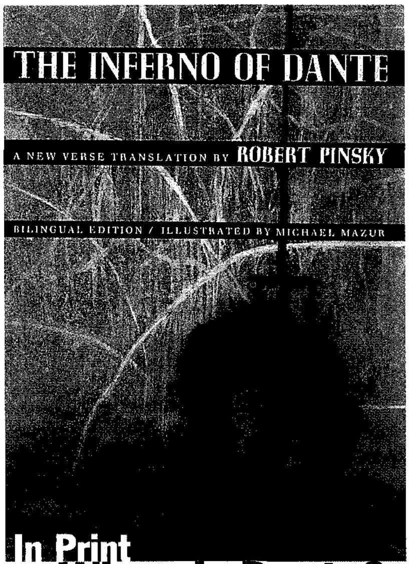
"After Ovid: New *Metamorphoses*"—A collaborative reading by contributors to a forthcoming edition of the Roman poet's myths. Eavan Boland, Alice Fulton, Jorie Graham, Michael Hofmann, Kenneth Koch, James Lasdun, Michael Longley, Derek Mahon, Paul Muldoon, Robert Pinsky, Robin Robertson, and C. K. Williams are among the participants. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), 2/13 at 8; $8.

Jamaica Kincaid—The author of *Lucy* and other books reads at Barnes and Noble on 2/12 at 2. Broadway and 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Helen Vendler—A reading of excerpts from *Yeats: Museums, Pictures, Statues* on 2/10 at 7. Casa Italiana, 24 W. 12th St. (998-8800); free.

"The Poet Tree"—National Poetry Prize–winner Rachel Wetzsteon reads her work on 2/12, as does playwright, essayist, and poet Michael Stephens. Jane's Cafe, 254 Greene St. bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-JANE), at 3; $6, plus $3 minimum purchase.

"The Poetry Project"—2/8 at 8: Richard Hell and Susie Timmons read their work. 2/13 at 8: Readings by Philip Lewis and Kevin O'Neil. St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery, Second Ave. and 10th St. (674-0910); $6.


THE INFERNO OF DANTE
A NEW VERSE TRANSLATION BY ROBERT PINSKY
BILINGUAL EDITION / ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL MAZUR

In Print
Where's Dante?

Independent and colossal bookstores alike have found it just about impossible to keep Robert Pinsky's new translation of Dante's 'Inferno' in stock; locating Pinsky, however, is a good deal easier. He reads at the New School on February 6 (see listing).

"Sundays with Wendy Wasserstein: Robert Klein"—The actor and comedian discusses his career with Wasserstein, in whose play *The Sisters Rosensweig* he appeared as Marv (and won an Obie). 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), 2/12 at 8; $16.

Joachim Remak on Henry Dunant—Remak (professor of history at the University of California) speaks about the life of this Swiss humanitarian, who founded the Red Cross and won a Nobel Prize.

"Stories of Women's Lives"—*Intercourse* and *Woman Hating* author Andrea Dworkin shares the evening with Dierdre Bair, the accomplished biographer of Samuel Beckett, Simone de Beauvoir, and Anaïs Nin. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), 2/9 at 8:15; $16.

"Thoughts on the Third Enlargement of European Community"—Ambassador Angel Vinas considers the Iberian dimension of the European union on 2/8 at 6. The Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave. (628-0420); free.

"Black Thought in Progress: Terry McMillan"—McMillan, author of *Mama, Waiting to Exhale,* and the forthcoming *A Day Late and a Dollar Short*, gives a talk at New York University on 2/7 at 6. Tishman Auditorium, Vanderbilt Hall, 40 Washington Square South, at MacDougal St. (998-2130); free.

Mark Morris—The artistic director of the Mark Morris Dance Group discusses his career and point of view on the art form. Dance critic Deborah Jowitt is the evening's moderator. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), 2/13 at 8:15; $16.

Lectures and Panels

"The Eternal Urge to Censor: Perspectives on Arts Censorship"—Panelists Marjorie Heins (director of the ACLU's Arts Censorship Project), David Mendoza (executive director of the National Campaign for Freedom of Expression), Carole S. Vance (anthropologist and professor at Columbia University), and George F. Vanover II (co-owner of the Pink Pyramid Bookstore) consider how to support the arts in the face of contention over subject matter. New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Bruno Walter Auditorium, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1671), 2/9 at 6:30; $5 in advance by mail, $7 at the door.

"Conservation at the Crossroads"—The Wildlife Conservation Society presents its inaugural centennial lecture on 2/7 at 6. Dr. Jared Diamond, a physiologist, biophysicist, and expert on the causes of extinction, offers proof of the peril in disregarding the ecological mistakes of past cultures. Caspary Auditorium, Rockefeller University, York Ave. and 66th St. (call 718-220-6891 for further information); $20.

AIDS Resource Center
Why You Should Attend Our Auction

"We are going to transform the Puck Building into Sotheby's and Christie's and the most spectacular gallery in the city all rolled into one. No fewer than 160 of our finest artists, including Dale Chihuly, Jenny Holzer, and Irving Penn, have lovingly donated their work for the auction so that we can continue to provide shelter to homeless people living with AIDS. You should just see the beautiful marble piece that Louise Bourgeois made especially for us. James Rosenquist and a number of other artists made special valentines. And then, of course, there are those marvelous wings from *Angels in America* that Tony Kushner donated—we expect the bidding will get pretty crazy when they go on the block." *See "Benefits." All proceeds benefit the AIDS Resource Center.*

Photograph by Frank W. Ockenfels 3.

Events

119th Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show—Approximately 2,500 canine champions, representing 148 breeds, compete for the title of "Best in Show" at Madison Square Garden on 2/13-14. The breeds in the working, terrier, non-sporting, and herding categories are featured on the first day; sporting, hound and toy breeds take a turn the next. Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (465-6741); $27.50 for reserved seating, $20 general admission, and $36 for a two-day general admission pass. Doors open both days at 8 A.M.

Tours

"Immigrant New York"—Big Onion leads this 2/12 multi-ethnic tour through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what used to be called Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa. Among the immigrant contributions and haunts to be examined are the Transfiguration Church, the Negro Burial Ground, Stabile Bank, Jarmlowsky's Bank, and modern-day sweatshops. The tour starts at 1. Call 439-1090 for for meeting site; $9.

"Big Apple Love Apple Love Affairs I and II"—Adventure on a Shoestring celebrates Valentine's day with two walking tours, one focusing on the romance and heartache of midtown lovers, the other on courtships conducted in Greenwich Village. The Fifth Avenue midtown tour meets at noon on 2/12. The Village walk meets at 2:30 on the same day. Call 265-2663 for meeting places and reservations; each tour is $5.

"Gramercy Park"—The architectural and literary heritage of this enclave is the subject of the Municipal Art Society's 2/13 tour. See the neighbor-

Solutions to last week's puzzles

S	E	N	T	E	N	C	E	■	P	O	O	D	L	E
I	■	E	■	S	■	R	■	■	■	P	■	A	■	V
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T	■	R	■	O	■	W	■	S	■	A	■	G	■	N
E	X	E	U	N	T	■	S	T	I	T	C	H	E	S
R	■	D	■	I	■	A	■	R	■	E	■	T	■	O
■	■	■	H	A	N	D	B	A	G	■	M	E	A	N
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T	H	I	N	■	B	R	I	G	A	D	E	■	■	■
A	■	N	■	Q	■	E	■	E	■	H	■	D	■	D
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hood that Stanford White, Elsie de Wolfe, and O. Henry called home. Historian Francis Morrone is the guide. Meet at 12:30 at the northwest corner of 14th St. and Third Ave. Call 439-1049 for more information on this and other weekday tours; $10.

"Harlem and Morningside Heights"—Explore Hispanic and black Harlem's colonial history, nineteenth-century homes, cultural institutions, and street life on this 2/12 Urban Explorations tour. Call 718-721-5254 for reservations and meeting place; $12. The walk starts at 1.

Babe Ruth's 100th-Birthday Tour—Remember the Sultan of Swat on this 2/12 Sidewalks of New York coach tour of his many Manhattan haunts. Space is limited and reservations are required (662-5300); $30. The tour is from noon to 5.

"A Lovers' Stroll Through Greenwich Village"—You'll hear about the love lives of Cary Grant, Eleanor Roosevelt, Mae West, and, among others, a few Presidents on this 2/11 tour of downtown. You're advised to "bring your sweetheart or come and meet someone." Meet at the Washington Square Arch at the bottom of Fifth Ave. (517-0201) at 2; $10.

"A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village"—W. H. Auden claimed he always left his St. Marks Place apartment with mugger's money ($5, in Auden's day, in Auden's mind, was sufficient). But most accounts of writers in New York are impenetrably sweet. People smoked too much, slept on fire escapes, and rose to pound out 3,000 uncorrupted words for Freda Kerchwey or Philip Rahv or Harold Hayes and then, after another round of drinks, put the finishing touches on their first novels. Even Dylan Thomas's collapsing and dying a few feet from the White Horse Tavern has been incorporated into the sweet memoirs. And nowhere figures more prominently in writers' whitewashed stories than Greenwich Village. Sidewalks of New York takes you on a literary walk through the Village on 2/11 at 2. You'll see not only the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists but their gathering places and the sites made famous in their work. Meet at the Arch in Washington Square Park, at the bottom of Fifth Ave. Call 662-5300 for more information and 517-0201 for reservations (which *are* required); $10.

Grand Central Terminal—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. Meet at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse on Wednesdays at 12:30. The tour is free, but donations are welcomed. Groups of more than five people should make private arrangements (call 935-3960 to do so).

Benefits

AIDS Resource Center: A Benefit Valentine Auction—The actual wings from Angels in America, a dinner for 30 hosted by auctioneer Robert Woolley and Joan Rivers, a pair of house seats for *Sunset Boulevard* with a backstage tour, a week's vacation in Provence, and the work of more than 160 artists (including Louise Bourgeois, Dale Chihuly, Jenny Holzer, Irving Penn, Robert Mapplethorpe) will go on the block at this 2/13 benefit for homeless citizens with AIDS. Bidding starts at 6 at the Puck Building, 293 Lafayette St. (633-2500); tickets are $75 and up.

Exhibitions

"Ladies Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"—Shopping in the 1880s has been re-created by the Museum of the City of New York. The area bounded by Union and Madison Squares from Broadway to Sixth Ave. was the center of New York's fashion and social worlds from the late 1860s to the turn of the century. Using objects and images drawn from the museum's own collection, the exhibition brings back the clothing, accessories, and ephemera of the area's department stores, shops, restaurants, and theaters. Among the articles on display: a shirt belonging to Diamond Jim Brady, a gown worn at President Rutherford B. Hayes's inauguration, a little boy's suit from Best & Company, and combs, fans, jewelry, purses, and silver from Tiffany & Co. The museum is on Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (call 534-1672 for more information) Hours are Wednesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5; Tuesday, 10 a.m. to 2 for preregistered groups only; Sunday, 1 to 5; $5 suggested donation.

Sports

Basketball

The Bucks, hapless since the days of Don Nelson (if not Kareem), come to the Garden on 2/7 at 7:30; expect them to make the Knicks' bench look more than a little bit deep. Milwaukee youngsters Glenn Robinson and Todd Day typically spend 40 minutes each on the floor, making the Knicks' traditional fourth quarter rally more effective than it deserves to be—not that they'll need the extra juice, with the lovabl John Starks and the rest of the Knicks streakin towards the All-Star break. Dark horse All-Sta reservist Vin Baker could be a full load fo Anthony Mason.

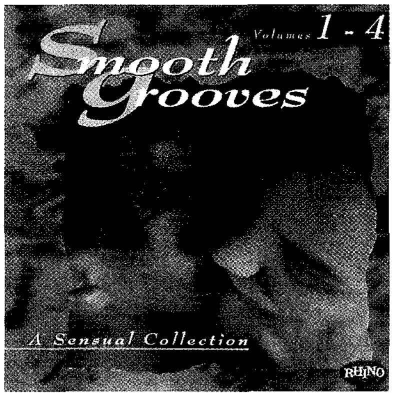
Hockey

The Capitals, perennial cellar dwellers of th Rangers' Atlantic Division, face off against th world champions on 2/8 at 7:30 in Madiso Square Garden. The sievelike Caps should giv Alexi, Captain Mark, and company plenty c scoring opportunities. The perfect game to ge New York over the .500 hump and back into las year's Stanley Cup form.

Recordings

Dr. Love

Planning something *really* special for Valentine's Day? Well, here's the perfect soundtrack, in stores next week: four volumes of "sensual" love songs from late-seventies/early-eighties R&B. Heatwave's "Always and Forever"; the Isley Brothers' "Between the Sheets"; "Break Up to Make Up," by the Stylistics; "Reasons," the live version, by Earth, Wind & Fire. This is music for soft lights, Asti Spumante, strawberry incense, and *looove.* Recline on the bearskin and nibble on a chocolate cherry. Gaze up at the ceiling mirror and, as Mr. Pendergrass sings it, "take a sip on some cold cold wine, and dance to the music nice and slow. You won't be under any kinda pressure, we'll just let the evening flow." Oh, baby.



CHRIS NORRIS

Kids

Tell Me Another...

Children's Events

Shared Wisdom—Play rounds of Zairean games using chants and call-and-response on 2/11 at 1. West African historian Mahamadou Salieu Suso plays a 21-string instrument called the *kora* and tells thousand-year-old stories at 1:45; *Djembe Fora,* a film about a drummer, follows at 2:30. For ages 5 and up. The Museum of African Art, 593 Broadway (966-1313). Free with museum admission of $2 for children, $4 for adults.

Checkmate—Play chess with children of similar ages and abilities and get pointers from chess masters at the American Chess Foundation any Saturday through June. For children in kindergarten through the eighth grade. From 10 to 1. 353 W. 46th St. (757-0613). $5.

Paper Tigers—In keeping with the Chinese New Year tradition, print precut woodblock messages that ward off evil, attract good luck, and tell tales. Wear old clothes. For children 5 and up. 2/11 from 1 to 3. China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). $5. ◉

Grooving With Grandma—Bring grandparents to the Children's Museum of Manhattan for a rich weekend of intergenerational activities that include making family trees and playing games both traditional and new. On Sunday, make valentines, and jam with John Almendra and percussion students from the Harbor for Boys and Girls at 1, 2, and 3. 2/11 and 2/12 from 10 to 5. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Free with $5 museum admission. Grandparents are admitted free all weekend. ◉

Roses Are Red—Combine dried flowers, ribbons, frills, lace, and garden fragrances to make heartrending Valentines for your sweetheart—or parent. 2/11 and 2/12, from 1 to 4. The New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Southern Blvd., the Bronx (718-817-8700). Free with admission of $1 for children, $3 for adults. ◉

Reading Aloud—Poet Max Blagg reads favorite passages from A. A. Milne's *When We Were Very Young.* In the second part of the The Drawing Center's Nightlight for Kids program, Amy Harlib, in traditional Chinese costume, performs sword dances and tells folktales. Snacks are on the house. For ages 4 to 8. 2/12 at 3. 35 Wooster St., bet. Broome and Grand Sts. (219-2166). ●

What Are You Doing This Summer?—Two events, both at the 92nd St. Y, and both for teenagers and their parents, are designed to get families thinking about summer plans. Representatives from sports, arts, community-service, and other programs will be on hand to answer questions at The Summer Opportunities for Teens Fair. 2/12 from noon to 4 (415-5450). The Y's three Summer in Israel programs for high- school students and graduating seniors are described by past participants and the executive director of the Nesiya Institute. For further information about trips to Israel, call 415-5600. 2/8 at 7:30. 1395 Lexington Ave., nr. 92nd St. (415-5450). ●

Story Beat—Griots were the keepers of culture in Africa, storytellers whose tales were accompanied by loud drumming. Griots in Concert perform percussive narrative songs from Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S. at The Staten Island Children's Museum. For all ages. 2/12 at 2. 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-2060). Free with $3.25 admission.

"Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"—Rob Kapilow hosts a Family Musik concert where children of all ages are invited to listen to Mozart's beloved composition. 2/12 at 2. 92nd St. Y. 1395 Lexington Ave., nr. 92nd St. (415-5450). $35 per family; $5 for each additional child. ●

"Black Burlesque"—Excerpts from Reggie Wilson's dance about the African experience in America, performed to the sound of field hollers, ring shouters, early blues dingers, and gospel shouters. 2/11 at 3. Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (691-6500). $6 for children; $12 for adults.

Bird Brain—Sesame Street Live presents "Where's the Birdie," a Muppet mystery in which the yellow, eight-foot-tall Big Bird, beloved by preschoolers nationwide, vanishes from sight and learns a thing or two about friendship. 2/9 at 10:30 A.M.; 2/11 at 10:30 A.M., 2, and 5:30; 2/12 at 10:30 A.M., 1, and 4:30; and other performances through 2/26. The Paramount, Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (465-6741). $11.50–$15.50.

Beastly—An international cadre of skaters perform Disney's *Beauty and the Beast* on ice in an extravagant, $6 million production. 2/17–2/26 at Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave. (632-4000); tickets $17.50–$35. ◉

Hands-On—Free children's workshops at Citicorp Center's Atrium are organized by the Children's Museum of Manhattan through the end of March. On Saturdays in February, children make quilts according to different traditions, using fabric and patterned paper. On Sundays, CMOM educator Jonathan Feig leads kids in a musical improvisation using the enormous SoundsFun percussion instrument installed in the Atrium, with its metal pipes, industrial tubing, and Chilean rain sticks. Weekends from noon to 3. Corner of 53rd St. and Lexington Ave. (721-1223). ●

Live Entertainment—*Trapped Inside Nick at Night* is a parody of *I Love Lucy, The Brady Bunch, Batman, Star Trek,* and other television classics performed with tongues firmly in cheek by the Harbor Conservatory for the Performing Arts. For ages 7 and up. 2/11 at 11. The Museum of the City of New York, 104th St. and Fifth Ave. (427-2244). Free. "I want to bring out the Picasso in kids," two-time Emmy-winning puppeteer Marshall Izen says of *Dinosaurs, Puppets and Picasso.* The show, a collaboration with Jim West, is performed with puppets to music by Beethoven, Bach, and Stravinsky. 2/11 at 3. ArtsConnection, 120 W. 46th St. (302-7433). $5. *Young Abe Lincoln,* a musical set on the Western frontier of the 1830s, is performed by Theatreworks. For ages 5 and up. 2/11 at 12:30, 2/12 at 10:30 A.M. and 12:30. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959). $17. *How the World Got Wisdom: A Celebration of African Folklore,* a story-theater version of four African folktales incorporating songs, dances, and drumming, is presented by On Stage Productions weekends at 3 through 3/12 (additional 11 A.M. performances on 2/22 and 2/23). The Emily Dickinson Theatre, at P.S. 75, 735 West End Ave. (666-1716). $6 for children; $8 for adults. Marlo Thomas's anthem to individuality, *Free to Be . . . You and Me,* is at the New York Youth Theater through 2/19. Thurs. and Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, and Sun. at 3. 422 W. 57th St. (315-1737). $5 for children; $10 for adults. *Rubbish! She Cried,* The Paper Bag Players' musical about recycling and respect for the earth, is performed weekends at 2 through 2/26. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448). $15. Inkhay, a group of musicians and dancers from Bolivia, Ecuador, and Peru, perform as part of TriBeCa Performing Arts Center's Musical Tour Around the World series. 2/12 at 3. 199 Chambers St., bet. Greenwich and West Sts. $3 for children; $10 for adults.

Telling Tales Out of School—Author-illustrator Peter Sis reads his *Three Golden Keys,* a haunting fable—edited by Jacqueline Onassis and recently published by Doubleday—set in his native Czechoslovakia. A group of about ten children who attend local elementary and junior high schools will also read *their* stories, and brave audience members can stand up and read theirs too. The event, called For Children by IV, is held annually at Manhattan Theatre Club. 2/11 at 11. 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848). $4 for children; $10 for adults. ◉

Happening

Think Snow

Finally, six inches of snow are expected to fall in Manhattan this weekend—but only on Central Park's Great Lawn. As they have every winter since 1979 (and certainly last year, it was a case of bringing the proverbial coals to Newcastle), the folks at Herman's Sporting Goods sponsor a Winter Festival, full of the kind of frolic one generally has to drive a couple of hours out of the city for. Snowshoes, skis, boots, and poles are all on loan (expect to wait on line to get them, though). A special twenty-foot downhill Astroturf slope is erected for the occasion, and the field itself provides ideal cross-country-skiing terrain. Foolhardy adults and children can also try Rollerblading on borrowed skates in a nearby tented rink. Bring a thermos of hot chocolate and arrive early, when the snow is less firmly packed. February 11, 9 to 4. Enter the park from 79th Street on the East Side, or 81st Street on the West Side. If weather conditions aren't right, the event will be postponed until the following Saturday. Listen to WMXV, 105.1 FM, for information.

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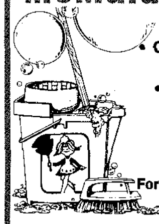

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Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $35.50 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $30.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone-response line is open for 3 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

Unique Guy—39, charming, handsome, 5'9", seeks pretty, educated blond girlfriend, 23-33, trim, upbeat, classy, nonsmoker. I'm a judge, TV producer, CEO of an organization to empower women, youthful, ebony, athletic, fun, fit. Note/photo. 5333 ✉ ☎

Give Me The Opportunity—To respond to your letter by Valentine's Day, and maybe we can start a monogamous, special relationship based on honesty, caring, communication and mutual respect. This 53-year-young gentleman, secure emotionally, physically and financially, enjoys fine dining, travel, NYC, sports and good conversation. Would like to meet an exceptional woman, 38-48, very attractive, good physical shape and a desire to share a special life style with one person. Note/phone/photo, please. 5427 ✉

Let Your Spirits Soar!—With an easy-going, communicative surgeon specialist - an upbeat, sophisticated, handsome Renaissance man, muscular, tall, successful, 39, funny. Looking for wonderful lady under 37, bright, 5'6" plus, classy - for laughter, romance, commitment. Note/best Kodak moment a must. 5415 ✉

Natural Redhead—Normal, 34, average height and weight, likes restaurants, theater, movies, travel, art, books, entertaining, hiking and staying home. Looking for an outgoing partner. No smokers. 5394 ✉

Smoky Brunette—Sultry Isabella Rossellini lookalike, late 30s. Green cat eyes, curvy, fit and leggy (looks great in fishnets). Looking for a man with uncommon sense and sensibility. Photo please. 5393 ✉

Bright, Pretty, Down-To-Earth—36, single, white Jewish female, fun-loving, family-oriented contemporary woman with traditional values, hoping to meet accomplished, attractive, easygoing, fun-loving, warm, sensitive, honest, nice guy. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 5313 ✉

No Cute Line—Honest, handsome, long-haired, small company CEO, 44, 5'9", athletic, fun and funny, looking for smart, warmhearted, pretty, trim and shapely, nonsmoking counterpart, mid 30s, for friendship, romance and whatever else develops. A career allowing very frequent 3-4-day weekends a big plus. Confidential photo a must. 5397 ✉

26, Jewish Male, Good Body—Cute, fun, seeks fit Jewish woman. 5448 ✉ ☎

Make Me Your Valentine—Successful, handsome business executive, 35, without an MD, JD, MBA, PhD or DDS, seeks beautiful, aggressive, free-spirited gal, 22-39. Must enjoy fine dining, exotic beaches, laughing and living life to its fullest. Cute single moms okay. Photo/phone/bio for reply. 5267 ✉

What Are You Doing—The rest of your life? I am recently widowed after 17 years of wonderful marriage - and wanting very much to do it over again. I am searching for someone who's intelligent, beautiful, and can cook. Someone who I can care for and bring flowers home to - who is at home spending the weekend in NYC, going to the theater and dining at fine restaurants, or cooking in the fireplace while watching old black-and-white movies and sipping a glass of wine. I have a 15-year-old daughter who is aware of this ad. I'm 59, retired, financially secure, slim, 5'11", and very active physically. My interests are varied - I recently went dog-sledding in the Yukon and just returned from white-water rafting in Chile. I love music - but have the dubious distinction of winning the world's worst dancer award. I enjoy cooking and entertaining, and always end up doing the dishes, especially the pots (you know - the ones that are burnt, with all the crust on the bottom). If this sounds like the type of person you'd like to meet, please send a brief note describing yourself and a recent, clear photo. I would love to hear from you, and would be happy to exchange photo. 5337 ✉

Beautiful, Vivacious MD—Fun-loving, fit, sophisticated, wishes to meet handsome, very highly successful Jewish man, late 30s-early 40s, for laughter, friendship, family and full enjoyment of Manhattan living. 5380 ✉

Knight/Gladiator—Needs healing from Italian-heritage woman under 40. 5352 ✉

Dark-Haired Beauty—5'6", very pretty, warm and friendly, in great shape, down-to-earth and really smart. Successful in creative field. You're over 40, accomplished in life, 5'10" plus, bright, attractive, Jewish, ready for laughter and love. Nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 5384 ✉ ☎

Once Upon A Time—There was a tall, handsome prince, 32. He searched and searched but he could not find his princess. Then she read this tale and wrote to him...and they lived happily ever after. The end. 5383 ✉

My Love Will Knock—Your socks right off. Michael Keaton/Bruce Willis type, 5'8", 39, never married, great shape, great looks, refined - hi-tech creative entrepreneur, entertainment field. Presently the greatest uncle in world - looking to be the greatest husband and father. Though I'm highly driven and successful, I don't find much of a need for extravagance, and, in fact, find myself happier in modest surroundings. Note/photo please. 5350 ✉

Smart, Sexy, Sassy—Professional woman, 38, with beauty and brains, seeks best friend and romantic partner for everlasting love. You are a handsome, honest, emotionally and physically fit professional man, 35-45, nonsmoker, 5'8" plus. Note/photo. 5319 ✉ ☎

Sensuous, Creative, Romantic—The party was at a magnificent penthouse apartment overlooking the city. She wore a black lace dress that clung sensuously to her body and complemented her golden blond hair and flawless ivory skin. The room was filled with the fragrance of exotic flowers and the pianist was playing "As Time Goes By". He was tall, dark and intriguing looking. Their eyes met from across the room and, in that brief moment, she knew they would be together always. Unfortunately I missed the party, so I'm placing this ad instead. Very attractive blond, slender yet curvaceous, early 40s, president of Madison Avenue company, with interests that range from the culinary to Camus, city nightlife to country wildlife, seeks an earthy yet sophisticated man, 45 plus, with humor, passion and insight, not afraid of romance or commitment. Note/photo/phone. 5406 ✉ ☎

Don't Make Me Laugh—Just send me a letter. Golden-haired, blue-eyed, 28, long slender legs, and thin - is happy playing tennis, hiking, reading Flannery O'Connor or watching Free Willy on video. Looking for discerning guy who likes trees, big-budget movies and the Dog Show. Picture, please. 5403 ✉

Almond-Eyed—Sensual, slim, active, caring professional; loves antiques, books, Fire Island (an independent daughter). Seeks creative man, 43-55, with inner richness, for friendship, love and lasting relationship. Note/photo/phone. 5371 ✉ ☎

Super-Tall Guy—6'9", 31, great sense of humor, very considerate, Ivy MBA, marketing exec in NYC, live 20 minutes out, have car. Let's get away. 5413 ✉ ☎

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Imagine Me—Pretty, green-eyed brunette, 5'3", professional woman who is fun, creative, warm and sensitive. Imagine you - intelligent, successful, sincere, previously married man, 47-57, who is looking to fall in love again. 5376 ✉ ☎

Cupid And The Stork Are Waiting—Good-looking Italian-American, 28, 5'11", diversified interests. Waiting to meet an intelligent female, 22-30, who is ready for romance, marriage, family and a loving home life with an exceptional man. Please write about yourself for a great future. 5465 ✉

Great Smile, Great Blue Eyes—Great mind. This very pretty, sharp-witted, thin, nonsmoking, 29-year-old, warm, Jewish, 5'7" professional brunette is searching for a handsome, tall Jewish man to match her wit, mind and smile. Note/phone/photo - will reciprocate. 5414 ✉

Sensitive And Intelligent Woman—Scandinavian background, 32, blond, tall, slender, well-educated professional, nonsmoker, seeks warm and loving man for lasting relationship. Phone, note and photo. 5396 ✉

The Time Is Right—Jewish male, 36, 5'7", handsome, fit, curious, passionate, analytical, successful Wall Street professional - seeks very intelligent, curious, stable, fit, pretty, petite Jewish woman, 25-35, to share walks, talks, workouts, city and country pleasures. Note and photo a must. 5424 ✉

CT Professional, PhD—Mid 60s, great sense of humor, bald, Catholic, fit, spiritual, into travel, cooking, gardening, walking, dancing, theater, antiques. Are you intelligent, honest, attractive, loyal, comfortable in jeans/gown, classy/special. Letter with photo a must. 5402 ✉

Single Male—26, handsome, caring, sensitive businessman seeks female for relationship. Note/photo. 5418 ✉

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As featured on Maury Povich, Montel Williams, ABC, Fox News, Geraldo, Dr. Ruth, Cosmopolitan (Jun '91), and NY Times (Jul '93).

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

Maybe We Met On The Uptown 6—Train, on a Friday night in late January at Union Square, or perhaps I mistook you for someone at Bloomie's. Regardless, I would still love to chat with you at the cafe or bistro of your choice. Why? Because, as an extremely cute, well-dressed, 32-year-old "nice guy" with discerning taste, I know it's rare to meet someone who, upon first glance, could be "the one". So, be adventurous and let's have fun finding out. Black tie or jeans - let me know. 5426 ✉ ☎

Irish-Catholic Colleen—37, 5'8", nonsmoker, professional, outgoing, traditional values, good sense of humor, attractive, seeks tall, 37-42 gentleman with similar background. Please send note, photo a must. 5400 ✉

A Youthful, Accomplished Gent—In his 40s, seeks a younger LI lady with heart and spirit unfettered. 5347 ✉

Let's Do Jazz—Attractive, witty, bearded, fit Jewish stockbroker, 42, who loves the arts, seeks intelligent, stimulating, sensual, sane, fit woman, 30-50, who loves jazz and ballet. Photo. 5410 ✉ ☎

Gay Male—44/5'10"/lean/looking for a man of substance. Be that and more. Photo/phone/note. 5457 ✉

Combination—Annie Hall, Princess Caroline, Helen Hunt - seeking multifaceted Jewish professional, over 40, for life on roller coaster. Note/photo/phone. 5322 ✉

Beautiful Slender Blond—5'8", 42, former singer/dancer, loves travel, beach, opera. Seeks handsome, successful, stable, kind, forever Valentine. Photo/note/phone. 5447 ✉ ☎

Commitment-Oriented Redhead—31, placing ad for first time. Nonreligious, well-traveled, looking for a man who shares a passionate attitude towards life. Must be spontaneous, outgoing and have a sense of humor with humbled sensitivity. Note and photo. 5411 ✉

Jennifer Beals Looks (Really)—28, 5'10", Jewish, Ivy MBA, adventurous, classy, athletic - slim, honest, vivacious and family-oriented, seeks handsome, ambitious, kind and fun man for serious relationship. Photo appreciated. 5354 ✉

For The Skeptical And Date-Weary—A "normal" guy who has experienced success at a young age. 31, 6'1", handsome, sincere, white, Christian Wall Street professional with great smile and build, seeking woman with understated class yet potential for keeping it interesting, witty sense of humor, nonmaterialistic, great-looking in dress or casual, with expressive eyes and above all confidence with herself. Should live to laugh, debate and hang out with friends, as well as enjoy restaurants off beaten path, music, exercise, quiet time and travel at a moment's notice. Note/photo, please. 5442 ✉

Risotto Anyone?—Beautiful blond, slim, 35, who enjoys cooking, dining, wine, gym, skiing, seeks 35-45, established, white professional male for fun and romance. Note/photo. 5433 ✉

Marriage-Minded—Business executive, single white male, 6'3", 45, well-built, with good looks, brains and personality, seeks lifetime partner. I am looking for a similar type female - who I can charm, romance, grow with, talk to, celebrate with, encourage and be encouraged by. Photo appreciated. 5437 ✉ ☎

Handsome Israeli-Born—American-raised professional, well-traveled and involved in community service. 6'1", 37, enjoys skiing, wind-surfing, foreign films and French food. Seeking warm, intelligent and attractive Jewish woman, mid 20s-mid 30s, for relationship and commitment. Note and photo. 5436 ✉

Nope—Don't need your money, don't need your fame. 5'2", blond/blue-eyed, single Jewish female, 47, needs to make puppy adoption legal with a single Jewish male, 45-55, with a sense of humor as good as mine, cuddly, compassionate and employed! Be sincere - and enjoy jazz, football, family and other fine things. Photo/note essential. 5439 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Bird-Loving Jewish Physician—41 years old. Also loves pancakes, country inns, museums - and is basically a cock-eyed optimist with a splash of wry humor. Seeks warm Jewish man, 41-55, for permanent romance. 5435 ✉

Pretty, Slim, Cheerful—40. Outdoorsy, intellectual woman, seeks man with similar qualities and a sense of humor. 5381 ✉

Wordsmith, Inventor, Innkeeper—36, tall, handsome, active. Seeks warm, subtle and competent helpmate. 5315 ✉

Boston Chiropractor—38, Jewish, 5'11", handsome, athletic, witty, native New Yorker - seeking smart, humorous, very attractive, health-conscious Jewish female, 27-36. Photo/note. 5323 ✉

Do You Take Time To Laugh—Every day? Mom (10, 14), very pretty, petite, educated, caring, blond, likes sports. You: equal, like kids, 37-49, fit. Photo. 5389 ✉

Tired Of Being Hurt—Single black male, 40, 6'2", 200 lbs, enjoys tennis and body building, seeking honest, single female, open-minded, athletic, age 30-40. Race unimportant. Nonsmoker, nondrinker. Phone/note. 5353 ✉ ☎

Down-To-Earth—Cute Jewish male, 30, 5'10", funny, intelligent, sometimes shy, seeks a playful woman to enjoy life's pleasures. Seinfeld fan a plus. 5366 ✉

Need A Vacation?—Together, let's plan one. 31, MD, PhD, Ivy, 5'11", 160, seeks pretty Jewish lady with high values. Tennis, photo a plus. 5359 ✉

Gay Italian-American—37, 5'9", 153 lbs, dark-featured, handsome, professional, healthy, clean-cut, masculine, sensitive and sincere - seeks similar type. Serious replies only. Note/photo, please. 5451 ✉

Warm And Pretty In Boston—Slender, fit, bright and witty Christian professional, 38, 5'5", seeks handsome, fit, nonsmoking gentleman, 38-45, with a sense of humor, who is honest, sensitive, stable but spontaneous and communicates easily, to share the arts, sailing, travel, city lights, country fireplaces, kissing and cuddling - forever. Note/photo, please. 5370 ✉ ☎

Mature Prince Of The Orient—Land of the morning calm. Charismatic, educated and handsome. This successful businessman still believes in love. If you are the lady - well-educated, 30-40, with strong values and beauty on the inside and out, kindly send note and photo. 5342 ✉

Gorgeous Redhead, Great Legs—Size 4/
Seeks lifelong companion, lover, more.
I'm passionate, romantic, Jewish & bright/
Fun, well-bred, radiant - let's do it right.
I'm sincere, sensual, spiritual and kind/
Well-educated, witty, a clear, quick mind.
A Midwestern Manhattanite, 5'4", 105/
Sweet, sophisticated, fit, vibrantly alive.
Love to dance, cook, hike, I'm wealthy/
A nurturer, adventurer, loyal and healthy.
A Renaissance woman with zest for living/
Sensitive, caring, I take pleasure in giving.
If you possess most of the traits above/
Seek communication, commitment, love...
If you are 37 plus, with integrity and style/
Attentive and caring, with an easy smile...
I just may be the greatest love of your life.
Photo. 5405 ✉ ☎ Thanks.

Asian Male—36, 5'6", sincere professional seeks a white female for a lasting and committed relationship. 5458 ✉

Attractive, Vibrant, Slim—Professional woman - 40s, hard-working and sensitive, seeks strong, nurturing man with integrity and sense of humor, with interest in physical activity and people. 5357 ✉

Well-Established—35 year old, Wall Street professional seeks bright, sensitive, 25-35 year old Jewish lady for lasting relationship. Photo appreciated. 5445 ✉

Just Do It!—Successful, pretty, fun, athletic woman seeks partner - secure Jewish man, 48-56, thoughtful, funny and fit, for hiking, tennis, opera, travel and more. Just a note/photo, please. 5434 ✉

NJ Male—29, 5'8", attractive, Italian, educated, athletic, seeks female, 24-30, pretty, thin, petite. Photo. 5339 ✉

Extremely Handsome Model—31, likes beautiful woman, 21-29. Photo. 5176 ✉

No Nonsense—Bright, genuine, creative, cute, fit, quick-witted woman, 34, seeks reliable, upbeat, curious, together, smart man, 30-40, for serious fun. 5416 ✉ ☎

New York Magazine's ♥♥♥
Strictly Personals
VALENTINE'S
CELEBRATION

♥♥♥

Thursday Feb. 16, 5:30pm-12am

It's not too late to seal it with a kiss!

Co-hosted by DI SARONNO®
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617 W. 57th St. (great parking and lots of cabs!)

Admission gets you a wonderful buffet (2 food stations, fast lines). Complimentary Di Saronno Amaretto cocktails from 6:30-8:30, 25% off Strictly Personals Gift Certificate, Dancing, Romancing, Gifts, and a great night out!

$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash Bar.
Mail check or money order by Feb 10th to:
New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.
Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

REMEMBER, VALENTINE'S DAY IS A STATE-OF-MIND
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 212-545-3668

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Ever Visit Museums?—Artistic, fun-loving, Jewish, mid 20s, looking for sincere, down-to-earth male, 28-35, who enjoys all the cultural aspects the city has to offer, as well as hikes in the country, travel abroad and romantic evenings at home. Photo. 5444 ✉

Your Valentine Sweetheart—Very pretty, sexy, blond, mid 30s (never married), Christian lady veterinarian, who's fun, down-to-earth, exciting, sincere, with heart of gold, in search of a sweetheart guy, late 30s-late 40s (professional - MD, JD, etc), Christian with traditional and family values, similar qualities and right chemistry for serious, romantic, lasting relationship. Long Island a plus but will travel. Note/phone please. 5452 ✉

Very Pretty—Bright, sincere, heart of gold, seeks same in attractive, silly/sage, professional Jewish man, 45-54. 5334 ✉

Want To Keep Warm This Winter?—I'm a 35-year-old, very good-looking, blond-haired, green-eyed Jewish professional who'd like nothing better than to cuddle with a very pretty, 5'4" or under, slim, 23-30-year-old Jewish female. Note/photo a must. 5316 ✉

Herpes—Good-looking professional man, youthful, athletic, early 60s, seeks pretty, slender, bright woman. Photo/note. 5365 ✉

Hard-Working Funny Female—Attractive, Jewish, 47, TV professional, seeks intelligent, stable man who is nurturing and ready to settle down. 5296 ✉

A Good Sport—Successful ad exec, male, 40, who enjoys tennis, scuba diving, skiing and working out, looking for commitment-minded relationship with woman, 28-35, who has similar interests. Interest in travel, NYC dining and movies/theater also appreciated. Note/phone/photo, please. 5374 ✉

Where Are You?—Jewish male, mid 40s, good sense of humor - enjoys sports, movies, the beach. Seeks female with similar interests. Nonsmoker. 5438 ✉ ☎

It Could Be Fun—For this gay white female to have a nice cup of coffee and good conversation with a 40-50-year-old, gay Jewish female. 5361 ✉

LI Lady—Pretty, bright, slim, romantic, tennis player - seeks man, 60s. 5320 ✉

Single White Female, 34—Traditional yet unconventional, attractive, professional, athletic - enjoys music, Sunday Times, offbeat movies, coffee shops. Seeking truth about life and love. RSVP. 5412 ✉

Handsome, Unpretentious Male—33, professional, athletic, imaginative, passionate, sincere and nice, seeks sweet, very pretty, slender, down-to-earth Jewish female (25-33) to share hugs, kisses and Swizzlers. Photo/note. 5310 ✉

Sparkling, Slim Brunette—5'7", 35, educated, athletic, well-traveled, seeks tall, trim, professional male, to 45, whose interests may include dining, dancing, theater, skiing and all of life's rewards. No photo, no reply. 5454 ✉

The Truth—The whole truth and nothing but the truth. This cute, in-shape, licensed professional, single Jewish male, 41, 5'4", with sense of humor and solid values, is an affectionate, considerate, emotionally well-balanced, all-around good guy who'd like to meet an attractive woman with lots of smarts, funny bone, friend and lover, to go the distance. Note/photo. 5443 ✉

Classic Wasp - Auburn Beauty—Fit, 5'9", size 6, stylish, vulnerable, inner beauty/traditional values, young 40s, Manhattanite, affluent. Enjoys travel cultural/charity events, dynamic people,, fine dining. Seeks selective Manhattan/CT gentleman who appreciates class and life's finer things. Be 50-70, 6' plus, successful, affluent, confident, honorable, solid values, marriageable, sense of humor and, like me, get pleasure from giving/caring. Sophistication with international flair a plus. Divorced or widowed. 5421 ✉ ☎

On A Mission—Versatile, witty, bright, slender and pretty...equally at ease in a client office, elegant party, or hanging out with 10-year-old daughter. I'm a successful professional (41) who respects integrity, intellect, commitment and a sense of humor in others. You should be unpretentious (but successful), fit, attractive and able to find humor in life's unexpected detours. Convince me and I'll be in touch! (914)/(203) preferred. 5460 ✉

A Good Heart Is Hard To Find—Warm, giving, single white female, 35, 5'8", LI CPA, who loves skiing, swimming, people, pets, reading and racquetball - seeks kind, caring, intelligent, single white male, nonsmoker, 28-40, who knows the value of a good relationship in life. Note/photo/phone. 5332 ✉

Pretty, Vivacious, Petite—Blue-eyed blond, 28, professional, caring, sensitive, quick wit, great friend and communicator. Enjoys NYC culture, international dining, foreign films, travel, Letterman. Seeking kind, (com)passionate male with good sense of humor and heart of gold, 29-39, for romance, friendship and mutual growth. Note, phone and photo. 5317 ✉

Beautiful European JD—5'10", 32, slim, model-type, athletic, caring woman. Seeks kind, confident, successful man for love and family. 5440 ✉

Adventurous, Slim And Sexy—120 lb, 5'4", 38-year-old Jewish female with long brown hair and green eyes, who enjoys working out, weekend excursions and has a zest for life, seeks ambitious, spontaneous Jewish male with strong family values. Note/photo/phone. 5143 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Well-Educated—Down-to-earth woman, mid 30s, who is athletic and likes country and city life, seeks to meet normal guy, 32-42, white, who is intelligent, stable, but also fun and unpretentious, with a sense of adventure. Nonsmokers only. Photo/note. 5307 ✉

For Rent With Option To Buy—Sincere, fun-loving male, 33, 5'7". Into skiing, beach, NYC, Seinfeld... Seeks "nice" female. Available immediately. 5395 ✉ ☎

Sick Of Floods, Fires, Quakes—Flakes. Pretty, slim, tall, successful, creative Jewish woman seeks man of substance - success-motivated, humor, mid 30s-40s, to remind me why I love NY. 5392 ✉ ☎

Gay German Gent—Living in Europe, seeks handsome North-American (NYer?) for friendship and frequent visits! I am 40/180cm/84 kgs, international civil servant with sharp, practical mind plus incurable romantic soul, straight-acting, healthy, handsome. My preference is for a sincere, masculine man (no age bar) traveling often to Europe (e.g. Munich) on business (plus now for pleasure?). Ideal: nonsmoker, athletic, dynamic professional with interesting, multifaceted personality to complement mine. My main interests: nature, arts, travel, airlines, politics plus more. Only detailed response and recent photo. 5422 ✉

Russian-American Man—(38, 6'1", 180) with a love of life, always seeking pleasures and horizons. To find a woman for a meaningful relationship would be my ultimate joy. Note/photo please. 5328 ✉

Atypical Jewish Male—29, published author, handsome, confident, intelligent, 6'1", well-built entrepreneur, seeks Jewish female, 25-35, attractive, self-reliant, for friendship, maybe more... Note/photo/phone. 5321 ✉ ☎

Gay, White, Down-To-Earth Female—50ish, creative, adventurous and good sense of humor. Enjoys nature's beauty, likes cold weather - but seeks warm-hearted, feminine, earthy intellect (45-55). Smoker okay. 5429 ✉

Author Seeks Asian-American—Successful, good-looking white male writer would love to meet nice, pretty, intelligent Asian-American female, 30-40, with solid values and good sense of humor. If this is not you, but you know of someone, I would be glad to offer finder's fee. I am 6', in excellent shape, athletic (you needn't be), financially very well-off, super-educated, and have done every kind of work from writing books to oil rig roustabout on the North Sea to teaching math at the University of Barcelona. 5349 ✉ ☎

Highly Successful—Software consultant/businessman, 32, seeks an attractive, educated, caring, health-conscious young lady in her 20s, for romance, travel and companionship. 5360 ✉ ☎

Inquiring Minds Intrigue—This pretty, black, single female journalist - seeking single male who loves sports, politics and Hitchcock movies. Phone. 5309 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Talented, Petite—White, 42-year-old mom seeks kindhearted, honest professional man with integrity, who is ready for a committed relationship. Note/phone/photo. 5314 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Fit Professional—36, 6'2", Jewish, down-to-earth, romantic, loves music, cooking, travel. Seeks marriage-minded woman with similar qualities, 22-32. Note/photo/phone. 5368 ✉ ☎

I Should Be Committed—To you! I'm a mean, stupid, selfish, musical mensch. At 49, I will change for a single mom or lady who still believes in progeny, pedagogy, permanence, pasta. Photo. 5441 ✉

On Such A Night As This—Sally chose Harry; Annie found Sam. Tall, together lady (32, 5'8"), prodded by St. Valentine, perceives there's more out there than bond with her golden retriever. Seeks active, adventurous, funny knight to share her dreams, her city/country life, exchange backrubs and books. X-country skier, sometime sailor, Mets/Rangers fan (a full-time optimist). Phone/note/fingerprints. 5168 ✉

One Soul Mate Wanted—For a beautiful, intelligent, sexy, funny, warm, secure, classy Jewish lady, 30s, with long dark hair, big blue-green eyes, slim but curvy - who loves to laugh and communicate. You are an intelligent, very handsome, successful, fun, fit, stable man with integrity, personality, style and a great sense of humor, 33-45, 5'9" plus. This one's for real! Can the quality man I seek truly exist and be available for true love? Photo a must. 5431 ✉

Ready To Share—Vibrant, witty, pretty, earthy, passionate, Jewish professional woman (27). You: attractive, athletic, successful, ambitious, communicative man (28-35) with a great sense of humor and generous spirit, for love, marriage and family. Recent photo please. 5329 ✉

My Game Of Chess—I'm checking for a mate. I'm intelligent, funny, attractive, fashionable, Jewish, hard-working, solvent, 60ish widow. Need similar checklist in man. Your move. 5369 ✉

In Search Of Cupid—Stunning, 34-year-old, long-legged, successful Jewish brunette, divorced mom, is searching for compatible man (35-45), who is romantic, bright, interesting, successful, has a wonderful sense of humor, enjoys the outdoors and the arts. Be my Valentine. Photo please. 5358 ✉

More Exciting Than The Super Bowl—This adventurous, tall, thin, early 30s, pretty blue-eyed woman is looking to find her starting receiver. Please be tall, handsome, bright, 30-40, lots of fun and able to catch any pass - no punt intended. 5399 ✉

Pretty, Happy, Stable, Smart—Blue-eyed blond, 32, with graduate degrees and a professional career, who loves the city and country, is ready for someone great. If you are athletic, very smart, sensitive and cute, then I'd love to hear from you. Photo/note describing typical Saturday. 5387 ✉

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Strictly Personals

Attractive, Highly Spirited—Athletic, fit, fun-loving, enthusiastic, independent, enterprising blond, recently divorced - runs and operates her own successful business; loves life, NYC, trying new restaurants, skiing, beach and traveling. Looking for male, also with a busy schedule, who you wouldn't think would answer a personal ad. He must have a sense of humor and warmth, age 45-60, with similar tastes and means (companion, friend) to travel with, etc. Letter and recent photo essential. 5385 ✉ ☎

Hey, Funny Valentine—Cute guy, 34, sweet but no wimp, Jewish, slim, editor, longish hair, seeks sweet/sassy sweetheart, 20s-30s. Photo, please. 5390 ✉

Most Caring, Sincere—Professional Jewish male desires to meet female, to 38, with traditional values and inner beauty, for marriage and family. Photo appreciated. 5326 ✉

Solvent, Secure Surgeon—Slim, sensual, spry, cerebral 6'er seeks statuesque, smokeless, safe, stellar, substantial, strong, sage, saucy, slim, seductive, sociable, silver-tongued, Semitic, sensitive, spirited siren. Stats: 35-45, snapshot secures reply. Westchester resident a plus. 5372 ✉

Sensitive, Earthy PhD—40s, with great sense of humor and compassion, seeks loving, active, aware woman to share it all. Note/photo, please. 5386 ✉

Physician, Jewish, 42—5'6", handsome, slim, Kosher (you need not be, but only have an open mind about it), kind, gentle, down-to-earth...seeks bright, attractive, professional Jewish female forever-after. Note/photo. 5375 ✉

Very Long Hair, Very Green Eyes—Very pretty, 30-year-old, slender, 5'5" female who loves being a mom, being athletic and being with people. Looking for someone to share friendship, sincerity and vegetarian chili. Send note and photo, please. 5338 ✉

Lovely Lady—Seeks intelligent white male, 40-52, tall, well-educated, kind, financially secure, no kids, for friendship/ more. Note/phone. 5456 ✉

Nice Guys Finish.....First—Kind, gentle, intelligent, psychologically-minded, successful Jewish man, 44, who enjoys tennis, skiing, scuba, museums and lazy days, wants to share all life offers with an athletic, loving, sensual woman. Note/ photo. 5331 ✉

Spirited, Pretty, Slender—Affectionate, widowed Jewish female. 5'6", blond. Clear-minded and very balanced, playful. Artist/former academic. Adventurous, curious, somewhat unconventional (not kooky). Gregarious, also values quiet time/solitude. Native New Yorker, now both NYC and Cape Cod based. Enjoys travel, discovery, art, animals, the seasons, snorkeling, kayaking, NPR, ideas, walking and stopping to look. Seeks attractive, secure, physically active, financially stable, generous-spirited man (49-early 60s) who enjoys diversity, values social justice and loves movies. 5446 ✉ ☎

Ready To Share—Love, life and family with the right woman. Tall, dark, athletic, good-looking, humorous, compassionate, 40-year-old Wall Street executive - Jewish, amateur photographer, sports fanatic and world traveler - seeks head-turning soul mate who values integrity as much as success. Be ready to fall in love. Note/photo. 5391 ✉ ☎

New Yorker In Exile—Nice, very presentable Jewish writer seeks kindred NY-style Jewish woman, 25-35, in LA or San Francisco. Photo fine/letter better. 5373 ✉

Jewish Male—Late 30s, 5'10", 170 lbs, brown hair, blue eyes, attractive, professional, financially secure, athletic, fun-loving man, searching for better half - Jewish female, late 20s-early 30s, independent, petite, attractive, intelligent and loves to laugh. Note/photo/phone. 5425 ✉

Mid-20s Law Student—Renaissance man on road to high life... Pick you up on the way! Note/photo. 5363 ✉

Southern Beauty—Jewish belle, kind, caring, athletic, 5'7", 120 lbs, seeks professional man, 30s-40s. Photo. 5344 ✉

Quiet, Romantic, Handsome—French, 34, seeks attractive young lady. 5340 ✉

Upbeat, Creative, Very Handsome—Successful therapist/composer, 44. Looking for good company: a woman of warmth, wit and charm, who can laugh easily, dance slowly, think positively and talk openly. Be 30-40, pretty, slim but shapely, nonsmoker. Photo/note. 5407 ✉

Slim, Vivacious Redhead—30-something, attractive - loves theater, music, movies, museums, biking, traveling, animals, children and chocolate. Singing, piano-playing fool seeks warm, sincere, marriage-minded man with a good sense of humor. Photo appreciated. 5355 ✉

Engineer—Seeks educated Christian woman, under 35, for love, commitment. I am 37, Armenian. POB 484, NYC 11374

Life Without Physical Joy Is Empty—I like laughter at my dinner table, tennis, conversation and intimacy. Intellectual understanding is key. I am a reader, traveler, Francophile...interested in world events. Blond female, 50, elegant, Rubenesque - desires thoughtful adventurer, 45-65, for loving relationship. 5356 ✉ ☎

Everything Is Possible—Adorable textile artist (38), blond curls, green eyes. I enjoy travel, white-water rafting, upstate, cooking, J. Crew, so much more. Seeking fun-loving man (35-48) with a passion for life, who's smart, funny, fit and has integrity. Photo please. 5379 ✉

My Jewish Mother Thinks—It's time for her handsome, charming, ambitious Wall Street son to meet the "right girl" and settle down. She must be 25-35, pretty, good figure, bright, warm, loving. No children. Recent photo with bio a must. 5312 ✉

DDS—63, seeks female music lover under 50. 5308 ✉

Warmhearted, Attractive, Vivacious—34-year-old, single Jewish female seeks sincere, caring, intelligent, Jewish, marriage-minded man. 5248 ✉ ☎

Sparkling, Sweet And Slender—Very pretty, smart, funny, warm, spirited, genuine, 5'6" brunette with many interests, seeks intelligent, successful, attractive, upbeat, divorced or widowed Jewish man, 40-52, with family-oriented values, for a fun, committed relationship. 5388 ✉

Distinguished, Silver-Haired—Mature exec, divorced, Jewish, 5'10", 195, hazel eyes, Brooklyn resident. Seeking sensual, lovely, witty, curvy and youthful lady for adventure, romance, possible relationship. Photo. 5401 ✉

Daily Feet And Hands Massage—For my sweetheart - a smart, sexy feminine beauty by a smart, sexy, successful, evolving, deep, intense, unique, 51, 5'10", 165, previously married Jewish man who still wants to change the world. Photo. 5432 ✉

Attractive, Sensitive MD—32, aspiring plastic surgeon, recently divorced, honest, unpretentious, searching for gorgeous, emotionally secure woman, slim yet full, 20-30, for friendship, possible romance and commitment. Photo/note/ phone. 5377 ✉

New York Magazine's Strictly Personals VALENTINE'S CELEBRATION

Thursday Feb. 16, 5:30pm-12am

It's not too late to seal it with a kiss!

Co-hosted by DI SARONNO® AMARETTO ORIGINALE

AT THE FABULOUS COPACABANA

617 W. 57th St. **(great parking and lots of cabs!)**

Admission gets you a wonderful buffet (2 food stations, fast lines). Complimentary Di Saronno Amaretto cocktails from 6:30-8:30, 25% off Strictly Personals Gift Certificate, Dancing, Romancing, Gifts, and a great night out!

$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash Bar.
Mail check or money order by Feb 10th to:
New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.
Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

REMEMBER, VALENTINE'S DAY IS A STATE-OF-MIND
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 212-545-3668

Looking For Lover, Best Friend, Wife—And not for a corporate raider. Sincere, fit Jewish MD, 43, 5'7", 145 lbs, seeks intelligent, unencumbered, professional, sane, slender, sexy woman, 29-40. Photo/phone, please. 5409 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—Personable, affable, loves to laugh, seeks similar, 21-38, for warm friendship. Let's laugh together at this crocky world. 5428 ✉

Dark-Haired Beauty—Sophisticated, intelligent, passionate, well-traveled, seeks 6' and above, stable professional gentleman, 40ish, who is intellectual but not dry, worldly but not a snob, with a sense of humor. Must be robust in character and form, a take-charge type of guy who knows how to give and take. Please send note/photo. 5420 ✉ ☎

Strikingly Beautiful Commercial Artist—50, is looking for Hungarian-speaking partner or husband. Send letter written in Hungarian, including photo and telephone number. 5115 ✉

Marriage-Minded Mogul—Slender, Jewish, high-energy, Ivy League businessman, late 50s, with a mind, muscles, money and manners, seeks woman, 27-44, with a beautiful figure, brains...and a nice person. Seeking romance, companionship, fun, sharing, going places and doing things together, culminating in marriage. I like extremes - beaches and skiing, classical music and rock, fine art and business, southern CA and Paris, champagne and orange juice. Need help in furnishing and filling NYC co-op, West Hampton country home and art collection. Young mother welcome. Please send full-length photo and brief note with likes/dislikes, statistics and telephone number. 5362 ✉ ☎

So, I'm Actually Going To Do This—I'm 33, 5'5", 115, dark hair/eyes, MBA, holiday Jew, with most of the attributes everyone in these ads claims to have. Looking for "normal" guy, early 30s, Jewish professional, with dry sense of humor, who owns his own skis. If you're as hesitant answering an ad as I am writing one, and are willing to lie about how we met, send note/photo. 5330 ✉

If You Ever Loved—And have been loved back, you'll know what I mean when I quote a Rogers and Hart song and say "I wish I were in love again". Widowed, I'm ready to meet someone to share the pleasures and excitements of a special relationship. I'm a pretty, blue-eyed, blond, bright professional woman who enjoys stimulating and witty conversations, books, music and many other things. I'm seeking a passionate, warm, caring man, 55 plus, who believes in and appreciates the magic of love. 5351 ✉ ☎

Fistful Of Red Lipstick—With passion to match. Whip-smart, effervescent blond seeks man for love and stuff. I'm 5'7", 31, goddess-bodied and want a wallet like Jule in "Pulp Fiction". Not to worry - I'm also a very successful communications executive. You're 30-42ish, emotionally evolved and dig on the absurd. Smokers and cat-kickers please refrain. Note/ photo/phone. 5449 ✉

Attractive Male—Divorced, no children, 44, looking for marriage-minded woman, age 30-44. I enjoy swimming, dining out... and would like someone to share my life with. Note/photo. 5335 ✉

Kind, Easygoing Jewish Male—Secure, 54, 5'6", kosher, traditional values, seeks warm, fit, attractive Jewish female to share travel, hiking, biking, theater, music, good times and more. Photo please. 5318 ✉

Sleek, Smart, Sophisticated—Successful downtown lady, striking blond and selective, with small town sensibilities, seeks a humorous, attractive, youthfully fit, emotionally generous and stable Christian male playmate, 37-47, for a committed, grown-up relationship 5466 ✉

A Blond On Each Arm—Jewish, divorced, 39, 5'5", slim, attractive, accomplished mom and daughter (9), looking for our match. You are 40-52, nonsmoker, loving, sincere, confident and sensitive. If your heart is large enough for two - photo/note/phone. Westchester/CT, please. 5367 ✉

Let Me Add To Your Life—As you add to mine. Sweet, bright, shapely Wasp, 37, 5'6", seeks intelligent NY/CT man (35-48, medium to teddy-bear build) who is happy, communicative, witty. I enjoy travel, golf, skiing, movies, love and laughter. Tell me about you. Photo. 5341 ✉

NYC Police Sergeant—Blue eyes, brown hair, handsome, nice build, late 30s, 5'10", 185, good sense of humor, MS degree - seeks female, mid 20s-mid 30s, for long-lasting relationship. Photo please. 5325 ✉ ☎

Gay Professional Female—40, likes bicycling, occasional theater, dining out and sports. Seeking dating relationship in the NY area. I am a nonsmoker/nondrinker, warm, friendly and passionate. You are intelligent, charming, sincere and available. 5382 ✉

I Couldn't Think Of A Clever—Catchy opening line, so how about straightforward, honest and sincere? I am a single Jewish female, mid 30s, advertising professional, pretty and a little shy, nonreligious, nonsmoking. If you are a nice, thirtysomething, professional, single Jewish male with similar traits, who is looking for friendship and possibly more - and feel as awkward answering this as I do writing it, I'd love to hear from you! NYC/NJ preferred. (Phone/photo appreciated.) 5311 ✉ ☎

Gay Wife Wanted—Good-looking, successful, 100-percent closeted, 34, gay white Jewish male seeks feminine closeted wife. Please be pretty, sweet, mentally very fit. Marriage and family. Religion not important. Photo preferred and will be returned if requested. Age 25-32. 5419✉ ☎

Winter In New York—Very successful, well-established white male seeks a 30-something female for love and marriage. I am 44, divorced, no children, a finance professional, Christian but nonreligious, tall, very athletic, amorous and adventurous, with a city/country life style. You are young at heart but experienced enough to know that something wonderful can happen during winter in New York. Please be caring and communicative, socially graced but a bit of a rebel, and believe that, with the proper person, every day can be Valentine's Day. Note and photo are a must. 5138 ✉

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Life Exists After 40—2/10, Marsala cancels. Next event, 2/25. **779-0642**

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Take good care of you for me,
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With you I share my heart -
my dreams, my love!
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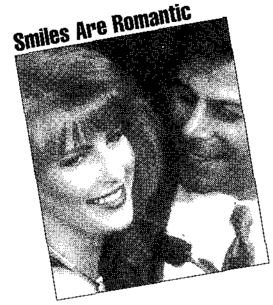

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Above, coming attractions. One, please, and make it irresistible.

Results of Competition 811, in which you were asked for random lines from a Costume Drama.

Report: *Wench.* Where would we be without the word *wench*? These venues emerged: the battlefield-courts of England and France. The High Seas. Bible-Rome. And Cobra Woman. Had we but world enough and space to give each of these its due—well—the imagination lurches. As it is, we have a long and strange scene here. Starring Cornel Wilde. No individual prizes, but our compliments to all you wenches out there. You know who you are.

Many thanks for these:

"Be at the clock tower when the bells ring twelve. My manservant will show you to my hiding place."
Nancy L. Suchoff, Boca Raton, Fla.

"Swim the moat at midnight; my half-brother will throw you a line from my window. Bring the signet ring."
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

"Let no man cross that moat lest he die of a riven pate."
Winthrop H. Richardson, Peace Dale, R.I.

"The castle is over there. Beyond the moat."
Harry Rosenbaum, Englewood, N.J.

"Man cannot discover new oceans unless he has the courage to learn how to swim."
Naomi Bulochnikov, Brooklyn

"Lower the drawbridge and ready the donjon. Then stand back and let the scoundrel ride in to his own demise."
Patricia O. Simmons, Louisville, Ky.

"My liege, our spies report your enemies are building a huge tower of wood. What folly can this be?"
Barry Bellinger, Washington, D.C.

"Archers, quickly! I want that bird! Shoot it out of the sky! Each beat of its wings hastens my demise."
Jennie Levine, Woodside, N.Y.

"Look, Sire, the arrow has black feathers . . . that must—that must mean that . . . that the Black Knight has returned."
Jocko MacKenzie, Westlake Village, Calif.

"Zounds! What battle! What sport! The Black Knight was everywhere. Will we ever know the true identity of this mysterious adventurer?"
Lawrence J. Royale, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Send in the court jester. Let there be mirth and merriment in celebrating victory for my loyal subjects."
Bettina Van Dyck, Englewood, N.J.

"The man is a fool, Majesty."
Kate Gardner, Las Vegas, Nev.

"Seize him."
Albert Smith, Brooklyn

"Convey him to the tower."
Elsa Lewin, Great Neck, N.Y.

"Ho, Jester, amuse me."
J. Bernstein, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Let us see if your sword is as sharp as your tongue."
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

"Relax the wheel, that's it. Now what has he to say? Ah, I forgot . . . his tongue. . . ."
M. Kurzbart, M.D., N.Y.C.

"Your Grace will know his secrets when my cat has loosened his tongue."
Robert Hyland, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

"It is of no use turning the rack again, Sire; his last breath has escaped him."
Dr. & Mrs. Myron Leiman, Mineola, N.Y.

"Fool! . . ."
H. D. Heinze, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

"Your Grace, the crofters demand repeal of the goat tax."
Mordecai Zucker, M.D., Far Rockaway, N.Y.

"We need not fear them, Sire. They are rabble."
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

"Yes, they are merry. It is their festival time."
Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

"Hark!"
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

"Send me the soothsayer."
Kirsten Jensen, Racine, Wis.

"Three babies were born that night, Sire. One is in France, one is in England, and the third . . ."
Rochelle Davis, Denver, Col.

"On this I swear, my liege. Your revelations will be sealed, as though entombed."
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wis.

"Men will tell of this battle for a thousand years, my liege."
Al Hattal, Potomac, Md.

"Take him away!"
Jim Moloney, Rochester, N.Y.

"Come hither, wench. More ale in me tankard."
Ruth Migdal, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"These are never the hands of a scullery maid. Tell me your purpose here, Lady—or must I kiss the truth out of you?"
Barbara Allen, Shrewsbury, N.J.

"Get me ale, wench, lashings of it. . . ."
B. Ernst, West Lawrence, N.Y.

"But Majesty, you cannot . . . we must escape at first light."
Thomas Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

"The carriage is at the door."
Laura Shea, N.Y.C.

"Bring on the next remove, good serving wench, and then you may retire to my chamber."
Oscar Weigle, Whitestone, N.Y.

"Mary, bathe, dress, and perfume this filthy wench, and send her to my quarters. . . ."
Braden Clary, Strongsville, Ohio

"These matters are best discussed over brandy; for, after all, are we not men of the world?"
Jeff Tenzer, N.Y.C.

"The guttersnipe is most foul; we must arrange for a hot bath and some presentable raiment."
Melinda Kevis, Kansas City, Mo.

"Daybreak, Sir George, and yet I find thee with long face and goblet filled with wine. Good God, man, she's but a simple serving wench."
Mitchell A. Kopnick, Chicago, Ill.

"Sir, I am but a common scullery maid and know nothing of the affairs of fine gentlemen such as yourself."
Nancy Gibson Nash, Dedham, Mass.

"You may be a cook's daughter, but by heaven you shall be a duchess. Marry me, Evaline."
Leo Taubes, Teaneck, N.J.

"You can't mean to marry me, milord; I am but a serving maid."
Meredith Gregg, Madison, Ind.

"I don't want you for my mistress, you foolish wench—I want you for my wife."
Lady Eileen Hillary, Rhinebeck, N.Y.

"A most refreshing bath."
William Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

"You know, we have to wonder if Pennistone really did go to Bath."
Bill O'Brien, Floral Park, N.Y.

“Oho! The wench is a tigress as well. I do admire spirit in a woman.”
Jim Ringel, Boulder, Col.

“Seize her.”
Monica Duffy, Glens Falls, N.Y.

“But, Father—my king—I love him.”
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

“We’ve had our differences, but where the king is concerned we are united in our allegiance.”
John Falxa, N.Y.C.

“The king is mad.”
Jeremy Dong, Honolulu, Hawaii

“Unexpected good fortune. In the outer chamber sits a foreign visitor who bears an uncanny resemblance to the king.”
William J. Giovan, Detroit, Mich.

“The Pope? The Pope? I am sovereign here!”
Tania St. Brienne, Chicago, Ill.

“Majesty, you’re more than a queen; you’re a goddess.”
Pamela Davis, Brooklyn, N.Y.

“Curious. This bandage looks exactly like the hem of a lady’s petticoat.”
Angelo Papa, Trenton, N.J.

“Quickly, Sire, don the monk’s clothing, place the hood over your head. . . .”
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

“I shall go in disguise among my people as a poor peasant. . . .”
Candy Zakrzewski, Kearny, N.J.

“All is in readiness.”
Henry M. Lewis, N.Y.C.

“First, Sire, we must have some merriment. A ball, perhaps?”
Constance White, Roanoke, Va.

“Relax? How dare I relax when my brother’s head bears the crown that is rightly mine?”
Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

“The king sends his compliments and begs the honour of your presence at dinner before the masquerade.”
Annette Horstman, Freehold, N.J.

“Tonight at the masked ball, Your Highness, the impostor will be the one who does not know how to dance the minuet.”
Sally Dickson, San Francisco, Calif.

“The ball isn’t five minutes old, and there goes Sebastian, breaking out the snuff.”
Leonard Busch, Short Hills, N.J.

“Where is the queen?”
Frank Kreisler, Baltimore, Md.

“Missing? Impossible! Why, no one has left the queen’s bedchamber all night—except for that serving girl wearing a long cloak.”
Alvin Easter, Minneapolis, Minn.

“There’s no escape—the guards will recognize me. But wait! They won’t be looking for a simple servant girl.”
Carol Clary, Strongsville, Ohio

“. . . this passage leads to the queen’s bedroom.”
Rena Rudley, Morganville, N.J.

. . . this passageway leads to the harbor. . . .”
Duncan Hutchinson, N.Y.C.

Milady bade me give you this note. Prithee ell no one lest my young queen lose her head.”
Elaine Stallworth, Holiday, Fla.

“Her Majesty has gone, Sire, and the Duc de Longue has left for Normandy.”
Harry Loper, San Francisco, Calif.

“But you were seen leaving the queen’s chambers well after midnight. What do you say to that?” “I say, ‘Long live the queen.’ ”
William L. Bennett, Muskegon, Mich.

“Never, Sire, would I ever disavow my fealty to you and the queen.”
Franc Dillon, Beachwood, Ohio

“Balderdash—you deceived me about Marie-Claire—she was never truly a tavern wench but a lady—a royal princess.”
Harry Mooney, N.Y.C.

“*Mon Dieu!* Did you not know who that was, *M’sieu*? You have foolishly agreed to duel to the death the greatest swordsman in all France.”
Anna Lambaiase, Brooklyn, N.Y.

“In a matter of such exquisite delicacy, Vicomte, your irony is singularly inappropriate. Gaston! The bombe!”
Jim Czajka, N.Y.C.

“But you are a mere stripling . . . and Sir Rudolph is the greatest swordsman in all Bavaria.”
Craig Wolfson, Harrisburg, Pa.

“But, Miss, even in that fencing mask no one will mistake you for a lad.”
Dorothea Scher, N.Y.C.

“Draw your sword if you will, Galmont, but be warned . . . your wealth will purchase no quarter here.”
Rick Fiore, Teaneck, N.J.

“If the Dauphin violates our sacred truce, I’ll have his head on a pike atop the bridge at Rouen.”
Eliza J. Berman, Upper Montclair, N.J.

“The new recruit, *mon capitaine,* may be an agent of the Cardinal, for I have discovered he can read.”
Hy Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

“Your ladyship, I see that the chevalier is cavorting with that comely wench.”
David Suozzo, Slinger Lands, N.Y.

“Yes, citizeness Laval, by tomorrow all of France will know of the queen’s necklace. Then, indeed, will I find metal of a more treacherous glint to adorn the royal neck.”
Gil Mendonsa, San Francisco, Calif.

“Vive le roi!”
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

“You must get through the rebel lines by morning, Darcy. The very fate of France hangs in the balance. And remember, trust no one, especially your father.”
Donald Reals, Mt. Washington, Calif.

“You may trust me, Lieutenant; surrender the map and the wench goes free.”
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS ONLY, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE, PLEASE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 814, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017-5998. It must be received by February 17. Editor’s decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners’ names will appear in the March 20 issue. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days’ grace.

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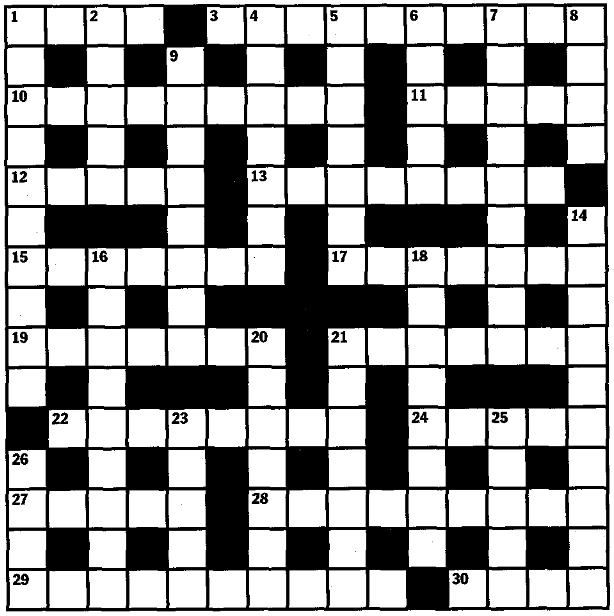
‘Sunday Times’ of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Assortment of types seen in church. (4)
3 Piano part I rewrite for unexpected appearance. (10)
10 Endured having a ducking? (9)
11 Directed to give a half back. (5)
12 Sees they’re equal. (5)
13 Impressive marks—chins get wagging! (8)
15 In opening up fish, find otter’s dung. (7)
17 I strike lightly in biblical letter for a grave summing-up. (7)
19 Turns on again. (7)
21 Rates unchanged—unhurried progress. (7)
22 Register, and clear out! (8)
24 Profound needs must be modified. (5)
27 Heavenly butter. (5)
28 Tea, if brewed with care, recommended here? (9)
29 Boats are able to circumnavigate a river, at this point. (10)
30 Act each way. (4)



DOWN

1 Number on the bill indicates where the rest may have been taken. (4-6)
2 Poke, though not with a pig in it. (5)
4 Dislike parking on top of here. (7)
5 Object to leader. (7)
6 Claim a rivet’s clamping the Japanese porcelain. (5)
7 Antrim turns out Russian fighter coming from abroad. (9)
8 Begin to drop off a point—or not, say? (4)
9 Even more brazen undergarment with the bottom cut out. (8)
14 Make the worker pay—he’s the foreman. (6-4)
16 Satirical representation of National Front supporter? (9)
18 Overwhelm at home with a French fruit. (8)
20 Cocktail for a fellow traveller. (7)
21 Girl has admirer in a Russian cloak. (7)
23 The sort of salt needed for this course. (5)
25 Tend to follow Union’s direction. (5)
26 Brandy available for most of the month. (4)

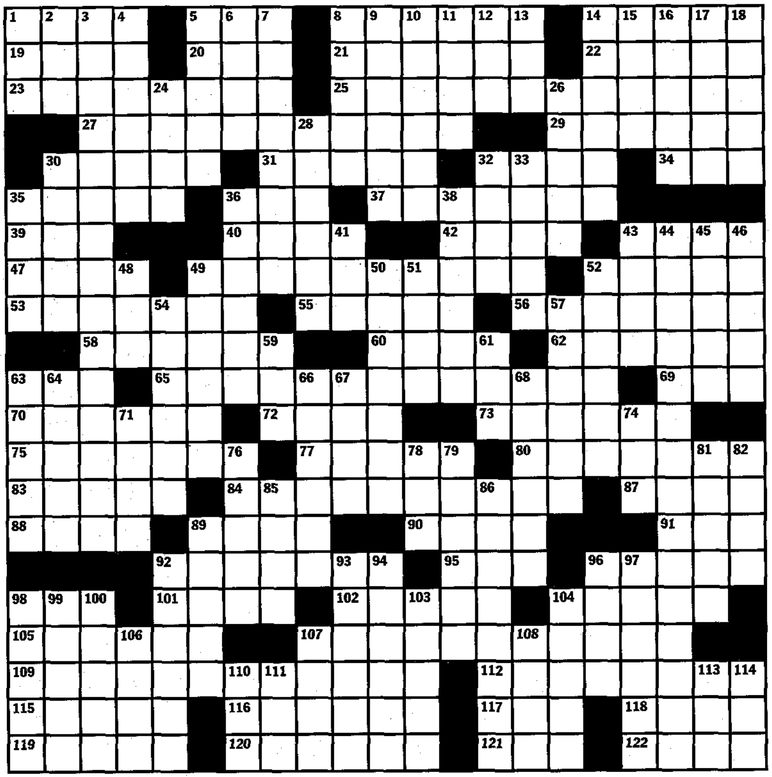
‘Musketeers’ Motto’: ‘Cue’ Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Woe is me!
5 Middle of a game name
8 Dwells
14 Diagonal spar
19 Blockhead
20 Loot for Cortez
21 Not staccato
22 Behan’s “The —— Fellow”
23 Willy Loman’s colleagues
25 Temporary patsy?
27 Game of singles only?
29 Uses a simile
30 Neighbor of Aix-en-Provence
31 Botanist’s specimen
32 Loud plop
34 Aberdeen’s river
35 Bedouin, e.g.
36 Spy guys
37 Prairie animals
39 “Blessed —— the meek”
40 City of northwest Greece
42 Corn units
43 First zookeeper
47 Criteria: abbr.
49 Twofer?
52 Line dance
53 Native environment
55 Become parched
56 Landscapist’s subject
58 Scarlett’s first love
60 Battle town of 1944
62 Waxed eloquent
63 Embargo
65 Everyone with his clone?
69 Adult pullet
70 Modernize
72 Stable female
73 Gazelle’s kin
75 Onetime grapes
77 Side rewards
80 Past the due date
83 Gloves for Berra
84 Description of Swiss cheese?
87 Folklore monster
88 Part of a.k.a.
89 Golfer’s shout
90 Ruler of old Venice
91 Fleur-de-——
92 Enduring opus
95 El ——
96 Rapid
98 Boozehound
101 Hawaiian city
102 Word for Gatsby
104 School-district administrators: abbr.
105 Defoe hero
107 Solo performer?
109 Equine village?
112 Least prompt
115 Role for Charlton
116 Main dish
117 An avis lays them
118 Sketch
119 Black-suit card
120 Detroit duds of the ’50s
121 Fictional sleeper
122 Nickname in hockey

DOWN

1 Some are personal
2 Mauna
3 Gun-toting desperadoes?
4 Mrs. Kowalski
5 Mausoleums
6 Length times width
7 Engage in collusion
8 Wahine’s greeting
9 Actress Annette
10 “By the Time —— Phoenix”
11 Family men
12 Scheduled-plane info.
13 Szechuan sauce
14 Octopus’s cousins
15 Hockey disk
16 Did an autumn job
17 “Good Night” girl
18 Succinct
24 Luge
26 Disparaging remarks
28 On cloud nine
30 Coronary channel
32 Larger —— life
33 Start of a toast
35 Partner of Crosby and Stills
36 Monopolistic group
38 Streisand hit song
41 Continent abbr.
43 One of the Roman Fates
44 Sequin wearer?
45 Come to terms
46 “Surprise Symphony” composer
48 “—— Boom Bah”
49 No longer upright
50 Pearl producers
51 Biblical daughter-in-law
52 Grain product
54 What “id est” means
57 Coerce
59 Turkey Day serving
61 Branch of 36-Across
63 Myanmar, formerly
64 “. . . to fetch —— of water”
66 City near Vesuvius
67 Suffer, Scottish style
68 Sauntered
71 In re
74 Citizen of Vientiane
76 Sandbar
78 Young billy
79 Winter-vehicle trademark
81 Several Danish kings
82 Office furnishing
85 Thereabouts
86 Rabble-rouser
89 Almost any bird
92 Single out
93 Disregard
94 Embroidery that sounds merciless
96 Campus center, for short
97 —— down (inverted)
98 Rip-offs
99 Lowest deck
100 Oklahoma oil city
103 Serfs’ acquaintances
104 Junkyard stock
106 Lean-to
107 Mel and Ed of baseball
108 Sitarist Shankar
110 Bishopric
111 Dead or bitter
113 Tree exudate
114 Bisector’s amount



Solutions to last week’s puzzles appear on page 1

YOUR BOYFRIEND'S AT HOME WATCHING THE PLAYOFFS. SO IS HERS.

TIME FOR A GIRLS' NIGHT OUT?

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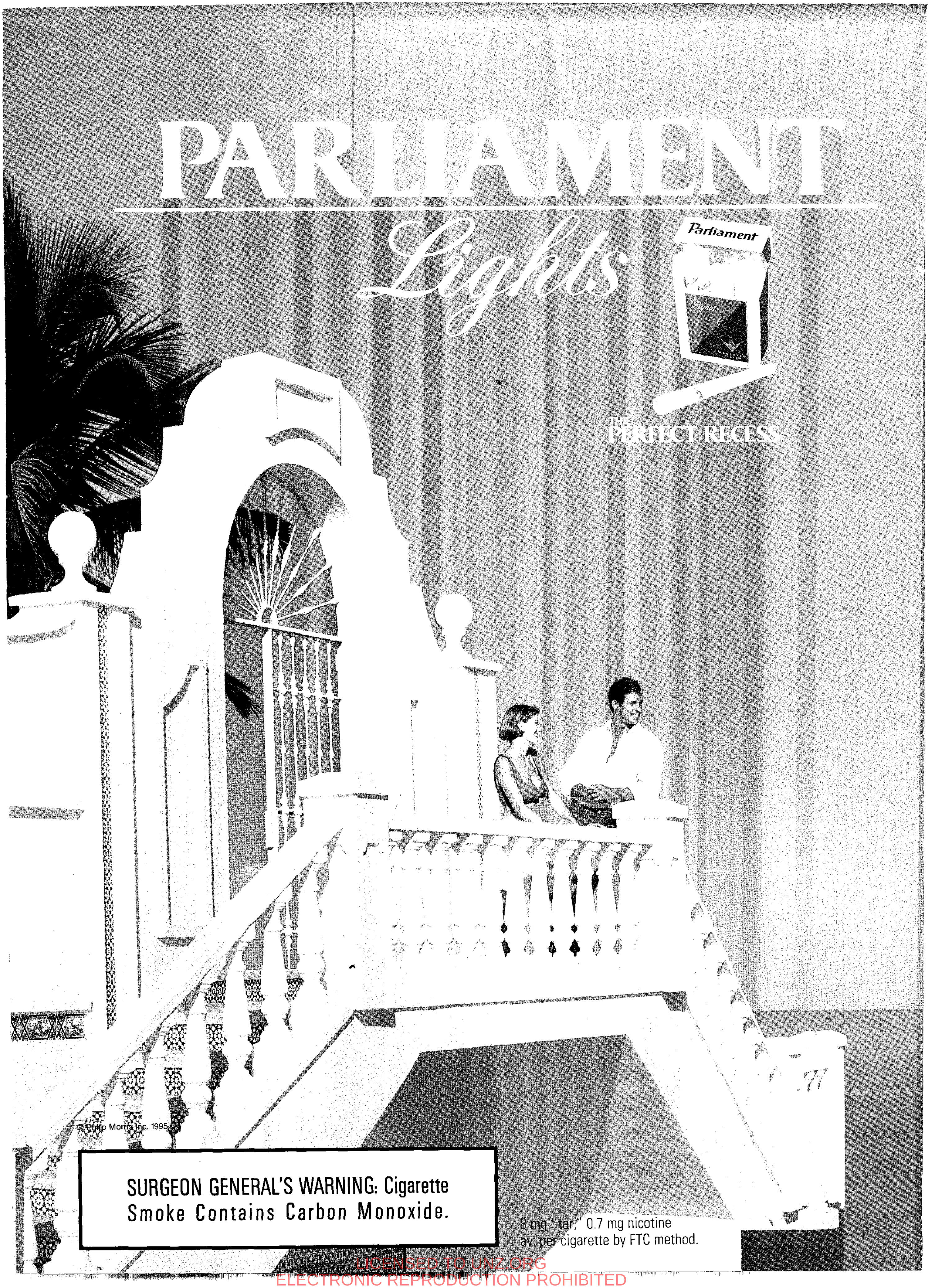
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